



A P R O L O G V E,
Of the miserable estate of the
V Vorld: Betweene EXPERIENCE
and the C O V R T E O V R.

Musing and marnelking on the miserie,
Fro day to day in earth to which doth en-
And of each state þ instabilitie, (creas:
Proceeding of the restless businessse:
Whereon the most part doe their minde addresse,
Inordinately on hungrie Coultice,
Vaine-gloze, Deceit, and other sensuall vice.

But tumbling in my bedde I might not lye,
Wherefore I went soorth in a May-morning,
Comfort to get of my melancholly:
Somewhat besore fresh Phœbus by rising,
Where I might heare the Birdes sweetly sing:
Into a Parke I past, for my pleasure,
Decored well by craft of Dame Nature.

How I receiued comfort naturall,
For to describe at length it were too long:
Smelling the wholsome Herbes medicinall,
Whereon the dulce and balmy Dew down hang,
Like Orient Pearles vpon the twills hang,

THE FIRST BOOKE;

O: how that the Aromaticke Odours,
Did proceed from the tender fragrant Flowres.

O: how Phœbus that king Ethereall,
Swartly sprang vp into the Orient,
Ascending in his Throne Emperfall:
Whose bright and Bozeall Beames resplendent,
Illuminate all into the Occident:
Comforting enery corporall creature,
Which formed were in Earth by Dame Nature.

Whose donk impurpur'd Vestment nocturnall,
With his imbrowdzed Mantle matutine,
Hee left into his Region Aurorall,
Which on him waited when hee did decline,
Toward his Occident Wallace Wespertine;
And rose in habite gay and glorious,
Brighter than Gold or Stones precious.

But Cynthia the horned Nights Quene,
Shedde lost her light, and led a lower Saile:
Whē once her soueraigne Lord that she had seene,
And in his presence wared darke and pale:
And ouer her Misage cast a mistie Maile.
So did Venus the Goddesse amozons,
With Iupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the old intericate Saturne,
Perceiuing Phœbus potoze his Beames bright,
Aboue the Earth, then made hee no sojourne,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed light,
Which hee durst neuer shew but in the night,
The Pole Arctick, Vrses, and Starres all,
Which situate are in the Septentrionall,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

To erring Shippes that ate without all guide,
 Conuoying them vpon the stormy night:
 Within their frosty Circle did them hide,
 Howbeit that Starres haue no other light,
 But the reflex of Phœbus beames bright:
 That day durst none into the Heauens appeare,
 Till hee had circuate all our Hemisphære.

We thought it was a sight Celestiall,
 To see Phœbus so Angell-like ascend,
 Into his fiery chariot triumphall,
 Whose beautie bright I could not comprehend,
 All care of worldly things did from mee wende,
 When fresh Flora spread forth her Tapisry,
 wrought by Dame Nature queynt & curiously.

Painted with many hundred heauenly betoes,
 Glad of the rising of that royall Roy:
 With bloomes breaking on the tender Belues,
 Which did prouoke mine heart to naturall joy,
 Neptune that day and Æolus held them coy,
 That men on farre might heare the Birds sound,
 Whose noyse did to the starry Heauen rebound.

The pleasant Powne punzeing his teethem faire;
 The mirthfull Planets made great melodie,
 The lusty Larke ascended in the Aire,
 Punning her naturall notes craftily,
 The gay Gold-spinke, the Merle right merily,
 The noyse of the noble Fightingatles,
 Redoubted thzough the mountains, Medes & Mailes.

Contemplating this mirthfull harmonie,
 Howeuer Bird dress them, soz to aduance:

THE FIRST BOOKE,
To salute Nature with their melodie,
That I stood gazing almost in a trance,
To heare them make their naturall obseruance,
So roally, that all the Rockes rang,
Through repercussion of their sugred song.

I lose my time, alas, for to rehearse,
Such vnfruitfull and vaine description,
Of witte into my rorall ragged verse,
Matter without edification:
Considering how that my intention,
Were to deplore the mortall miseries,
With continuall carefull calamities,

Consisting in this wretched baile of sorrow:
But sad sentence should haue a sad indyte:
So tearmes bright I list not for to borrow,
Of mourning matter men haue no dilite,
With roushy tearmes therefore I will now write,
With sorrowfull sighs, ascending from the plaine,
And bitter teares, distilling from mine eene.

Without anie vaine Inuocation,
To Minerva, or to Melpomene:
For yet will I make supplication,
For helpe to Clio, or to Calliope:
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supplie,
Proserpine I refuse, and Appollo,
And right so Euterpe, Iupiter and Iuno.

Which were to pleasant Poets comforteing.
Wherefore because I am not one of the:
I doe desire of them no supporting:
For I did neuer sleepe in Pernasse,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

As did the Poets of long time agoe; &
And specially the ornate Ennius,
For thanks I neuer with Hesiodus.

Of Greece the perfect Poets Soueraigne,
Of Helicon, the source of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh Fountaine,
Wherefore to them I ought no reuerence,
I purpose not to make obedience
To mischant Muses, or Mahometrie,
Before-time bled into Poetrie.

Hoping Rhamnusia, Goddess of despise,
Might be to me a Muse right conuenable;
If I desire such helpe for to indite,
This mourning matter mad and miserable,
I must goe seeke a Muse more comfutable,
And such vaine superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the Great G O D to be my Muse.

By his wisdom all manner of things were wrought,
The high Heauens, with all their Ornaments:
And without matter made all things of nought:
Hell in mid center of the Elements,
That Heauenly Muse to seek my whole intent is
The which gaue sapience to King Salomon,
To David grace, and strength to strong Samson,

And of more Peter made a prudent Precher,
And by the power of his Deitie,
Of cruell Paule he made a cunning Teacher,
I must beseech right lowly on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his Heauenly Spirit hee may inspire,
To write nothing contrary his desire.

Beseeching eke his Soueraigne Sonne IESV,
 Which was conceived by the Holy Spite,
 Incarnate of the purifide Virgine true:
 And into whom the Prophecie was compleet,
 That Prince of pice, most humble and most sweet,
 Which vnder Pilate suffered Passion,
 Upon the Crosse for our Saluation,

And by that cruell death intollerable,
 Loose wee were from the bonds of Belieell:
 And mozeouer it was so profitable,
 That to this houre came neuer man, nor shall,
 In the triumphant joy Emperetall,
 Of life, although that they were neuer so good,
 But by the vertue of that precious Blood.

Wherefore in stead of the Mount Parnasso,
 Swiftly I shall goe seeke my Soueraigne,
 To Mount Calvarie the straight way shall I goe.
 To get a taste of that most fresh Fountaine:
 That source to seek mine heart may not restraine,
 Of Helicon, which was both deepe and wide,
 That Longinus did graue into his side.

From that fresh Fountaine sprang a famous Flood,
 Which redolent Riuer thzough the world runnes,
 As Chrystall cleare, and mixed is with blood:
 Whole sound above the highest Heauens dinnes,
 All faithfull people purging from their sinnes,
 Wherefore I shall beseech his Excellence,
 To grant mee Grace, Wisedome and Eloquence.

And bathe mee with the dulce & balmy strands,
 Which on the Crosse did speedily out-spring,
 From

OF THE MONARCHIE.

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Fellowes in tribulation,
Beene wretches consolaton.

E. (Said hee) After my small cunning,
To thee I shall make answering:
But orderly soz to beginne,
This miserie procédes of sinne,
But it were long to be defined,
How all men are to sinne inclined,
When sinne abundantly doth reigne,
Justly GOD maketh punishing:
Wherefore great GOD into his handes,
To daunt the world hath diuerse wandes:
After our euill condition,
Hee makes on vs punition.

With hunger, dearth and indigence:
Sometimes great plagues and pestilence,
And sometimes with his bloodie wand,
Through ciuill warres by sea and land:
Concluding, All our miserie
Procédes of sinne alanerly.

C. Father (said I) declare to me,
The cause of this fragillitie,
That we be all to sinne inclin'de,
In worke and word, and in our minde,
I would the veritie were shewne,
Who hath this seede among vs sowne,
And why we are condemn'de to dead,
And how that wee may get remead.

E. (Said he) The Scripture hath concluded,
Men from Felicitie were denuded,
But Adam our Progenitor,
Sometime of Paratise possessor.
By whose most willfull arrogance,
Was mankind brought to this mischance;

When

When he was disobedient,
 In breaking GODS Commandement,
 By sollicitation of his Wille,
 Hee lost that Heauenly pleasant life;
 Eating of the forbidden Tree,
 There began all our miserie.
 So Adam was cause radical,
 That we are fragill sinners all,
 Adam brought in this Nation,
 Sinne, Death, and eke Damnation.
 Who will say that hee is no sinner,
 CHRIST sayeth he is a great lper
 Mankinde sprang from Adams loynes,
 And toke of him flesh, blode, and bones;
 And so after his qualitie,
 Are all inclin'de sinners to be.
 But yet my sonne despaire thou nought,
 For GOD that all the world hath wrought,
 Hath made a Soueraigne remead,
 To save vs both from Sinne and Dead,
 And from Eternall Damnation:
 Therefore take consolation:
 For GOD as Scripture doth record,
 Having on Man misercord,
 Sent downe his onely Sonne IESV:
 Which lighted in a Virgine true,
 And clad his high Dignitie.
 With our poore vile humanitie.
 Then from our sinnes, to conclude,
 Hee washt vs with his precious blood:
 Howbeit through Adam wee must die,
 Through that LORD we shall raised be,
 And enery man he shall relene.
 Which in his blood doth firme beleue:

And bying vs all into his gloze,
 The which through Adam beene sozloze;
 Withouth that we through lacke of Faith,
 Of his Godhead incurre the wrath.
 But who in CHRIST firmly beleenes,
 Shall be relen'd from all mischænes.

C. What Faith is it that you call firme?
 Hy: make me vnderstand that terme.

E. Faith without Hope and Charitie,
 Anaileth not, my sonne (said he)

C. What Charitie is that would I know,

E. (Said he) my sonne, that shall I know
 First, Love thy GOD aboue all thing,
 And thy Neighbour without sayning:
 Doe no Injure noz villante,
 But as thou would were done to thee.

Quicke Faith without Charitable workes,
 Can neuer be (as write best Clarke)
 More than the fire intill his might,
 Can lacke the heat, oz Sunne lacke light.

If Charitie into thee failes,
 Thy Faith noz Hope nothing anailes.
 The Deuill hath faith, and trembles soz dread,
 But hee lacks hope and lone indeed.

Doe all the good that may be wrought,
 Without Charitie anailes nought.

Wherefore pray to the Trinitie,
 For to support thy Charitie.

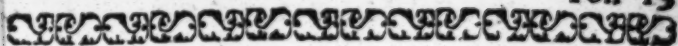
Now haue I shewne thee as I can,
 How Father Adam the first Man,
 Brought in the World both Sinne and Dead,
 And how CHRIST IESVS made remead:
 Which in the Great day of Iudgement,
 Shall vs deliuer from tozment,

And

And bring vs to his lasting Gloze,
 Which shall endure for evermore.
 But in this world thou getst no rest,
 I make it to thee manifest,
 Therefore my sonne bee diligent
 And learne for to bee patient,
 And into GOD set all thy trust,
 All things shall then come for the best.

C. Father I thanke you heartily,
 Of your comfort and company,
 And Heauenly Consolation,
 Making you supplication,
 If I durst put you to such paine,
 That yee would please for to define,
 And make me cleerlye vnderstand,
 How Adam brake the LORDS Cominand,
 And how through his transgression,
 Was punish't his succession.

E. My sonne (said hee) would thou take care,
 To looke vpon Diuine Scripture,
 Into the Booke of Genessis,
 That Historie thou shalt not misse,
 And also sundry cunning Clarkes,
 Have done rehearse into their warkes,
 Of Adams fall full ornatly,
 A thousand times better than I
 Can write of that vnbappy Man:
 But I shall doe the best I can,
 Shortly to thet that carefull case,
 With the support of GODS grace.



AN EXCLAMATION TO THE READER,
touching the writing in vulgar
and maternall Language.

W Gentle Reader, haue at me no despite,
Thinking that I presumptionly pretend
In bulgare tōg so high matter to write
But where I misse, I pray thee to amēd
To the vnlearn'de I would the cause were kend,
Of our most miserable trauell and torment,
And how in Earth no place is permanant.

Whombeit that diuers do note cunning Clarke,
In Latine tongue haue written sundry Booke,
Our vnlearned knowes little of their workes,
More than they doe the ranning of the Rokes.
Wherefore to Colliars, Carters, and to Cokes,
To Iack and Tom my Rime shall bee directed,
With cunning men howbeit that it bee lacked.

Though enery Common may not bee a Clarke,
Nor hath no leed, except their tongue maternall:
Why should of God y marnellous heauenly work
Bee hid from them? I thinke it not fraternall.
The Father of Heauen, which was & is Eternall,
To Moses gaue the Law on Mount Sinay,
Not into Greeke nor Latine, as they say.

He wrote the Law in Tables hard of Stone,
In their owne bulgar Language of Hebrew,
That the Children of Israel enery one,
Might know the Law, and to the same ensew:
Had hee done write in Latine, or in Grewe,

It had to them beene a sauourlesse iest:
 We may well know, GOD wrought al so: the best

Aristotle no: Plato I heare sane,
 Wrote not their Philosophie naturall,
 In Dutch, no: Dence, no: Tongue Italiane:
 But in their most proper Tongue maternall.
 Whose same and name both reigne perpetuall,
 Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie,
 No: Cicero, the flower of Oratorie,

Wrote not in Chalde language, no: in Grek
 No: yet into the language Saracene:
 No: in the naturall language of Hebrew:
 But in Romane Tongue, as may bee sene,
 Which was more proper language as I wene
 When Romanes reigned Dominato:rs indeed,

The ornate Latine was their proper leed.
 In the meane time, when that these bold Roman
 Ouer all the world had the Dominion,
 Made Latine Schooles, their gloze so: to aduanc:
 That their Language might be ouer all common
 To that intent by my opinion,
 Trusting that their Empire should ay indure,
 But of Fortune alwayes they were not sure.

Of Languages the first diuersity,
 Was made by GODS malediction:
 When Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
 These Builders got none other affliction,
 Before the time of that punition,
 Was but one tongue, which Adam spake himself
 Where now of tongues there be threescore & twel

Notwithstanding, I thinke it great pleasure,
 Where cunning men haue Languages aneto,
 That in their youth by diligent labour,
 Haue learned Latine, Greeke, and Hebreu:
 That I am not of that sort soze I reio.
 Wherefoze I would all Bookes necessare,
 For our Faith were into our Tongues Vulgare.

CHRIST after his glorious Ascension,
 To his Disciples sent his Holy Sprite,
 In Tongues of fire, to that intent'ion,
 That beeing of all Languages repleat,
 Through all the world with words fair and sweet,
 To euery man the Faith they should forth show,
 In their owne Leed deliuering them the Law.

Wherefore I thinke a great derision,
 To heare Punnes and Sisters night and day,
 Singing and saying Psalmes and Orison,
 Not vnderstanding what they sing or say:
 But like a Stirling or a Dopingay,
 Which learned are to speake by long blage,
 Them I compare to Birds in a Cage.

Right so Childzen and Ladies of Honours,
 Pray in Latine, to them an vnouth Leed:
 Humbling their Matine, Quēlong, & their hours,
 Their Pater noster, Aue, and their Creed.
 It were as pleasant to their sprite indeed,
 GOD haue mercie on mee, soz to say thus,
 As soz to say, Miserere mei DEVS.

Saint Hierome in his proper Tōgue Romane,
 The Law of GOD truely he did translate,

Out of Hebrew, Greeke, and Latine, in platine
Which hath bene hid fro vs long time, God wa
Untill this time. But after my conceate,
Had Sainct Hierome beene bozne into Argyll,
In Irish Tongue his Bookes had done compyll.

Wident Sainct Paul doth make narration,
Touching the diuerse Leeds of euery Land:
Saying, There beene more edification,
In five words that folke doth vnderstand,
Than to pronounce of words ten thousand,
In strange language, & knowes not what it mee
I thinke such prating is not worth two preen.

Unlearned people on the Holy-day,
Solemnely they heare the Euangell sung,
Not knowing what the Preest doth sing or say:
But as a Bell, when that they heare it rung,
Yet would the Preests in their mother tongue,
Passe to the Pulpit, and that doctrine declare,
To Laicke people, it were more necessarie.

I would Prelates and Doctors of the Law,
With vs Laicke people were not discontent,
Though wee in our vulgare tongue did know
Of CHRIST IESVS the Law and Testament:
And how that we should keepe Commandement
But in our Language let vs pray and reade,
Our Pater noster, Ave, and our Creede.

I would some Princes of great discretion,
In vulgare language plainly cause translate,
The needfull Lawes of this Region:
Then would there not bee halfe so great debate

Amo

platine, Among vs people of the low estate,
 god wate, If euery man the veritie did know,
 e, We needed not to treate these men of Law.

rgyll, To doe our neighbour wrong we would beware,
 mpyll. If wee did feare the Lawes punishment:
 ation, There would not bee such brawling at the Barre:
 and: For men of Law claime to such royall Kent,
 To keape the Law if all men were content,
 and, And each man doe as he would bee done to.
 and, The Judges would get little thing adoe.

at it meen The Prophet Dauid, King of Israel,
 o preens. Compylde the pleasant Psalmes of the Psalter,
 In his owne proper tongue, as I heare tell:
 sung, And Salomon, which was his sonne and Heire,
 g or say: Did make his booke into his tongue vulgare.
 tung. Why should not their sayings be to vs shorne,
 tongue, In our Language? I would the cause were known.
 declare, Let Doctors write their curious questions,
 are. And arguments, soone full of Sophistrie:

he Law, Their Logick, and their high opinions,
 content, Their darke iudgements of Astronomie:
 did know, Their Medicine, and their Philosophie:
 stament: et Poets shew their glorious engine,
 handemer: as euer they please, in Greeke, or in Latine.

o reade, But let vs haue the booke necessarie,
 e. To common-wealth, and our saluation,
 retion, Justly translated in our tongue vulgare,
 translate, And eke I make thee supplication,
 eat debate, gentle Reader, haue no indignation,
 thinking I meddle with so high matter,
 how to my purpose sozward will I faire.

THE CREATION OF ADAM and EVE.

When GOD had made h^e Heavens bright,
 The Sunne & Moone for to giue light,
 The Starry-Heaven and Chrystalline,
 And by his Sapience diuine,
 The Planets in their Circles round,
 Whirling about with merry sound:
 Of whom Phœbus was principall,
 Set in his Line Ecclypticall,
 And gave by Diuine Sapience,
 To euery Starre their influence,
 With motion continuall,
 Which doth endure perpetuall.
 And farthest from the Heavens Empyre,
 The Earth, the Water, Aire, and fyre.
 He clad the Earth with Herbes and Trees,
 All kinde of Fishes in the Seas.
 All kinde of Beastes hee did prepare,
 With Fowles flying in the Aire.
 Thus by his word all things were wrought,
 Without materiall, made of nought.
 So by his wisdom infinite,
 All was made pleasant and perfite,
 When Heaven and Earth, and their Contents
 Were ended, with their Ornaments:
 Then last of all the LORD began,
 Of most vile Earth to make the Man:
 Not of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
 Nor Cyper Tree, as I suppose.
 Neither of Golde nor Precious Stones:
 Of Earth hee made flesh, blode, and bones.

To that intent GOD made him thus,
 That Man should not bee glorious:
 Nor in himselfe should nothing see,
 But matter of humilitie.
 When Man was made, as I haue tolde,
 GOD in his face did him beholde:
 Breathing in him a liuely Spirit,
 When all these words were compleet,
 Hee made Man to his similitude:
 Excelling into pulchritude:
 Doted with the gifts of Nature,
 Aboue all Earthly Creature.
 Then pleasantly did him connoy,
 To a Region compleete with ioy,
 Of all pleasure which bare the price,
 And called, Earthly Paradise.
 And brought by Diuine prouidence,
 All Beastes and Birds to his presence.
 Adam did craftily impone,
 A speciall name to euery one:
 And to all things materiall,
 A name hee gaue in speciall.
 How hee them named yet heene kende,
 And shall bee to the Worlds ende.
 Into that Garden of Pleasance,
 Two Trees grew, most to aduance,
 Aboue all other which bare the price,
 In middes of that Paradise:
 The one was call'd the Tree of Life,
 The other Tree began our strife.
 The Tree to know both good and euill,
 Which by perswasion of the Deuill,
 Began our misery and woe,
 But let vs to our purpose goe,

THE FIRST BOOKE,

How GOD gaue Adam stratte command,
 That Tree not to touch with his hand,
 All other frutes of Paradise,
 Hæ bade him eate at his deuice:
 Saying, If thou eate of this Tree,
 With double death then shalt thou die:
 Therefore I theë command, Beware,
 And from this Tree thou stand asarre.
 Yet Father Adam was alone,
 Without company of any one.
 Then thought the LORD it necessarie,
 To create to him an helper.
 GOD put in Adam such sopour,
 That for to sleepe hæ toke pleasure:
 And laide him downe vpon the ground.
 Then when Adam was sleeping sound,
 Hæ toke a Rib south of his side,
 Then filled it with flesh and hide:
 And made a woman of that bone:
 Fairer of forme was neuer none.
 Then to Adam incontinent,
 That faire Ladie he did present:
 Which shortly said, for to conclude,
 Thou art my flesh, my bone, and blood:
 And Virago hæ calde her than,
 Which is interprete, Made of man.
 Which Eva after ward was named,
 When for her fault she was defamed.
 Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
 Saying, Increase and multiply.
 By this men should leane all their kinne,
 And with their Wiues make dwelling,
 And for their sake leane Father and Mother,
 And loue them best aboue all other.

For GOD hath ordainde them truely,
To bee two soules in one body.

Thy wit is weake for to indite,
Their heavenly pleasure infinite:
Was neuer earthly Creature,
Since that time, had perfect pleasure:
They had puissance Emperiall,
Above all things materiall.
And cunning Clerkes doe conclide,
Adam precelde in pulchritude:
Most naturall, and the fairest man,
That euer was since the world began.
Except CHRIST IESVS, GODS owne Sonne,
To whom was no comparison.
And Eue the fairest creature,
That euer was formed by nature.
Though they were naked as they were made,
No shame either of other had.
What pleasure might a man haue more,
Nor haue his Ladie him before,
So lussy, pleasant, and perfit,
Ready to serue his appetite?
They had none other care I wisse,
But pass their time with joy and blisse.
Wilde Beastes did to them repaire,
So did the fowles of the Aire,
With noyle most Angelicall,
Making them mirths Musicall,
The fishes swimming in the Strandes,
Were wholly all at their commandes.
All Creatures with one accord,
Obeded him as their Soueraigne Lord,
They suffered neither heate nor colde,
With euery pleasure that they would:

THE FIRST BOOKE,

And to the death they were not thrall,
 And right so should we haue bene all:
 For hee and all his Successours,
 Should haue possessed these pleasures.
 Then from that joy materiall,
 Gone to the gloze emperiall.
 They had, if I can right describe,
 Great ioyes in all their wits fine:
 In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
 Enduring that delictome dwelling:
 Hearing the Birds harmonies,
 Tasting the fruits of diuerse Trees,
 Smelling the Balmie dulce Oodours,
 Which did proceed from fragrant Flowres,
 Seeing so many Heauenly beewes,
 Of Blomes breaking on the Beewes.
 Of touching eke they had delite,
 Of others bodies soft and white:
 Doubtlesse enduring that pleasure,
 They loued each other paramour.
 No maruell though that so should bee,
 Considering this their great beautie.
 And GOD gaue them Command expresse,
 To multiply, and to increase,
 That their seed and succession,
 Might plentifully euer Nation.
 I list not tarry for to declare,
 All properties of that place preclare:
 How Herbes and Trees grew euer greene,
 And of the temperate Aire serene:
 How Fruttes indeficient,
 Were alke ripe and redolent:
 Nor of the Fountains, nor of the Floods,
 Nor of the Flowres pulchritudes:

That

That matter Clarke doe declare,
 Wherefore of them I speake no more.
 The Scripture makes no mention,
 How long they reigne in that Region:
 But I beleue the time was short,
 As diuerse Doctors doe report.

Of the miserable Transgression
 of A D A M.

Q After, how happened that mischance?
A (Said I) shew mee that circumstance:
 Declare to mee that carefull case,
 How Adam lost that pleasant place:
 From him and his succession,
 How did proceed Transgression?

E. (Said hee) after my rude engyne,
 I shall rehearse thee that ruyne.

*W*hen GOD the Creator of all,
 Into the Heauen Emperall,
 Did create all the Angels bright,
 He made an Angel most of might,
 To whom hee gaue preeminence,
 Aboue them all in Sapience:
 Because all others hee did prefer,
 Named hee was bright Lucifer;
 Hee was so pleasant and so faire,
 He thought himselfe without compare:
 And grew so gay and glorious,
 began to bee presumptuous:
 He thought that hee would set his seat,
 In the North, and make debate,
 Contrare the Majestie Divine,
 Which was the cause of his ruine,

That

For

For hee incurred GODS ire,
And banisht from the Heauens Empire,
With Angels many Legion,
Which were of his opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest Hell:
Some in the Sea did make repaire,
Some in the Earth, some in the Aire.
That most vnhappie company,
At Father Adam had enuy:
Perceiuing Adam and his Sæde,
Into their places to succæde:
The Serpent was the subtillest,
Aboue all beastes, and craftiest.
Then Sathan with a false intent,
Did enter into the Serpent,
Imagining some craftie wyle,
How he might Adam best beguile,
And causde him breake Commandement,
But to the woman first he went,
Trusting the better to preuaile,
Full satilly did her assaile:
With sacund words, false and faire,
He grew with her familiare:
That hee his purpose might aduance,
Belæuing in her inconstance.
What beene the cause (Madame said hee)
That ye forebeare yon pleasant Tree,
Which beene Derelesse and precious,
Whose fruite beene most delictious?
I will (said shee) thereto t'accord,
We are forbidden of the LORD,
The which hath giuen vs libertie,
To eate of euery fruite and Tree,

Which growes into Paradise,
 Breake wee command we are not wise:
 Hee gaue to vs a strait Command,
 That Tree not to touch with our hand:
 Eate wee of it, without remeade,
 (Shee said) Doubtlesse wee shall be deade.
 Belceue not that (said the Serpent)
 Eate you of it incontinent,
 Repleate you shall bee with science,
 And haue perfect intelligence,
 Like GOD himselfe of euill and good.
 Then hastily soz to conclude,
 Hearing of this Prerogative,
 Shee pulled downe the Fruite beline,
 Thzough counsell of this false Serpent,
 And ate of it incontinent.
 And put her Husband in belceue,
 That pleasant frutte if hee would praeue,
 That hee should bee as sapient,
 As the great GOD Omnipotent.
 Thinke you not that a pleasant thing,
 That wee like GOD should cuer ring?
 Hee hearing this narratton,
 And by her solistatton,
 Moued by pridesfull ambition,
 Hee ate on that condition.
 The principall points of this offence,
 Was pride and inobedience:
 Desiring soz to bee equall,
 To GOD the Creator of all.
 Alas Adam, why did thou so?
 Why caused thou this moztall woe?
 Hadst thou beene constant, firme, and stable,
 Thy gloze had beene incomparable,

where

Where was thy Consideration,
 Who hadst the Domination,
 Of euery living Creature,
 That GOD had formed by Nature,
 To vse them at thine owne deuise?
 Wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
 Was neuer man since thou on liue,
 That GOD gaue such prerogatiue.
 He gaue thee strength aboue Samson,
 And sapience more than Salomon,
 Young Absolon in his time most faire,
 To thy beantie was no compaire.
 Aristotle thou didst precell,
 Into Philosophie naturall:
 Virgill into his Poetrie,
 For Cicero in his Oratorie,
 Were neuer halfe so eloquent.
 Why brak'st thou GODS Commandement?
 Where was thy wit, that wouldst not flee,
 Farre from the presence of that Tree?
 Gane not thy Master thee free-will,
 To take the good, and leaue the ill?
 How might thy foresault bee excused,
 That GODS Commandement refused?
 Through thy Wives perswasion,
 Which hath bene the occasion:
 Since that time many Noble men,
 By the euill counsell of women,
 Haue altother destroyed bene,
 As in the Histories may be seene:
 Which now weene weede not to declare,
 But to our purpose let vs fare.
 When they had eaten of the fruite,
 Of ioye then were they destitute:

OF THE MONARCHIE.

29

Then gan they both for to thinke shame,
 And to bee naked through defame,
 And made them Breeks of leaues græne,
 That their Secrets should not be sene:
 But in th estate of innocence,
 They had no such experience:
 But when to sinne they were subiected,
 To shame and sinne they were coacted;
 And in a Bush they did them close,
 Ashamed of the LORDES voyce,
 Which called Adam by his name,
 Said hee) My Lord I thinke great shame:
 Naked to come in thy presence.
 Thou hadst no such experience,
 Said GOD) when thou wast innocent:
 Why brake thou my Commandement:
 Alas (said Adam) to the LORD,
 The veritie I shall record,
 This Woman that thou gaue to mee,
 Causde mee eate of yon pleasant Tree.
 Right so the Woman her excused,
 And said, The Serpent mee abused.
 Then to the Serpent GOD said thus,
 O thou Deceiuer benemous,
 Because the Woman thou beguilde,
 From henceforth shalt thou be exile:
 Cursed and waried shalt thou bee,
 So shall thy sæde be after thee:
 Cold Earth shall bee thy sowe also,
 And creeping on thy brest shalt goe:
 And I shall put enmitie,
 Betwæne the woman euer and thee:
 Betwæne thy sæde and womans sæde,
 Shall bee continuall mortall sæde,

How

Howbeit thou hast wrought their miscgées,
 It shall not bee as thou beleetes.
 Such seede shall bee in Womans towne,
 That thy power shall bee downe-throwne:
 Treading thine head, that thou mayst seele,
 And thou shalt treade him on the heele.
 This was his promise and meaning,
 That the immaculate Virgine,
 Should beare the Prince Omnipotent.
 Which should treade downe that false Serpent,
 Sathan and all his company,
 And them comfoud alaterly.

C. (Said I) If Sathan Prince of Hell,
 Spake in the Serpent, as you tell,
 And Beastes can no way sinne at all,
 Why was the Serpent made so thrall?
 I heare men say, befoze that houre,
 The Serpent had a faire figure:
 And went by straight vpon his feete,
 And had his members all compleete,
 As other Beastes vpon the Bent.

E. (Said hee) For hee was instrument,
 To Sathan in his miserte:
 Punisht hee was, as you may see:
 As by experience thou mayst know,
 Expresse into the common Law:
 A man conuict of Bougerie,
 The Beast is burnt as well as hee,
 Howbeit the Beast bee innocent,
 And so befell of this Serpent:
 It was the Fiend full of despise,
 Of Adams fall which had the wife:
 As hee hath of many moe,
 But to our purpose let vs goe.

Then to the Woman, for her offence,
 GOD did pronounce this sore sentence :
 All pleasure that thou hadst before,
 Shall changed bee in lasting sorrow:
 Where that thou shouldst with mirth and joy,
 Haue borne thy Birth withoutten noy,
 Now all thy Children thou shalt beare,
 With dolour and continuall care:
 And thou shalt bee for ought thou can,
 Ever subject vnto the Man.
 By this sentence GOD did conclude,
 Women from libertie denude.
 When by experience you may see,
 How Queenes of most high degree,
 Are vnder most subjection,
 And suffers most correction:
 For they like Birds into a Cage,
 Are kept vnder thirlage.
 So all women in their degree,
 Should to their men subiected bee.
 Howbeit some yet will strine for state,
 And for the Maistry make debate:
 Which if they lacke both Euen and morrow,
 Their men will suffer meikle sorrow.
 If Eue they take that qualitie,
 And desire Soueraignty.
 And then to Adam said the LORD,
 Because that thou hast done accord
 By will, and hearkened to thy Wiffe,
 How shalt thou lose this pleasant life:
 Thou wast to her obedient,
 But thou brake my Commandement.
 Cursed and barren the Earth shall bee,
 Where euer thou goest, till that thou die:

But

But Th: self, Pettle, Biere, and Throne,
 Without labour shall beare no Corne:
 For soode thou gettest none other bield,
 But eate the Herbes vpon the field,
 Soze labouring till thy browes sweate,
 From henceforth shalt thou win thy meate.
 I made thee of the Earth certaine,
 And thou to Earth shalt turne againe.
 Then made hee them abullement,
 Of skinnes and ragged rayment,
 Them to p:serue from heate and cold:
 Then grew their dolour manifold.
 Now Adam you are like to vs,
 With your gay garment glorious:
 To them these words said the LORD,
 Then cryed they both, Misericord:
 When from that Earth with hearts soze,
 Banisht they were for evermore.
 Into this wretched Waile of sorow,
 With daylie labour Euen and morow.
 After whose dolorous departing,
 The LORD gaue Paradise in keeping,
 Unto the Angel Cherubin,
 That none should haue entrie therein.
 At the which entresse hee did stand,
 With flaming fiery Sword in hand:
 To keepe that Adam and his wife,
 Should not taste of the tree of Life.
 For if they of the Tree had p:ued,
 Perpetually they might haue liued.
 So Adam and his Succession,
 Of Paradise lost possession,
 And by his sinne originall,
 Were men to miserie made thrall.

My sonne, now mayst thou clearly see,
 This world began with miserie.
 With miserie it doth proceede,
 Whose fine shall dolour be and dead.

C. Father (said I) what kinde of life,
 Led Adam with his lustie wife,
 After thier bailfull banishing?

E. (Said hee) Continuall lamenting.
 Mine heart hath yet compassion,
 How they went wandring vp and doونه,
 Weeping with many loude Alace,
 That they had lost that pleasant place:
 In Wildernesse to bee exylde,
 Where they found nought but Beastes wilde:
 Banassing them soz to deuore,
 Which all obedient were befoze.

C. Father (said I) in what Countrey,
 Did Adam liue after that hee
 Was banished from that delite?

E. The Clarkes (said hee) haue put in wylde,
 How Adam dwelt with meikle baile,
 In Mamre, in that lustie Haile:
 Which after was the Jewish Land,
 Where yet his Sepulture doth stand.
 I list not tarie to describe,
 The woe of Adam and his wifue:
 Noz how that they had sonnes two,
 Kain and Abell, and no moe.
 Noz how curst Kain soz enuy,
 Did slay his Brother cruelly.
 Noz of their mourning, noz of their mone,
 When they sonnelesse were left alone:
 Abell lay slaine vpon the ground,
 Curst Kain fleemde and bagabond:

For how GOD of his speciall grace,
 Sent them the third sonne, faire of face:
 Most like Adam of flesh and blood,
 Seth was his name, gracions and good,
 For how blinde Lamech racklesly,
 Did slay Kain unhappily.

Adam, as Clarke doe describe,
 Begate with Eue his woefull towne,
 Of men children thirty and two,
 And of daughters alike also.
 By this thou mayst well vnderstand,
 That Adam saw many a thousand,
 That of his body did descend,
 Ere hee out of the world did wend.
 Adam liued in Earth but weir,
 Compleete nine hundred and thirtie yere:
 And all his dayes were but sorrow,
 Rememb'ring how Eden and Morro,
 Of Paradise the prosperitie,
 And then of his great miserie,
 His heart might neuer bee rejoyced,
 Rememb'ring how the Heauen was closed,
 From him and his succession,
 And that by his transgression.

† After his death, as I heare tell,
 His soule descended to the Hell:
 And there remained prisoner,
 In that dungeon three thousand yere
 And more. So did both euill and good,
 Till CHRIST for them had shed his blood.
 Then by that most precious ransom,
 They were deliuered out of prison.
 I haue declared now as I can,
 The miserie of the first Man.

† This was
 an erroni-
 ous opiniō
 holden at
 that time.

How God destroyed all liuing Creatures in
Earth for sinne, and drowned the m by
a terrible Flood, in the time of Noe.

Wudent Father, Experience,
Declare to mee ere you goe hence,
What was the cause GOD did destroy,
All Creatures in the time of Noy?

E. (Said hee) I tremble for to tell,
That infortune how it befell,
The cause beene so abominable,
And the matter so miserable:
But for to shew the circumstance,
Manifestly of that mischance,
First I must make thee vnderstand,
How Adam gaue expresse command,
To those that were of Seths blood,
Because they were gracious and good,
Should not contract with Cains kinne,
Which were inclined all to sinne.
To obserue that commandement,
Cain past to the Orient,
With his wife, called Calmana,
Which was his owne Sister allwa.
Where his off-spring did long remaine,
Hard by the Mountaine of Tarbane.
And Seth did long time lead his life,
With Delbora his prudent wife:
Which was his Sister good and faire,
In Damascene made their repaire,
In that Countrey of Seths clan,
Descended many holy man.

So long as Adam was liuand,
The people did obserue com mand.
When he was dead and laid in ground,
The people greatly did abound.
And Cain slaine. as I haue showne,
And Seths dayes all ouer-blowne.
The sonnes then of Seths blood,
Seeing the pleasant pulchritude,
Of the Ladies of Cains kinne,
Howbeit they knewe well it was sinne
Opprest with sensuall lusts rage,
Did take them vnto Marriage,
And so corrupted was that blood,
The good with euill, and euill with good.
Then as the people did increase,
They did abound in wickednesse,
As holy Scripture doth rehearse,
Which I abhorre to put in verse:
O tell with tongue I am not able,
The sooth beane so abominable:
How men and women shamefully,
Abusoe themselves vnnaturally:
Whose foule abomination,
And filthy fornication,
I thinke great shame to put in write,
Euen as Paul Orose doth indite.
And if I would at length declare,
It were enough to fyle the Aire.
Great Clarks of Antiquities,
Haue written many true Stories:
Which are worthie to be commended,
Howbeit they bee not comprehended,
At length in the Diuine Scripture,
But I shall doe my best cure.

To take the best, as I suppose,
 That most pertaines to my purpose:
 And with support of CHRIST our King,
 I purpose to confirme nothing,
 Of the olde Disturbance,
 Contrarious to his Excellence.
 Howbeit that mens traditions,
 Bè contrare CHRISTs institutions:
 Of them though something I declare,
 Now let vs proceede farther mare:
 And with a language lamentable,
 Declare this matter miserable.

C. Father, the causes would I know,
 Why they of nature brake the Law:

E. I trust (said hee) that wickednesse,
 Entred through sloathfull idlenesse.
 The Devil with all the craft hee can,
 When hee perceiues an idle man,
 Or woman giuen to idlenesse,
 Hee getteth easilie entresse:
 And so by this occasion,
 And the Fiends perswasion:
 The whole world vniuersally,
 Corrupted was allaterly.

C. What was the cause they idle were
 That cause (said I) to mee declare.

E. (Said hee) By my imagination,
 For lacke of vertuous occupation:
 For of Crafts they had small blage,
 Of Merchandise or labourage:
 The Earth was then so plenteous,
 Of Fruite and Sppee delictious:
 The Herbes were so comfortable,
 Delightsome and medicinable:

The Fountaines fresh and redolent,
To labouring they toke little tent.
All manner of Beastes of their pleasure,
Did multiplie without labour.
The time betweene Adam and Noy,
To see the Earth it was great joy,
Planted with precious Trees of price,
Foure famous Floods of Paradise,
Ran through the Earth in sundrie parts,
Spreading their Branches in all Airts:
The waier was so strong and fine,
They would not labour to find Wine.
The Fruite and Herbs were so good,
They made no care for other food,
And so the people toke no cure,
But past the time at their pleasure:
Aye finding new Inuentions,
To fulfill their intentions:
And so the LORD Omnipotent,
That hee made Man did him repent:
And shewde vnto his sernant Noy,
That hee would all the World destroy,
Except himselfe and his menye.
Alas (said Noe) when shall that bee?
Then said the LORD, Sith that thou speirs,
I shall prolong fire score of yers,
Carrying vpon their repentance,
Ere I fulfill my just sentence.
In the meane timesall thou to warke,
Incontinent, and bulde an Arke.
Which Noe began obediently,
And wrought on it continually:
And to the people daylie preached,
To cry for grace hee to them taught.

And to them plainly did declare,
 That GOD his rod no more would spare:
 But on them hee would worke vengeance,
 To Noe yet gaue they no credance.
 And so they were incur:sellable,
 Using their lust abominable.
 And toke his Preaching in despise,
 By following their soule delite:
 More and more, till that dolesull day.
 Which all the world put in affray.

C. Father you made mee vnderstand,
 When Adam brake the LORDS Command,
 To augment his affliction,
 GOD gaue his malediction,
 Vnto the Earth, which was so faire,
 That it should barren bee and baire:
 And without labour beare no Corne,
 Nor Fruitt, but Thistle, Briere, and Thorne.
 Now say you in the time of Noy
 To see the Earth, it was great joy,
 Planted with Fruites good and faire,
 The sooth of this to me declare:
 These sayings two make mee consider,
 How you make them agree together.

E. GOD made his promise sickerly:
 Howbett it came not instantly,
 (Said hee) as Clarke doe conclude,
 But after when the furious Flood,
 Destroyde the Earth alluterly:
 Then came that promise sickerly
 Euen as GOD did giue Command,
 Adam should not touch with his hand,
 Nor eate of the forbidden tree.
 If hee did so, that hee should die,

Howbeit hee died not but tweire,
 After that day nine hundred yere.
 Right so the Prophet Elaias,
 Speaking of CHRIST the Great Messias,
 Saying, The Childe is to be borne,
 To saue mankinde that is forlorne,
 As hee had bene borne instantly,
 Yet was hee not borne verily,
 After that saying many a yere,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst heare.
 A thousand yeere who reckons right,
 Is as an houre into GODS sight.
 Examples many I might tell,
 Were it not tedious for to dwell.

C To our purpose let vs proceede,
 Shewing the height, the length, and brea'de,
 And quantity of Noes Arke,
 Which was a right excellent barke,
 Of Wyne-tree made, bound well about,
 Laide ouer with Plcke within and out.
 Joyned full close with nayles strong:
 And was three hundred Cubits long,
 Fiftie in brea'dth, thirtie in hight,
 Three Chambers joyned well and wight,
 And euery Loft aboue another,
 Without Anko, Dare, or Ruther.
 A right Cubite, as I heare tell,
 Of measure now might be an ell.
 In the mid-side a dore there was,
 For Beastes a full easie entresse.
 This Arke which was both long and large,
 Made in the bottome like a Barge,
 Covered with Boards well aboue,
 Most like an house with set on roose.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

41

Whose Riggging was one Cubite bread,
Wherein there was a Window made,
Some sayes, well closde with Christall cleare,
Wherethrough the day-light might appeare.
This warke the more was to bee praised,
Because by GOD it was deuised.
The making of this Arke but weire.
Endured well an hundred yere.

When Noe had ended this warke,
GOD did him close within the Arke,
With his Wife and Sonnes thre,
With their Wiues, and no more menle.
Of all the Fowles of the aire,
Of every kinde entred one paire:
Right so two Beastes of every kinde,
For why? it was the LORDS minde,
That generation should not faile:
Wherefore of Female and of Male,
Of every kinde were kepted two,
But to rehearse mine heart is woe.
The dolent lamentation,

That time of every Nation:
Saying, alas, a thousand yse,
When Wind and Raine began to rise:
The Rocks with reird began to ryue,
Then vglie Clonds did ouer-dryue,
And darkned so the Heauens bright,
That Sunne nor Moone might shew no light:
The terrible trembling of Earth-quake,
Made Buildings bow, and Cities shake:
The Thunder rent the Clonds sable,
With searesull noyse inenitable.
The fire-slaughts flew ouer throught the sels:
Then was there not but Thonts and yels,

When

Whose

When they perceiue without remede,
All Creatures to suffer dead:
All Fountaines from the Earth vp-sprang,
And from the Heauen the Rain downe dang,
Fourtie dayes and fourtie nights,
Then ran the people to the hights.
Some climbs on Hills, some climbs on Trees,
Some to the highest Mountaines fées.
With more terrour than I can tell,
But all for nought, the Floods downe fell:
And Wind did ront with such a reard,
That euery wight waried his heard:
Crying, Alas, that they were bozne,
Into that Flood to be so: lozne.
Men might make no helpe to their wiues,
Nor yet support their Childzens liues:
The Floods rose with such great mights,
That they ouer-couered all the hights.
They might no more their liues length,
But swinde so long as they had strength:
And so with cryes lamentable,
Ended their liues miserable.
Aboue Mountaines that were most hie,
Fittie cubits did rise the Sea.
Men may imagine in their mind,
All Creatures in their kinde,
Both Beastes and Fowles in the Aire,
In their manner made methke care.
The Fishes thought themselues beguiled,
When they swind throug the Woods wild,
The Whales tumbling among the trées,
Wild Beastes swimming in the Seas:
Birds with many a pitteous peew,
Afraidy in the Aire they flew,

So long as they had strength to fly,
 Then swattered downe into the Sea,
 Nothing on Earth was left on life,
 Beastes, nor Fowles, Man nor Creature:
 For wholly GOD did them destroy,
 Except them in the Arke with Noy:
 The which lay floating on the Flood,
 Waltering among the Streams wood,
 With many terrible affrayes,
 Remained an hundredth and fiftie dayes,
 In great languor and heavineſſe,
 Ere Wind or Rain began to cease,
 Sometime effectuously praying,
 Sometime the Beastes dispying,
 For by the LORDS Commandement.
 He made provision sufficient.
 For Noe dwelt in the Arke no doubt.
 A yere compleate ere he came out.
 How at more length in holy writte,
 This dolefull Historie bene indite:
 And how that Noe gan to resoyce,
 When Conduits of the Heauen did close:
 So that the Raine no more ascended,
 Nor yet the Floods no more descended,
 When he perceiued the Heauens cleare,
 He sent forth Raven Messengiere,
 Into the Aire for to espy,
 If he saw any Mountaines dry.
 Some sayes the Raven south did remaine.
 And came not to the Arke againe,
 South flew the Dove at Noes command,
 And when shee did perceiue dry land,
 Of an Olive shee brake a branch,
 That Noe knew the Flood did wanch,

And

And there no more thee did sojourne,
But with the branch she did returne,
That Noe might clearly vnderstand,
That sellon flood was decreasand:
And so it did, till at the last,
The Arke vpon the ground sticke fast,
On the top of a Mountaine hie,
Into the Land of Armenie.
And when Noe had done espy,
How that the Earth began to dry,
Then threwo he downe the doores all,
And loosed them the which were thall.
The Fowles flew forth into the Aire,
And all the Beastes by paire and paire,
Past forth to seeke their pasturages.
There were none but eight personages.
Noe, his thre sonnes, and their Wines,
On Earth that was left with their liues.
Whom GOD did blesse and sanctifie,
Saying, Increase and multiple.
GOD wote if Noe was blythe and glad,
When of that prison he was freed.

When Noe had made his Sacrifice,
Thanking GGD of his benefice:
Hee standing on Mount Armenie,
Where hee the Countrey might espy.
Hee may beleue his heart was soze,
Seeing the Earth, which was before
The Flood, so pleasant and perfit
Which to behold was great delite:
That now was barren made and bare,
Before which fructuous was and faire:
The pleasant trees bearing fruits,
Were lying pulde by by the rotes.

The wholesome Herbes and fragrant Flowres,
Had lost both vertue and colowres.

The fieldes greene, and flourisht Meeds,
Were spoyled of their pleasant weeds,
The Earth, which first was so faire formed,
Was by that furious flood deformed,
Where sometime were the pleasant Plaines,
Were steepy Caues and high Mountaines.
From sounding Rockes great and gray,
The Earth was washen cleane away.

But Noe had greatest displeasures,
Beholding the dead Creatures:
Which was a sight most lamentable,
Men, Women, Beastes innumerable:
Seeing them lyand vpon the Lands,
And some were floting on the Strands.
Whales, and Monsters of the Seas,
Sticked on Stobbes among the Trees:
And where the flood was decreased,
They were left waltering on the land.

Before the flood, during that space,
The Sea was all into one place,
Right so the Earth, as beene decided,
In sundry parts was not deuided.
As beene Europa and Asia,
Diuided aye from Africa.

Now see now diuerse famous Isles,
Standing from land right many myles,
All these great Isles I vnderstand,
Were then equall with the firme land.
There was no Sea Mediterran,
But onely the great Ocean.
Which did not spreade such bulking Strands,
As it doth now ouer through the Lands.

Then

Then by the raging of that Flood,
 The Earth of vertue was denude.
 The which before was to bee praised,
 Whose beauty then was disguised.
 Then was the Malediction knowne,
 Which was by GOD to Adam thowne.
 I heare how Clarkes doe conclude,
 Enduring that most furious Flood:
 With which the Earth was sore oppress:
 The Winde blew south of the South-west
 As may bee seene by experience,
 How through the waters violence,
 The high Mountaines in every Airt,
 Are bare soe nent the South-west part:
 As the Mountaines of Pyrenes,
 The Alpes and Rockes in the Seas,
 Right so the Rockes great and gray,
 Which standes into Norroway.
 The highest Hilles in every Airt,
 And in SCOTLAND soe the most part,
 Through waltering of that furious Flood,
 The Hilles of earth were made denude:
 Travelling men may consider best,
 The mountaines bare next the South-west.

C. Declare (said I) ere you conclude,
 How long lived Noe after the Flood?

E. (Said he) in Genesis thou mayest heare,
 How that Noe was sixe hundred yeere.
 The time of this great punishment,
 And ay to GOD obedient.
 And was the best of Seths blood.
 And more, hee lived after the Flood,
 Thre hundred and fiftie yeeres,
 As Holy Scripture witness beares:

And was ere hee rendred the spitte,
 Nine hundredeth and fiftie yeres compleate.
 To shew this Story wilerable,
 At length my wittes are not able.
 And moze (my sonne, as I suppose,)
 It longes not to our purpose.
 To shew how Noes sonnes thre,
 Can to increase and multiplie:
 For how that Noe planted the Vine,
 And dranke till he was drunken syne,
 And sleept with his members bare:
 And how Cham made for him no care,
 But laught to see his Father so,
 Howbeit his brethren were right woe,
 For how Noe but restriction,
 Gave Cham his malediction,
 And put him vnder seruitude,
 To Shem and Iaphet, that were good,
 For how GOD made a Covenant,
 With Noe, to make no punishment,
 For by no flood the people drowne.
 In signe of that Condition,
 His Raine-how set into the Aire,
 Of diuerse Heauenly colours faire,
 For to bee a perpetuall signe,
 By flood to sende no punishing,
 His Historie if thou list to know,
 At length the Bible shall thee shew.

The ende of the first Booke of
 the MONARCHIE.

THE



THE SECOND BOOKE,
Containing the building of BABYLON,
by NIMROD: And how King NINVS
began the first MONARCHIE of their Ido-
latrie: And how SEMIRAMIS gouerned
the EMPIRE after her Husband King
NINVS.

After. I pray you to mee tell,
The first infortune that befell,
Immediately after the Flood.
And who did first shed guiltlesse blood:
And how Idolatrie began?

E. (Said hee) I shall doe as I can.
After the Flood I finde no Storie
Worthie to put in memorie:
Till Nimrod did begin to reigne,
Aboue the people as a King.
Which was the principall man of one,
That builder was of Babylon.

C. That Storie, Master, would I know,
(Said I) If thou the sooth wouldest shew:
Why, and for what occasion,
They builded such a strong Dungeon:

E. Then said to mee Experience,
I shall declare with diligence,

These

These questions at thy command,
But first, Sonne, thou must understand:

Of Nimrod the Genealogie,
His strength, courage, and quantitle.
Holubett Moses in his first Booke,
That Storie lightly doth ouer-looke:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except hee was a strong Vuntare.
But other Clarkes curious,
As Orose doth, and Iosephus,
Describes Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature and his strength.

This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe by lyne descending downe,
Noe begate Cham, Cham begate Chus:
And Chus Nimrod, the sixth bene thus.

This Nimrod grew a man of might,
That time on earth Was none so might:
Hee was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wilde Beastes hee downe-throng.
The people of that Region,
Came vnder his Dominion.
No man there was in all that Land,
His stalwardnesse that durst gainstand.
No maruell was though hee was might;
Ten Cubites large hee was of hight:
Proportionate of length and breade,
Conforme vnto his height wee reade:
Hee grew so great and glorious,
So pridefull and presumptuous,
That hee came inobedient,
To the great GOD Omnipotent.

This Nimrod was the principall man,
That first Idolatrie began.

Then causoe hee all the people call,
 To his p[re]sence both great and small:
 And in that great Conuention,
 Did propone his intenti on:
 My Friends (said hee) I make it knowne,
 The great vengeance that GOD hath shewne,
 In time of our fore-father Noy,
 When he did all the world destroy,
 And drowned them in a furious flood:
 Wherefore I thinke wee should conclude,
 How wee should make a strong defence,
 Against the waters violence,
 For to resist his furious p[re],
 Contrary both to flood and fire.
 Let vs goe spy some pleasant felds,
 Where a strong Building wee may bield:
 A Citie with a strong Dungeon,
 That no engyne may beate it downe:
 So high, so thicke, so large, so long,
 That GOD to vs shall doe no wrong.
 It shall surmount the Planets seven,
 That wee from GOD may win the Heauen,
 These people with a firme intent,
 All to his counsell did consent.
 And did espye a pleasant place,
 Hard on the flood of Euphrates,
 The people then did there repare;
 Into the plaine field of Shinare;
 Which now of Chaldie beares the name,
 Which did long time flourish in same.

That great Fortresse then did they found,
 And searcht it till they got sure ground:
 And sell to worke both man and childe,
 Some sound out Clay, some burnt the Tyld.

Nimrod,

Nimrod, that curious Champton,
 Deniser was of that Dungeon
 Nothing they spared their labours,
 Like busie Bees vpon the flowrs:
 Of Emmets traueilling into lune,
 Some vnder wrought, and some aboue:
 With strong engenious Masonry,
 Upward that Worke did fortify,
 With burnt Tyle-stones large and wight,
 That Towre they rayled to such hight,
 Aboue the Aires Region,
 And soynded of strong fashion.
 With Symont made of Picke and Tarre,
 They bled none other Porter.
 Though fire and water it assailed,
 Contrare that Dungeon nought auailed.
 The Land about was faire and plaine,
 And it rose like an high Mountaine.
 These wolsish people did intend,
 That to the Heauens it should ascende.
 So great a Strength was neuer sene,
 Into the world with mens ewe.
 And the walles of that Worke they made,
 Two and fiftie fathome breade.
 One fathome then, as some men sayes,
 Might bee two fathomes in our dayes.
 One man was then of more stature,
 Than two are now, of that bee sure.
 Iosephus holdes opinion,
 Saying, the height of that Dungeon,
 Of large paces of measure bene,
 Fine thousand, eight scoze, and fourtene.
 By this reckoning it is full right,
 Fine myles and an halfe in hight,

A thousand pace take for a myle,
 And thou shalt finde it neare that stile.
 This Towre in compasse round about,
 Were myles ten, withouten doubt:
 About the City of Staides.

Four hundredeth and foure score I wis,
 And by this number in compasse,
 About thre score of myles it was.
 And as Orosius reports,
 There was five score of Brasen Ports.

The translatour of Orosius,
 Into his Chronicle writeth thus:
 That when the Sonne is at the hight,
 At none, when it doth thine most bright,
 The shadow of that hideous strength,
 Sixe myles and more it was of length.
 Thus may you iudge into your thought,
 If Babylon beane high or nought.

How GOD made the diuersitie of Lan-
 guages, and made impediment to the
 building of BABYLON.

When the Great GOD Omnipotent.
 To whom all thinges beane present,
 That was, and is, and euer shall bee.
 Are present to his Majestie:

The vertie secretes of mans heart,
 From his presence may not depart:
 Wee seeing the ambition,
 And the pridesfull presumption,
 How these proude people did pretende,
 Up through the Heauens to ascende:

Which

Which was great folly to denise,
 Such a presumptuous enterprise:
 For when they were most diligent,
 GOD made them such impediment,
 They were constrainde with hearts sore,
 From thence to goe, and builde no more.
 Such Languages on them bee laide.
 That none knew what another saide.
 Where was but one Language before,
 GOD sent them Languages thre score.
 At that time all did speake Hebrew,
 Then some began for to speake Grew.
 Some did spake Dutch, some Sarasine,
 And some began to speake Latine.
 The Master-men were almost wilde,
 Crying for Trees, they brought them Tyld.
 Some laide, Bring Porter here at once,
 Then brought they to them stokes and stons.
 Then Nimrod their great Champion,
 Ran raging like a wilde Lyon:
 Manassing them with words most rude,
 But neuer a word they vnderstode,
 Before they found him good and kinde,
 But then they thought him by his minde.
 When he so furiously did flyte,
 Then turnde his pride into despyte:
 Full darke eclipsed was his gloze,
 When they would worke for him no more.
 Beholde both GOD was gracious,
 To them which were outragious.
 He neither brake their Legges nor Armes,
 Nor did to them none other harmes.
 Except of Tongues diuision.
 And for finall conclusion,

54 THE SECOND BOOKE,
Constrained they were soz to depart,
Each companie in sundry airt.
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident.
Some South, some North, as they thought best,
And so their pollicie lest waste.
But how that Citty was repaired,
Hereafter it shall bee declared.

Of the first inuention of Idolatrie: Howe
Nimrod compelled the people to
adore the Fyre in Chaldea.

When Syr (said I) shew mee the man,
Which first Idolatrie began.
E. That shall I doe with al mine heart,
My sonne (said hee) ere wee depart.
When Nimrod saw his purpose sayled,
And his great labour nought auailed,
In manner of contemptton,
Departed sozth of that Region.
And as Orosius doth rehearse,
Hee past into the Land of Perse:
And many a pære did there remaine,
And then to Babylon came againe,
And found hudge people of Chaldie,
Remauning in that great Citty:
That were glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his name soz to aduance,
Among them made new ordinance,
Saying, I thinke you are not wise,
That to no God make sacrifice.

Then

Then to fulfill his false desire,
 Hee coulde be made a flaming fire:
 And made it of such breadth and hight,
 Hee coulde it burne both day and night.
 Then all the people of that Land,
 Adoꝛbe the fire at his command:
 Prostrate on knees, and on faces,
 Beseeching their new God of graces.
 To giue them moze occasion,
 Hee made them great perswasion,
 This God (saide hee) is most of might,
 Shewing his beames on the night:
 When Sunne and Moone are both obscure,
 His heauenly brightnesse doth indure,
 When mans members suffer colde,
 Fire warmeth them euen as they would.
 Then cryde the people at his desire,
 There is no God except the fire.

Ere there was any Imagerie,
 Began this first Idolatrie.
 At that time there was no blage,
 To carue, oz so: to paint Image.
 Then made hee proclamation,
 Who made not adozation,
 To that new God, without remead,
 Into that fire should suffer dead.
 I finde no man into that Land,
 His tyranny that durst gainstand:
 But Abram and Aram his Brother,
 That disobeyed, I finde none other.
 Which dwelling were in that Countrey,
 With their Father, called Tharie.
 These Brethren Nimrod did repaene:
 Saying to him, Lord by your leene,

This fire is but an Element,
Pray you to GOD Omnipotent,
Which made the Heavens by his might,
Sunne, Moone, and Starres soz to giue light.
Hee made the Fishes in the Seas,
The Earth with Beastes, Herbes and Trees,
And last of all soz to conclude,
Hee made Man to his Similitude.

To that Great GOD giue praise and gloze,
Whose Reigne indures soz eueremoze,

Then Nimrod in his furious pre,
These Brethren both cast in the fyre,
Abram by GOD hee was preserved,
But Aram in the fire hee serued.

When Thare heard his sonne was dead,
Hee did depart out of that stead,
With Abram, Nachor, and their Wines,
As the Scripture at length descriues:
And lest the Land of Chaldea,

And pass to Mesopotamia:
And dwelt in Tharam all his dayes,
And died there, as the storie sayes.
The life of Abram, as I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose.
Into the Bible thou mayest reade,
His vertuous life in word and dede.
Now to thee I haue showane the man,
That first Idolatrie began.

Of the great miseries and skaithe that com-
meth of VVARRES: And how King
NINVS began the first WARRES,
and strake the first Battell.

Ether, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to mee ere wee depart,
Who first began those mortall Warres,
Which every faithfull heart so skarres,
And every Policy downe thralwes,
Expose against the LORDS Lawes.
Since CHRIST our King Omnipotent,
Lest peace into his Testament,
How doth procede this cruelty,
Against Justice and Equity?
In Land where ever Warres haue bene,
Great miserie there bee may seene.
All things on Earth that GOD hath wrought,
Warres doe destroy and bring to nought.
Citties, with many strong Dungeon,
Are burnt, and to the earth throwne downe.
Virgines and Matrones are deflored;
Temples, that richly were decozed,
Are burnt, and all their Priests spoyld;
Woe Orphanes vnder teete are soyld.
Many olde Man made Childrenlesse,
And many Childzen Fatherlesse.
Of famous Scholes the Doctrine,
Both Naturall Science and Diuine;
And every vertue troden downe,
Reuerence done to Religion:

Strengthes

98 THE SECOND BOOKE,

Strengthes destroyed alluterly,
 Faire Ladies forced shamefully:
 Young Widowes spoyled of their Spones,
 Poor Labourers driven from their houses:
 There dare no Merchant take in hand,
 To traueil either by Sea or Land,
 For Bouchers that doe them confound:
 Some murthred beane, and some are drownde,
 And Craftesmen of good engine,
 Are all together brought to ruine.
 The Bestiall rest, the Commons slaine,
 The Land without labouring doth remaine,
 Of Policie the perfect workes,
 Buildings, Gardens, pleasant Parkes,
 Haue altogether destroyed beane.
 Great Granges burnt there may be sene.
 Riches is turnde to Poverty,
 And Pleantie into Wantrie,
 Death, Hunger, Dearth, it is well kende,
 Of Warre this is the satall ende.
 Justice turned in Tyrannie,
 All pleasure in aduersitie.
 The Warre alluterly downe thzawes,
 Both the Ciuill and Common Lawes.
 Warre geners murder and mischiese,
 Soze lamenting without reliefe.
 Warre doth destroy Realmes and Kings,
 Great Princes Warre to prison brings,
 Warre doth shed mekle guiltlesse blood.
 Since I can say of Warre no good,
 Declare to mee, Sy: if you can,
 Who first this miserie began,

A short description of the foure Monarchies: And howe King Ninus beganne his Monarchie.



I Marres (said he) the great outrage
Beganne into the second Age:
By crnell, pridesfull, couetous Kinges,
Reauers but right of other Reignes.

Howbest Cain befoze the flood,
Was first shedder of guiltlesse blood:
Ninus was first and principall man,
Which sinister Conquest began:
And was the man withoutten faile,
In earth which strake the first Battaille:
And first inuented Imagerie,
Wherethrough came great Idolatrie.

Whe must know ere wee farther wende,
Of whom King Ninus did descende.
Ninus, if I can right define,
Hee was from Noe the fifth by line:
Noe begate Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus;
And Belus Ninus, but lesling,
Of Assyria the second King:
And builder of that great Citie,
The which is called Ninivie:
And was the first and principall man,
Which the first Monarchie began.

C. Father (said I) declare to mee,
What signifies a Monarchie?

E. The smth (said he) Sonne if thou know,
Monarchie is a tearme of Grew:

As when a Prorince principall,
 Had whole power imperiall,
 During their Dominations,
 Aboue all Kings and Nations.
 A Monarchie that men doe call,
 Of whom I finde foure principall,
 Which hath reigne since the world began.

C. Then (said I) Father if you can,
 Which foure are they? shew mee I pray you.

E. My Sonne (said hee) that shall I shew you.
 First reigned the King of Assyrians,
 Secondly reigned the King of Persians.
 The Greekes thirdly with Sword and Pyre,
 Perforce obtained the third Emperre.
 The fourth Monarchie as I heare,
 The Romanes kepted many a yeere.

Let vs speake first of Ninus King,
 How he began his Conquesting.
 The olde Greeke Historiciane,
 Diodorus hee writes plaine,
 At right great length of Ninus King,
 Of his Emperre and Conquesting.
 And of Semiramis his Wife,
 That time the lustiest on life.
 It were too long to put in write,
 Which Diodore doth endite.
 But I shall shew as I suppose,
 Which most belongs to our purpose.
 When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
 Out of this wretched world was gone:
 And his sonne Belus dead alwa,
 The first King of Assyria.
 His Ninus which was second King,
 Triumphantly began to ring:

OF THE MONARCHIE.

61

nd was not pleased, nor content,
Of his owne Region nor Kent:
Thinking his gloze so; to aduance,
By his great people and puissance.
Through pride, couetous, and vaine gloze,
Did him prepare to conquesse more:
And gathered forth a great Armie,
Contrare Babylon and Chaldie:
Whereof hee had ardent desire,
To ioyne that Land to his Emptre.
Howbett hee had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and might:
Withoutten feare of GOD or man,
His conquessing hee thus began.

His people being in arraye,
To Chaldea toke the readie way.
When that the Babylonians,
Together with the Chaldeans,
Heard tell King Ninus was comand,
Made Proclamation through the Land,
That each man after his degree,
Should come and saue their owne Countre.
Though that they had no hle of Warre,
Without all feare they past forthward:
And put themselves in good order,
To meete King Ninus on the Border.
In that time you may vnderstand,
There was no Harneesse in the Land.
For to defende, nor yet invade,
Whereby more slaughter there was made.
They fought through strength of their bodie,
With Goads of Iron, with Stones and Trees,
With sound of Horne and bidious cry,
They rushed together right rudely.

With

62 THE SECOND BOOKE,

With hardy heart and strength of hands,
 Till thousands lay dead on the lands;
 Where man in Battell naked beene,
 Great slaughter some there may bee seene.
 They fought so long and earnestly,
 And with vncertaine victorie.

No man might iudge that stood on farre,
 Who got the better of the war.

But when it did approach the night,
 The Chaldeans they tooke the flight.
 Then the King and his company,
 Were right glad of that victorie:
 Because hee wan the first Battaille,
 That stricken was on earth but falle:
 And peaceably of that Region,
 Did take the whole Dominion.
 Then was hee King of Chaldea,

As well as of Assyria:
 As for the King of Arabie,
 In his Conquest made him supplie.

Of this yet was hee not content,
 But to the Realme of Mede hee went:
 Where Farnus King of that Countrie,
 Did meete him with a great Arme.
 But King Ninus the Battell wan,
 Where slaine was many Noble man.
 And to that King would giue no grace:
 But plainly in a publicke place,
 With his seven Sonnes and his Ladie,
 Cruelly did them crucifie.

Of that triumph hee did resoyce:
 Then forward to the Felde hee goes.
 Then conquest hee Armenia,
 Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia,

Capadoc,

apad oce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
 Aſia, Phrygia, and Hircane.
 All Africa, and Aſia,
 Except great Inde and Baſtria.
 Which hee did conquets afterward;
 As you ſhall heare ere wee depart.
 Now would I ere wee farther wend;
 That his Idolatrie were kende:
 Then after that without ſojourne,
 To our purpoſe wee ſhall retorne.

How King Ninus inuented the firſt Idol-
 latrie, or worſhipping of Images.

NINUS an Image hee cauſd make;
 For King Belus his fathers ſake:
 Moſt like his father of figure,
 Of quantity and poſtrature,
 Of fine Golde was that figure made,
 A craſty Crowne vpon his head:
 With precious Stones, in tokening,
 His father Belus was a King.
 In Babylon hee a Temple made,
 Of craſtie worke, both high and breade:
 Wherein that Image gloriouſly,
 Was Throned vp triumphantly.
 Then Ninus gaue a ſtraite command,
 To all the people of that Land,
 As well into Aſſyria,
 As in Shinar and in Chaldea,
 Under his Domination,
 They ſhould make adozation,

Upon

Upon their knees to that figure,
 Under the paine of soze-faulture.
 There was no Lord in all that Land,
 His summonding that durst gaine-stand.
 Then young and olde, both great and small,
 To that Image they prayed all:
 And chang'de his name as I heare tell,
 From Belus to that Great-god-Bell.
 In that Temple hee did deuile,
 That Priests should make their Sacrifice.
 By consuetude then came a Law,
 None other God that they would know.
 Also hee gaue to that Image,
 Of Sanctuary the Wauledge.
 For whatsoever transgressor,
 An Homicide or Oppressour,
 Seeing that Image in the Face,
 Of their guilt got the Kings grace.

C. Declare to mee, sweete Syr (said I)
 Was there no more Idolatry,
 After that this false Idole Bell,
 Was Throned vp as you mee tell?

E. My Sonne (said hee) incontinent,
 These nouels through the world went,
 How King Ninus as I haue said,
 A curious Image hee had made:
 To the which all his Nation,
 Made deuote adoration.
 Then euery Countrey toke conceit,
 They would King Ninus counterfeite.
 When any famous man was dead,
 Set vp an Image in his stead:
 Which they did honour from the spleene,
 As it Immortall GOD had beene.

Images some made for the nones,
Of fine Golde, of Stockes and Stones:
Of Silver some, and Purpur bone:
With diuerse names to every one.
For some they called Saturnus,
Some Iupiter, some Neptunus,
And some they called Cupido,
Their God of Love: and some Pluto.
They called some Mercurius,
And some the windy Eolus.
Some Mars, made like a man of Warre,
Enarmed well with Sword and Speare.
Some Bacchus, and some Apollo,
Of names they had an hundred and moe.
When any Lady of great fame,
Was dead, to exalt her name,
An Image of a portraiture,
Would set vp in an Oratorie:
The which they called their Goddesses
As Venus, Iuno, and Pallas:
Some Ceres, Vesta, and Diana,
Some Clio, some Proserpina,
And some the Great Goddess Minerva,
With curious colours they would carue.
Among the Poets you may see,
Of false Gods the Genealogie,
So these abominations,
Did spreade throughout all Nations,
Except good Abram, as wee reade,
Who honoured God in word and deede:
For Abram had his beginning,
Into the time of Ninus King.
Ninus began with Tyrannie,
And Abram with humillitie.

Ninus beganne the first Empire,
 Abram of warre had no desire.
 Ninus began Idolatrie,
 Abram in Spzite and Veritie,
 Hee prayed to the LORD alone,
 Falsie Imagerie hee would haue none.
 Of him descended I heare tell,
 The twelue Tribes of Israel.
 These people made adozation,
 With humble supplication,
 To him who was of kings King,
 And Heauen and Earth made of nothing.
 Dead Images they helde at nought,
 Which were with mens hands wrought:
 But the Almighty GOD on line.

My sonne, now haue I done describe,
 These questions at thy command,
 The which thou didst at mee demand.

C. What was the cause, Syz make mee see
 Idolatrye did so long endure,
 Out throug the world so generally,
 And with the Gentiles specially?

E. (Said hee) Some causes pzticipall,
 I finde in my memorall:
 First was throug Princes commandement,
 Which did Idolatrie inuent:
 Then singulare profite of the Priestes,
 Painters, Goldsmiths, Masons, Wrights.
 These men of Craft full curiously,
 Made Images so pleasantly,
 And solde them so; a sumptuous price:
 So by their craftie Merchandice,
 They were made rich aboue measure,
 As so; he Priestes I thee assure,

hey got profite into all Lands,
 through Sacrifice and Offerands.
 And by their sained sanctitude,
 busied many a man of good.
 In the time of Daniell,
 The Priests of that Idole Bell,
 When Nabuchodonozor King,
 In Babylon highly did reigne,
 The Priests the King made vnderstand,
 That Image made with mens hand,
 Hee was a glorious God of Life,
 And also had prerogative:
 That by his great power diuine,
 Would eate Wheate, Butten Bread and Wine:
 And so the King caused euery day,
 Besore Bell on his Altar lay,
 Fourtie satte Meders, fresh and fine,
 And fire great Roubours of wight wine:
 Twelve great Loanes of boulted Flowze,
 Which was all eaten in an houre.
 Not by that Image deafe and dumbe,
 But by the Priests all and some.
 As by the Bible thou mayst ken,
 Whose number was thre score and ten.
 They and their wines enery day,
 Ate all that on the Altar lay.
 Then Daniell in conclusion,
 Shewde the King their abusion:
 And of their craft hee made him sure,
 How vnderneath the Temple floze,
 Through a Passage they came by night,
 And ate that meate by Candle-light.
 The King when hee the matter knew,
 The Priests with all their wines hee slew.

Thus subtilly the King was syled,
And all the people were beguiled.

My sonne (said hee) now may you ken,
How by the Priests and Craftsmen,
And by their craftinesse and cure,
Idolatrie did long endure.

Beholde how Iohn Boccacius,
Hath writtten woorkes woundrous,
Of Gentiles superstition,
And of their great abusion:
And in his great Booke thou mayest see,
Of the false Gods Genealogie.
Of Demogorgon in speciall,
Fore-grandfayre to the Gods all,
Honourde among Arcadians,
And of the false Philistians:
With their great Deuillish God Dagon,
With other Idoles many one.
But I abhorre the trueth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israel,
Chosen by GOD Omnipotent,
How they brake his Commandement.
King Salomon, as the Scripture sayes,
Hæ doated in his latter dayes:
His wanton Wines for to please,
Hæ cared not GOD for to displease:
And did commit Idolatrye,
Whorshipping carued Imagerye:
As Molech, God of Ammonites,
And Chemosh, God of Moabites,
Ashtaroth, God of Sydonians;
So for his inobedience,
And soule abominacion,
Was punisht his succession.

His sonne Roboam, I heare tell,
 Lost the seven Tribes of Israel,
 For his Fathers Idolatrie,
 As in the Scripture thou may see.

Of Images vsed among Christian Men.

After, yet one thing would I speere:
 Beholde in euery Church and Quere.
 Through Christedome in Burgh & Lād
 Images made with mans hand:
 To whom are giuen diuerse names,
 Some Peter and Paul, some Iohn and Iames,
 Sainct Peter carued with his Keyes,
 Sainct Michael with his Wings and Weyes,
 Sainct Catherine with her Sword and Whele.
 An Wynde set by hard by Sainct Geale.
 It were ouer long for to describe,
 Sainct Francis, with his woundes fine.
 Sainct Tredwell eke there may bee sene,
 Who on a pyck hath both her eene.
 Sainct Paul well painted with a Sword,
 As hee would seight at the first word.
 Sainct Appollon on Altare stands,
 With all her teeth into her hands.
 Sainct Roch well sealed men may see,
 A Byle new broken on his thie.
 Sainct Eloy hee doth stately stand,
 A new Horse-shoe into his hand.
 Sainct Ninian of a rotten Stocke,
 Sainct Durho boz'de out of a Blocke.
 Sainct Andro with his Crosse in hand,
 Sainct George vpon an Horse ridand.

Saint Antone set vp with a Solw,
 Saint Bryde well carued with a Kow,
 With costly colours fine and faire,
 A thousand moze I might declare,
 As saint Cosme and Damian,
 The Souer saint Crispinian,
 All these on Altars stately stands,
 Priests crying for their offerands,
 To whom wee Commons on our knees,
 Doe worship all these Imageries:
 In Church, in Quere, and in the Closter,
 Praying to them our Pater noster,
 In Pilgrimage from towne to towne,
 With Offering and Adozation,
 To them aye babbling on our beades,
 That they may helpe vs in our needes.
 What differs this, declare to me,
 From the Gentiles Idolatrie?

E: If that bee true that thou reports,
 It goes right neare the selfe-same sozts:
 But wee, by Councell of Clargie,
 Haue licence to make Imagerie:
 Which of vnlearned beene the Bookes,
 For when the Laikes on them looke,
 It brings them to remembrance,
 Of Saints liues the circumstance:
 How the Faith for to soztise,
 They suffred paine right patiently.
 Seeing the Image on the Rode,
 Men should remember on the blode,
 Which CHRIST into his Passion,
 Did shedde for our Saluation.
 Or when thou seest the Portraiture,
 Of blessed Marie Virgine pure,

A pleasant Babe vpon her knæ.
Then in thy minde remember thee,
The words which the Prophet said,
How thee should be both Mother and Maide:
But who that sits downe on their knæs,
Praying to any Imageries,
With Oration and Offerands,
Kneeling with Cap into their hands:
No difference beene (I say to thee)
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.
Right so of diuerse Nations,
I read the abominations,
How Greekes made their deuotion haile,
To Mars, to saue them in Battaille.
To Iupiter some tooke their vopage,
To saue them from the stormes rage.
Some prayed to Venus from the spleene,
That they their Louers might obtaine.
And some to Iuno for Riches,
Their Pilgrimage they would addresse:
So doeth our common populare,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their superstitious Pilgrinages,
To many diuerse Images.
Some to saint Roch with diligence,
To saue them from the Pestilence.
For their tæth to saint Apoline.
To saint Tredwell to mende their æne.
Some makes Offerings to saint Eloy,
That hee their Horse may well conuoy.
They runne when they haue Jewels tint,
To seeke saint Syeth ere euer they sint.
And to saint Germane to get remead,
For maledies into their head.

They bring mad men on foote and horse,
 And bindes them to saint Mungoes Crosse,
 To saint Barbara they cry full fast,
 To saue them from the Thunder blast.
 For good newels, as I heare tell,
 Some takes their way to Gabriel.
 Some ~~Wines~~ Saint Margaret does exhort,
 Into their Birth them to support.
 To saint Anthone to saue the Sow,
 And to saint Bryde for Talse and Poth:
 To saint Sebastian they run and ride,
 That from the Shot hee saue their side.
 And some in hope to get their heale,
 Runne to the olde Roode of Karreale.
 Howbeit these simple people rade,
 Thinke their intention to be good:
 Woe bee to Priests, I say for mee,
 Which shoulde shew them the veritie.
 Prelates which haue of them the cure,
 Shall make answer, thereof be sure,
 In the Great day of Iudgement,
 Where no time is for to repent.
 Where manifest Idolatrie,
 Shall punish't be perpetuallie.

An Exclamation against Idolatrie.

Wprudent people, ignorant and blinde,
 By what Reason, Law, or Authoritie:
Do what autentick Scripture can ye find,
 Lawfull for to commit Idolatrie:
 Which is to bowe your body, or your knee,
 With deuote humble adoration,

To

any Image made of Stone or Tree,
 giuing to them Offering or Oblation:

Why doe y^e giue the Honou r Laude, & Gloze,
 pertainiug to God, who made al things of nought,
 Who was, and is, and shall bee ever more,
 To Images by mens hands wrought?
 O foolish Folke! why haue y^e succour sought,
 Of them that cannot helpe you in distresse?
 Yet reasonably resolue into your thought,
 In Stocke or Stone can be no Holinesse.

In the Desart the people of Israel,
 Moses remainiug on the Mount Sinai:
 They made a molten Calse of fine Mettall,
 Which they did honour as their God alway.
 But when Moses descended, I heare say,
 And did consider their Idolatrie,
 Of that people thre thousand can be say,
 As the Scripture at length doth testifie,

Because the Holy Prophet Daniel,
 In Babylon Idolatrie repressed,
 And would not worship their false Idole Bell,
 The whole people at him were so agreed,
 To that effect that he should be mischanced,
 Deliuered him to ramping Lyons seven,
 But of that dangerous Denne he was relined,
 Through Mirack of the Great GOD of Heauen.

Beholde both Nabuchodonozor King,
 Into the Masse of Duran did prepare,
 An Image of fine Golde: a marvellous thing,
 Thre score of Cubites high, and six in square:

As more clearly the Scripture doth declare,
 To whom all people by proclamation,
 With bodies bowde, and on their knees bare,
 Right humbly made their adozation.

A great wonder that day was scene also,
 How Nabuchodonozor in his ire,
 Tooke Sedrach, Mesach, and Abednago,
 Which would not bow their knee at his desire,
 To that Idole, caused cast them in the fire,
 For to bee burnt ere hee stirde of that stead:
 When he beleeu'd they were burnt bone and lyze,
 Was not consume a small haire of their head.

The Angel of h LORD was with them scene,
 In that hote soznace passing by and downe,
 Into a rosie Earth as they had bene,
 No spot of fire distaining coate nor gowne:
 Of victorie they did obtaine the crowne,
 And were to them that made adozation,
 To that Idole, or bowde their bodie downe,
 A witnessing of their damnation.

What was h cause, at me thou mayst demand,
 That salomon bled no Imagerye,
 In his triumphant Temple for to stand,
 Of Abraham, Isaac, Iacob, nor Iesse,
 Nor of Moses, their safegard through the sea,
 Nor Iosua their valiant Champion?
 Because GOD did command the contrarie,
 They should not vse such superstition.

Beholde how the great GOD Omnipotent,
 To preserve Israel from Idolatrye:

Directed

reated them a strait commandement,
 hat they should make no graven Imagerie,
 either of golde, silver, stone nor tree,
 or give worship to any similitude,
 sitting in Heauen, in Earth, or in the Sea,
 but openly to his Soueraigne Celsitude.

The Prophet Dauid plainly did reprove,
 Idolatry to their confusion:
 In graven stocke or stone that did beleue,
 Declaring to them their great abuson:
 speaking in manner of derision,
 How dead Idoles by mens hands wrought,
 Whom they honourde with humble Oracion,
 Were in the market daylie solde and bought.

The Devils seeing the ill condition,
 Of the Gentiles and their vnfaithfulness:
 For to augment their superstition,
 In these Idoles they made their entresse,
 And in them spake, as stories doe expresse:
 The men beleen'd of them to get reliefe,
 Asking their helpe in all their businesse,
 But finally that turnde to their mischiefe.

Trust well, in them is no diuinitie,
 When with the rust their faire colour does fade,
 Though they haue seete, one soote they cannot stee:
 Howbeit the Temple burne aboue their head.
 In them is neither friendship nor remead,
 In such Figures what fauour can yee finde?
 With mouth, & eares, & eyes though they be made,
 All men may see they are dumbe, deafe, & blinde.

How

Howbeit they fall downe flatling on the floze,
 They haue no strengt themselves to raise againe,
 Thogh Kats do ouer them run they take no care,
 Howbeit they broke their neck, they feele no paine,
 Why should men vsaies to them sing, or saine,
 Since growing Trees, that vcerely beares fruit,
 Are more to praise, I make it to thee plaine,
 Than cutted Stockes,, wanting both crop & roote.

Of EDINBURGH the great Idolatrie,
 And manifest Abomination:
 On their Feast-day all creature may see,
 They beare an old Stock Image thzogh þe Town
 With Taberne, Trumpet, Shaline, and Clarion:
 Which hath bene vled many yeres bygone,
 With Priests and Friers into Procession,
 Like vnto Bell carried thzough Babylon.

Thinke ye not shame, ye secular Priests & Friers,
 To so great superstition to consent?
 Idolaters ye haue bene many yeres,
 Expresse against the LORDS Commandement:
 Wherefore Brethren, I counsell you repent,
 Giue no Honour to carued Stocke nor Stoner
 Giue Laude and Gloze to GOD Omnipotent,
 And prayse Him aye, as wisely wvrites Iohn.

Eye on you, Friers, that vles soz to preach!
 And doe aduance sozward Idolatrie:
 Why doe ye not the ignorant people teach,
 How a dead Image, carued of a Tree,
 As it were Holy should not honoured be,
 Nor borne on Burghes backes by and dozne?
 But ye shew plainly your Hypocrisie,
 When ye passe sozmost in Procession.

more, I pre on you, Fosterers of Idolatrie,
 gaine that to the dead Stockes doe such reuerence,
 a cure in presence of the people publikey.
 paine feare y^e not GOD to commit such offences
 I saine counsell you, to doe your diligence,
 Fruit To canse suppress so great abusion,
 Doe y^e not so, I dread your recompence,
 I wrote Shall bee nought else but cleane confusion.

e. Had saint Francis bene bozne out thzogh y^e Town,
 Or saint Dominicke, though y^e had refused,
 With them to haue pass in procelssion,
 In that case some would you haue excused:
 Town Now men may see how that y^e haue abused,
 rion: That Noble Towne, through your Hypocrisie,
 The people thinke that they may right well vse it,
 When y^e passe with them into Company.

ers, Some of you haue bene quiet Counsellours,
 Prouoking Princes to shed guiltlesse blood:
 Which neuer did your prudent Predecessours:
 nt: But yee like surious Pharisies, denude
 A Charity, which rent CHRIST on the Rode,
 For CHRISTS flocke, without malice or pze,
 Conuerted fragill saultors, I conclude,
 By GODS own word, withoutten sword or fire,

! Read ye not how that CHRIST hes giue cōmand,
 If thy brother doth ought thee to offend:
 Then secretly correct him hand soz hand,
 In friendly manner, ere that thou farther wend:
 If hee will not the heare, then make it kend,
 To one or two by true narration:
 If hee soz them will not his misse amend,
 Delate him to the Congregation.

And yet if heremaineth obstinate,
 And to the holy Church incounsellable;
 Then like a Turke hold him excommunicate.
 And with all faithfull folke abominable,
 Banishing him, that hee be no more able
 To dwell among the faithfull compante.
 When hee repents hee not vnmerciable,
 But him receiue againe right tenderly.

But our dumbe Doctors of Diuinitie,
 And yee of the lost sound Religion,
 Of worse transgressors yee haue no pittie,
 But cryes to put them ay to confusion:
 As cryde the Iewes for the effusion
 Of CHRISTs blood into their burning pyre,
 Crucifige, so yee with an vnion,
 Doe cry Cause cast the faultier in the fire.

Vnmercifull members of the Antichrist,
 Extolling your humane tradition,
 Contrare the institution of CHRIST:
 Feare yee not for diuine punition?
 Though some of you bee good of condition,
 Ready to receiue new recent wine,
 I speake to you all Bottles of perdition,
 Returne in time, ere yee runne to ruine.

As ranne the peruerse prophets of Baal,
 Which did consent to the Idolatrie,
 Of wicked Achab, King of Israel,
 Whose number were foure hundred and fiftie,
 Which honoured that Idole openly:
 But when Elias, did prone their abusion,
 Hee caused the people slay them cruelly,
 So in one houre came their confusion.

scape.

I pray you print in your remembrance,
 how the red Fraters for their Idolatrie,
 in Scotland, England, Spaine, Italie and France,
 upon one day were punisht piteously.
 Beholde, how your owne brethren now lately,
 in Dutchland, England, Denmarke and Norroway,
 are troden downe with their hypocrisie,
 And as the snow are banisht quite away.

I meruell that our Bishops thinke no shame,
 To giue your Fraters such prebeminence,
 To vse their office to their great desame.
 Preaching for them in open audience:
 But might a Bishop augment his owne expence,
 For each Sermon ten Ducates in his hand,
 Hee would ere he did lacke that recompence.
 Goe preach himselfe both into Burgh and Land.

I trust to see good Reformation,
 When that wee get a faithfull prudent King,
 Which knowes the trueth, and his vocation,
 All Publicans, I trust hee will downe thring,
 And will not suffer in his Realme to reigne,
 Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharistience,
 Against the trueth which plainly doe maligne:
 Till that King come wee must take patience.

Now farewell Friends, because I cannot staye.
 Howbest I could, yee must holde mee excused:
 Though I against Idolatrie indyte,
 And them despyte that will not yet refuse it,
 I pray to GOD, that it bee no more bled,
 Among the Rulers of this Region,
 That common people be no more abused,
 But giue Him glorie that bare the thorny Crown,

80 THE SECOND BOOKE,
Who taught vs by his Diuine Scripture,
To right Prayer the perfect readie way:
As writeth Matthew in his first Chapture.
In what manner, and to whom we should pray
A most Compendious Oracion, each way
Most profitable both for body and soule.
The which is not directed I heare say,
To Iohn, or Iames, to Peter, or to Paul:

For to none other of the Apostles twelue:
For to no Saint nor Angell in the Heauen.
But only to our Father GOD himselte,
Which Oracion is contained full euen,
Most profitable for vs Petitions seven.
Which wee Laicke-folke the Pater noster call.
Though wee say Psalmes nine, ten, or eleuen,
Of all Prayer this is the principall,

By reason of the Maker that it made,
Who was the Sonne of GOD, our Saviour,
And by reason to whom it should bee said,
To the Father of Heauen our Creator,
Who dwelleth not in Temple nor in Towre:
Hee clearly sees our thought, will, and intent,
What needeth vs at others seeke succour,
When in all place His Power is present:

We Princes of the Priests that should preach,
Why suffer yee so great abusion?
Why doe yee not the simple teach,
How, and to whom, to dresse their Oracion?
Why thole ye them to goe from Town to Town,
In Pilgrimage to any Imageries:
Hoping to get some satisfaction,
Praying to them deuotely on their knees?

OF THE MONARCHIE.

81

This was the practicke of some Pilgrimage,
When Fillockes into Fyfe began to ion:
With Iocke and Tom then took their boyage,
In Angous to the felde Chappell of Dron,
Then Kittocke there as heady as a Con,
Without regard either to sinne or shame,
Gane Lawrie leane at leasure to leape on,
Farre better beene to haue tarried at hame.

I haue seene passe a maruellous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their seete,
Under the sozine of sained sainctitude,
For to adorne an Image in Lawreit:
Many came with their fellowes for to meete,
Committing their soule fornicatton:
Some kiss the clagged tait of the Hermite.
Why thole yee this abomination?

Of fornication and Adulterie,
Appearantly yee take but little cure,
Seeing the maruellous infelicittie,
Which hath so long done in this Land endure,
On your default, which haue the charge and cure:
This is of truet h, my Lords, with your liene.
Such Pilgrimages haue made many a hute,
Which (if I pleased) plainly I might proue.

Why make yee not the Scripture manifest
To poore people, touching Idolatrie:
In your preaching why haue yee not exprest,
How many Kings of Israel cruelly,
Were punisht by GOD so rigorously?
As Ioroboam, and many moe no doubt,

For

For

THE SECOND BOOKE,
For worshipping of carued Imagery,
Wherefrom their Realmes rudelie rooted out.

Why thole ye vnder your Dominion
A craftie Priest, or fained false Hermit?
Abusing the people of this Region,
Onely for their particular profite:
And specially that Hermit of Lawreit.
Hee put the common people in beléue,
That blind got sight, and crooked got their léete,
The which the Palliard by no means can plesse.

Wee married men, that haue trim wantō wiues,
And luffie daughters of young and tender age:
Whose honestie ye should loue as your liues,
Permit them not to passe in Pilgrimage,
To seeke support at any stocke Image:
For I haue known good womē passe from hame,
Which haue béene trapped with such lusts rage,
Haue returned bot̄y with great sinne and shame.

Get vp, thou sleepest all too long, O LORD,
And make an hastie reformation,
On them that do tramp down thy gracious word
And haue a deadly indignation,
At them which make a true narration
Of thy Gospell, shewing the veritie.
O LORD, I make the supplication,
Support our Faith, our Hope, and Charitie.

Howe

Howe King N I N V S builded the great
Citie of Niniuie: and howe hee van-
quished ZOROASTES King of Bactria.

His Ninus of Assyria King,
When hee had made his Conquesting,
To build a Citie hee him drest,
Choosing a place where he thought best.
Where hee had first Dominton,
In Assyria his owne Region.
Though Ashur, as the Scripture sayes,
Who came before King Ninus dayes,
Hee founded that famous Citie,
The which was called Niniuie,
But as rehearseth Diodore,
Ninus that Citie did decore;
So marvellous triumphantly,
As yee shall heare immediately.
Upon the Flood of Euphrates,
Which to beholde great wonder was.
An hundredeth and fiftie stages,
That Citie was of length I wis.
The Wallles an hundredeth foote of hight,
No wonder was though they were wight.
Such breadth about the Wallles there was,
Three Carts might sidelings on them passe.
Foure hundredeth stages, foure score and foure,
In circuit, but min or more.
Of Towres about the Wallles I weene,
A thousand and five hundredeth beene.
Of height two hundredeth foote and more,
As writeth famous Diodore.

The Scripture maketh mention,
 When GOD sent Ionas to that towne,
 To shew them of his punishment,
 Throughout the Citie when hee went,
 Thre dapes journey to him it was,
 The Bible sayes it was no lesse.

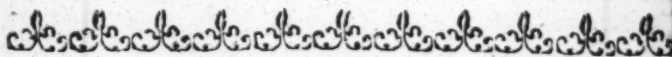
My sonne, now haue I shewne to thee,
 Of the building of Ninivie;
 For the augmenting of his same,
 Ninus calde it after his name.
 When hee that great Citie had ended,
 To conquest more yet hee intended:
 And did depart from Ninivie,
 And raised vp a great Armie:
 Of the most stalward men and stout,
 Of all his Regions round about:
 In great order tooke their journey,
 Toward the Realme of Bactria.
 Of wight foote-men I vnderstand,
 Hee had seuentene hundred thousand,
 Without Horse-men and Marlicke Carts,
 Whom hee ordred in sundry parts.
 Which to describe I am not able,
 Whose number is incredible.

Zoroastes that Noble King,
 Who Bactria had in gouerning:
 That prudent Prince, as I heare tell,
 Did in Astronomie pccell:
 And found the Arie of Magia,
 With naturall Science many ma,
 Seeing King Ninus in the field,
 Forward hee came with speare and shield,
 Foure hundred thousand men he was,
 In his Armie there was no lesse,

And

And met King Ninus on the Border,
 Fight valiantly and in good order.
 On the vanguard of his Armie,
 On them hee rushed right rudely,
 And of them slew, as I heare say,
 An hundred thousand men that day.
 The rest that scaped were vnslaine,
 To Ninus great hoste fled againe.
 Of that King Ninus was so noyed,
 Hee rested neuer till hee destroyed,
 All whole that Region vp and downe,
 And from the King did reane the Crowne.
 And made the Realme of Bactria,
 Subjected to Assyria,
 And in the selfe-same Land I wis,
 Hee tooke to wife Semiramis,
 Which as mine Authoz doth describe,
 Was then the lustiest on liue.
 That being done, without losourne,
 To Ninivie hee did returne,
 With great triumph of victorie,
 As mine Authoz doth specifie:
 Both Occident and Orient,
 Were all to him obedient.
 It would abhorre thee to heare red,
 The guiltlesse blood that hee did shed.
 When hee had rung as thou mayst heare,
 The space of thre and fourtie yeere,
 Being in his excellent gloze,
 The dolent death did him deuore,
 In what sort I am not certaine,
 Some Authoz sayes that hee was slaine,
 And left into his heritage,
 A little Childe of tender age,

Young Ninus was the Childs name,
 Which after flourish't in great fame:
 Some say, that by his wifes treason,
 King Kinus died in prison,
 As I shall shew ere I hence fare,
 How Diodore hath done declare.



Of the wonderfull deedes of Queene

SEMIRAMIS.

NINUS loved so ardently,
 Semiramis his faire Lady,
 There was nothing she wold haue done
 But all obeyed was full soone:

She seeing him so amorous,
 Shee grew proude and presumptuous,
 And at the King shee did desire,
 Five dayes to gouerne his Empire:
 And hee of his beneuolence,
 Did grant her that preheminnce,
 With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe Royall,
 And whole power Emperiall.
 Till five dayes were come and gone,
 That shee as King should reigne alone.

Then all the Princes of the Land,
 During that time made her a band:
 With Banquet Royall merily,
 Shee treated them triumphantly.
 So the first day the people all,
 Came to her Service bound and thrall:
 But ere the second day was gone,
 Shee tooke such gloze to reigne alone,

By a decreete made them among,
 The King thee put in prison strong.
 I reade well of his prisoning,
 But not of his deliuering.
 How euer it was, into his showres,
 Hee did of Death suffer the showres:
 And might not length his life an houre,
 Though he was the first Conquerour.
 Whole conquessing so: to conclude,
 Was not without shedding of bloude.
 How haue ye heard of Ninus King,
 How hee began, and his ending.
 Although mine Autho: Diodore,
 Of him hath written mekle more.
 Princes so: wrongous conquessing,
 Doe make oft-times an euill ending.
 Though hee had long prosperitie,
 Hee ended with great miserie.

Of King Ninus Sepulture.

The Quene a Sepulture thee made,
 Where the King Ninus bodie laide,
 Of curious craftie worke and wight,
 The which had stages nine of hight:
 And ten stages of breadth it was,
 Diodore sayes it was no lesse,
 For eight stages a myle thou take,
 And thereafter thy number make.
 So by this compt it was full right,
 A myle and eke a stage of hight.
 Except the towre of Babylon,
 So high a worke I reade of none.

Semiramis this lustie Quene,
 Considering what danger beane,
 To haue a King of tender age,
 Which might not bſe no baſſallage:
 Shee tooke a couragious conceate,
 Thinking that ſhee ſhould make debate.
 If any made rebellion,

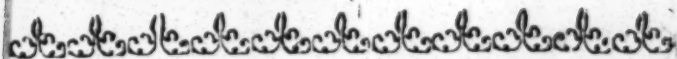
Contrare her ſonne oz his Region:
 Whom ſhe did foſter tenderly,
 And kepted him full quietly,
 Shee laid apart her owne cloathing,
 And tooke the rayment of a King.
 When ſhe Was into Armour dight,
 Might no man know her by a Knight.
 So valiantly went to the ware,
 And to giue Battell tooke no feare.
 Daunting all Realmes about,
 That all the world of her had doubt:
 More fortunate in her conqueſſing,
 Than was her husband Ninus King,

A Babylon ſhee did fortifie,
 Temples, and towres triumphantly,
 So pleaſantly did them prepare,
 Which in the Earth had no compare,
 Holobelt Nimrod, of whom I ſpake,
 The hideous Dungeon hee cauſe make,
 And of the Cille the fundament,
 To whom GOD made impediment:
 Where Nimrod left there ſhe began,
 And put to worke many a man.
 Of all the Realmes rounde about,
 Of moſt engine ſhee fought them out.
 Shee had working with tree and ſtones,
 Twelue hundred thouſand men at once.


he reade the Booke of Diodore,
and thou shalt finde the number moze.
In euery side of Euphrates,
that Noble Citie builded was:
and so that Riuer of renowne,
ranne through the mid-part of the towne.
ouer-thwart that Flood the Bridges made,
of marueilous strength both long and brade:
they were fise stages large of length,
On euery Bridge shee made a strength,
the circuit, as I said before,
four hundred stages and fourescore.
The walles height who would describe,
three hundred fote threescore and fise,
fise Cartes might passe right easily,
aboue the walles of that Citie,
bidelings without impediment:
Consider then by your iudgement,
if these walles were high or nought,
and also curiously were wrought,
as Diodore hath done define,
which doth transcend my rude ingine,
Of Babylon the magnificence,
to whom yee would giue no credence,
if I at length would put in wite,
which Diodore hath done endite:
Compare of Cities finde I none,
to Niniuie and Babylon:
From Niniuie of Assyria,
to Babylon in Chaldea,
By Bridges pleasantly ye may passe,
Upon the Flood of Euphrates.
Among the floods of Paradise,
This Euphrates may beare the price,

All workes which the Quene began,
 Transcended the ingine of man.
 The proude Quene Penthesilea,
 The Princesse of Amazona,
 With her Ladies triumphantly,
 At Troy which fought valiantlie,
 For yet the faire maiden of France;
 Daunter of English ordinance:
 To Semiramis in her dayes,
 Were no compare, as Booke sayes:
 Except triumphant Iulius,
 Strong Haniball, or Pompeius,
 Or Alexander the Conquerour,
 I finde no greater Warriour.
 Would I rebeare as writes Clarke,
 Her wonderfull and valiant workes,
 It were to mee a great labour,
 And tedious to the auditour.
 What shee did in Ethiopia,
 And in the Land of Media;
 Building Cities, Castles, and Towres,
 Parks and Gardens of pleasures,
 For the exalting of her name,
 And immortall to make her fame.
 Of Iarcius the high Mountaine,
 Shee caused runne down, and made them plaine.
 Great Orantes, the Mountaine wight,
 Twentie and five stages of hight,
 To her Pallace to draine a Loch,
 By force of men shee cut it through.
 Had shee kept her chastitie,
 Shee might haue bene an A-per-se,
 When shee had ordred her Empire,
 Of Venus worke shee tooke desire.

Secrete mansion she causde make,
 wherein shee pleasantly might take,
 young Gentlemen for her pleasure,
 the which shee vsde aboue measure:
 One man alone might not bee able,
 to stanch her lust insatiable,
 When shee was satisfied of one.
 Shee causde another come anone:
 The lustiest in all the Land,
 Came quietly at her command.
 When they at length had lyeen her by,
 Shee slew them all right cruelly.
 When her sonne came to age perfitte,
 Of him shee tooke such great delite,
 Shee caused him with her to lye,
 Among the rest right quietly.
 Some sayes, with sensuall lusts rage,
 Shee bound him into marriage:
 And helde him vnder Tutorie,
 To vpholde her Authortie.



How the Queene Semiramis with a great
 Armie past into Inde: And fought
 with the King Staurobates. And
 of her miserable ende.


 When shee had long time liu'de in rest,
 To conquesse more she her addrest:
 Because of diuerse shee heard tell,
 How that the Inde was full,
 Recelde in great Commodities,
 As Bestiall, Coznes, and frutesfull Trees:

All kinde of spices delicious,
 Golde, Silver, Stones precious.
 And how that plenteous Land did beare,
 Corne, Fruite, and Wine twise in the yeere,
 With Elephants innumerable,
 In Battell wondrous terrible.
 Shee hearing this and meekle moze,
 Beleeuing to augment her gloze,
 Cause make straitte proclamations,
 In all and sundrie Nations:
 Shewing how it was her desire,
 All Princes vnder her Empire,
 In Egypt and Arabia,
 In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea,
 In Grece, in Caspia, and Hercane,
 In Cappadoce, Lydia and Mauritanie,
 In Armenie and Phrygia,
 In Pamphilie and Assyria,
 That each Land after their degree,
 Should bring to her a great armie,
 In all the goodly haste they may,
 And meet her into Bactria,
 Declaring them that her intent,
 Was to passe to the Orient,
 And make warre on the King of Inde.
 From time they knew what was her minde,
 Then by themselves each Region,
 Came forward with their garison,
 Triumphantly in good array,
 To Bactria toke the readie way,
 And made their musters to the Queene.
 But such a sight was neuer seene,
 In Battell ray so many a man,
 At once since GOD the world began.

of Spainzie, France, Scotland, England,
 Welchland, Denmake, no; yet Ireland,
 were not inhabite in those dayes,
 so long after mine Authoꝝ sayes.

Ethefias hee doth specifie,
 the number of this great armie,
 saying, there came at her command,
 foot-men thirty hundzeth thousand,
 of horse-men mounted galliardly,
 five hundzeth thousand verily,
 in hundzeth thousand Camells wight,
 On enery Camell rode a Knight,
 Reparde to passe into all parts,
 There were an hundzeth thousand Carts,
 Two thousand Boats with her shee caries,
 On Horse, Camels, or Dromadaries,
 Bridges to make shee did conclude,
 Ouerthwart Indus that furious flood,
 Which beene of Inde the vrmost border,
 On the which flood with right good order,
 Of her Barges shee Bridges made,
 Whereon her great hoste safely rade.

C. Father, I would men vnderstand,
 How such a marvellous multitude,
 Might be at once brought to the fildes,
 Ready to fight with speare and shielde:
 Some men will iudge this beene a fable,
 The matter beene so vntrewable.

C. It may well bee, my sonne (said hee)
 As by example wee may see,
 How Dauid King of Israel,
 His people causde number and tell:
 By Ioab his chiefe Captaine,
 As holy Scripture sheweth plaine,

Of fighting men into that Land,
 Hee found thirteene hundred thousand.
 Sith Dauid in that small Countrie,
 Might haue raised such an Arme:
 To this Ladie it was no wonder,
 The which had greater Realmes her vnder,
 Than Dauids little Region,
 Though shee had many a Legion,
 Of men, moe than I tolde before,
 Therefore, my sonne, maruell no more.

¶ Staurobates the King of Inde,
 Greatly perturbed in his minde,
 Hearing of such a multitude,
 To make defence he did conclude,
 And sent a Message to the Queene,
 Praying her Majestie sereene,
 That shee would of her speciall grace,
 Give him licence to lue in peace:
 Fayling of that, though hee should die,
 That hee should make her fight or flee.
 And to his God a Vow hee made,
 If no peace might of her be had,
 And if hee wan the victorie,
 That he the Queene should crucifie.
 At his boasting the Queene made bours,
 Saying, It shall not bee no words,
 Shall make mee passe from my purpose,
 Without great strokes, as I suppose.
 The Messenger she wode to the King,
 Of her presumptuous answering.
 Then Staurobates wise and wight,
 Came forward like a Noble Knight:
 With many a thousand Speare and Shielde,
 Arrayed royally on the field.

Thinking

Thinking hee would his life defende,
 In the Battell make an ende.
 The Queene vpon the other side,
 Full of presumption and pride,
 Her Banners pleasantly displayde,
 With hardie heart and vnafraide.
 Upon Indus that famous Flood,
 They met, where shed was meikle blood:
 In Boats, Balingars, and Barges,
 The two armies on other charges.
 Semiramis the Battell wan,
 Where drownde and slaine were many a man:
 So that the water of the Flood,
 Ran red, mixed with mens blood.
 The King of Inde with all his might,
 From Indus Flood hee tooke the flight:
 To his chiefe Citie hee retired,
 Where in his presence there appeared,
 In Battell-rape a new arme,
 Of right invincible Cheualrie:
 With Elephants an hideous number,
 Which afterward made meikle lumber.
 Semiramis and her company,
 In the meane time right cruelly,
 Destroyed the Borders of that Land,
 Tooke prisoners moe than ten thousand.
 Shee tooke a couragious conceatz,
 Great Elephants to countersaite:
 Shee had ten thousand Oxen-hides,
 Well sow'd together backe and sides,
 With mouth and nose, teeth, eares and eene,
 Quicke Elephants as they had bene:
 Right well stufed with straw and hay,
 Whereof the Indians tooke a fray.

Upon

Upon Camels and Dromedaries,
 These false figures with her she carries.
 The Indians when they saw that sight,
 Affrayedly they took the flight:
 For such a sight was neuer scene,
 If naturall beasts they had bene.
 The King himselfe was rightfeard,
 Till he the veritie had speard,
 And knew by his Explozatoours,
 They were but fained false figures:
 Then manfully like men of wære,
 Forward they came withoutten feare,
 Right so Semiramis the Quene,
 Which for one man was ay fiftene:
 These two armies full cruelly,
 They rush't together so rudely,
 With hideous cry and trumpets sound,
 Till thousands lay dead on the ground.
 Semiramis had such a number,
 To order them it was great cumber.
 Then the great Elephants of Inde,
 Right strong and hardy of their kinde:
 Forward they came and would not cease,
 Till through the mids of the preece,
 Of that great hoste they rudely rushed.
 Their men and hoxle to Earth they dashed.
 These fained beastes withoutten spite,
 Were crush't and soulyed vnder fete,
 The King of Inde with courage liene,
 Met with Semiramis the Quene,
 Hee ryding on an Elephant,
 But shee with him fought hand for hand,
 And gaue the King so great assay,
 That hee was neuer in such affray:

To strike at him shee took no feare,
So well she vled was in waere:
His strikes she had but little counted,
Where not the King was so well mounted:
Either at other strake so fast,
Till they were tyzed at the last:
The King hee thought himselfe ashamde,
With a woman to be defamde:
And was determinde not to flee,
Though in that battell hee should die:
As one the which despaired haue,
Hee rudely ranne vpon the Quene,
And through the arme gaue her a wound,
Which to her heart gaue such a sound,
That shee constrained was to flee:
Then all the rest of her armie,
When they perceiud that she was gone,
To Indus flood they fled eachone.
The Quene ouerthwart the flood she rode;
On Bridges which were of Boates made,
With her a sober company,
Which with her fled affrayedly.
The Indians followed on the chase:
Then on the Bridges came such preece,
Of fleeing folke, which was great wonder,
So that the Bridges brake insunder.
Some sanke, some downe the River ran,
Then drownde there many a Noble man.
Which was a great pittie to deplore,
As writeth famous Diodore.
And finally, so: to conclude,
Was neuer shed so muche blode,
At one time, since the world began,
Nor slaine so many guiltlesse man.

And all thzough the occasion,
 And the pzdesfull perswasion,
 Of this ambitious wicked Quene,
 Such one was neuer heard nor sene,

Staurobates the King of Inde,
 Greatly rejoyced in his minde,
 Of this triumph and victorie.
 Semiramis with heart full sorz,
 Seeing so many tane and staine,
 To her Countrey returned againe:
 Lamenting Fortunes variance,
 Which brought her to so great mischance:
 Before which was so fortunate,
 And then of comfort desolate.

Her sonne a man of perfection,
 Considering his subiection,
 His libertie hee did desire,
 That he might governe his Empire.
 Seeing his mother bitious,
 And with that so ambitious,
 As mine authoz doth specifie,
 Hee slew his mother cruelly.
 What other cause oz intention,
 I finde no speciall mention:
 Some sayes, to be at libertie,
 Some sayes, for her adulterie:
 None other cause I can define,
 Except punishment divine.

Of this faire Lady couragious,
 Beholde the ending dolorous:
 Who was but twenty yeres of age,
 When shee began her bassallage:
 And reigne triumphantly but wiere,
 The space of fourty and two yeere.

OF THE MONARCHIE.

When shee was slaine, shee was threescore,
With yeres two, shee was no more:

As Diodore writes in his Booke,
His Chronicle who lists to looke.

Of this Ladie I make an ende,
Thinking no way I can commend;
Women soz to become man-like,
Po: men soz to bee woman-like:
Fo: why? it beaue the LORDES minde,
All Creatures to vse their kinde;
Men soz to haue preheminnence,
And women vnder obedience.

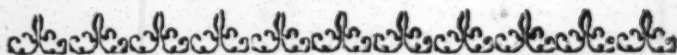
Though all women inclined be,
To haue the soneraignitie,
As this Lady, who would not rest,
Till shee her husband had suppress.
To that intent that shee might reigne,
Alone to haue the gouerning.

Ladies no way I can commend,
Presumptuously which doe pretend,
To vse the office of a King,
O: Realme take in governing:
Howebeit they valiant be and wight,
Going in battell like a knight:

As did proude Penthesilea,
The Princeesse of Amazona:
In mens habite againt reason.

Likewise I thinke derision,
 A pynce to bee effeminate,
 Of knightly courage desolate,
 Neglecting his authoritie,
 Through beastly sensualitie:
 Accompanied both dayes and nights,
 With women more than valiant knights.

Such Kings I discommend at all,
 Example of Sardanapall.
 Father (said I) shew me how long,
 The succession of King Ninus rang,
 That shall I doe with diligence,
 My sonne (said he) ere we goe hence,
 Since I haue showane at thy desire,
 What man began the first Empire,
 Now would I it were to the end,
 Of that Empire the satall end.



How King SARDANAPALVS for his
 vitious life made a miserable end.

Betweene the Conquerour Ninus,
 And sensuall Sardanapalus,
 I can find no speciall Royle,
 Worthy to put in memozte:

Except which I haue done describe,
 Of Semiramis King Ninus wife:
 But I can finde no good at all,
 To write of King Sardanapall:
 Which was the sixt and thirtie King,
 By line from Ninus descending:
 At length his life soz to declare,
 I thinke it is not necessarie:
 Because that many cunning Clarke,
 Haue him described in their warkes:
 How he was last of Assyrians,
 Which had the whole preheminnence,
 The time of the first Monarchie,
 In Chronicles as thou mayst see,

The

The last and the most vitious King,
 Which in that Monarchie did reigne.
 That Prince was so effeminate,
 With sensuall lust intoricate:
 He did abhorre the Companie,
 Of his most noble Chenaunte,
 That he might haue the moze delite,
 To vse his beastly appetite,
 Conuerse with women night and day,
 And cloathed him in their array:
 So that no man that had him seene,
 Could iudge a man that hee had beene.
 So in whoredome and harlotry,
 Did keepe himselfe so quietly,
 The Princes of Assyrians,
 Of him they could get no presence:
 Thus liued he continually,
 Against Nature inordinately.
 When to the Perses and the Medes,
 Reported was such vitious deedes:
 With the Rulers of Babylon,
 They did conclude all into one,
 They would not suffer for to ring,
 Abooue them such a vitious King.
 But Arbaces a Duke of Mede,
 Hee derfly tooke in hand that deede.
 And first he came to Ninuie,
 To see the Kings Majestie:
 And to one of the Kings Guardes,
 Hee gaue a secrete rich rewarde,
 To put him in a quiet place,
 Where he might see the Kings Grace,
 And be vnseene of any sight:
 But he saw neither King nor Knight,

Into his Magessties company,

Except women allanerly.

And as a woman he was cled,

With women counsell'd and led.

And shamefully he was sitting,

With spindle and with rocke spinning.

When Arbaces that sight had scene,

His courage rose vp from the spleene:

And thought it small difficultie,

For to depzine his Magesstie.

Then raised hee the Persians,

With Medes and Babylonians,

Enarmed well with speare and shield,

Triumphantly they took the field.

The King raised the Assyrians,

Together with the Chaldeans,

And they resisted as they might,

But finally hee took the flight,

To save himselfe in Ninuie.

Then sieged they that great Citty,

Continuallly two yeeres and more,

As writeth famous Diodore,

Till that the Flood of Euphrates,

Arose with such a furiousnesse,

Wherethrough a great part of the towne,

By violence was beaten downe.

Then when the King found no remead,

But to bee taken, or to bee dead,

As man despaired, full of ire,

Caus'de make a furious flaming fire,

And took his gold and Jewels all,

With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe royall,

With all his tender Seruitures,

That of his corpes had greatest cures.

Garda Gaton

her name

Together with his lustie Queenes,
 And all his wanton Concubines:
 And in that fire hee did them cast,
 Then lap himselſe in at the laſt:
 Where all were burnt in powder ſmall,
 Thus ended King ſardanapall:
 Withoutten any repentance,
 As may bee ſcene by this ſentence,
 Here following, which he doth endite,
 Before his death in great deſpite,
 Which is a right vngodly thing,
 As yee may ſee by his diſting.

EPI TAPHIUM SARDANAPALI.

Cū te mortalem noris, præſentibus exple
 Delitiis animum, poſt mortē nulla voluptas
 Et Venere, & coenis, & plumis ſardanapali.

Now haue I ſholone with diligence,
 The Monarchie of Aſſyrians,
 The which at King Ninus began,
 And ended at this wicked man:
 And did endure withoutten weere,
 A thouſand two hundred and fouertie yere,
 As does endite Eusebius,
 Reade him, and thou ſhalt finde it thus.



THE THIRD BOOKE,
of the miserable destruction of the five
Cities, called, *Sodome*, *Gomorrha*,
Seboim, *Segor*, and *Adama*, with their
whole Regions.

Ether. I pray you to mee tell,
What noble things that befell,
During the reigne of Assyrians,
Which had so long preheinance,
I meane of other Nations,
Under their Dominations:

E. That must be done in termes short,
(Said hee) as Stories doe report,
Induring the first Monarchie,
Became that woefull miserie,
Of Sodom, Gomor, and their Region,
As Scripture doth make mention:
Whose people were so sensuall,
In filthy sinnes vnnaturall,
The which into this brigare verse,
My tongue abhorreth to rehearse:
Like brutall beasts out of their mindes,
Vnnaturall; abuse their kindes.

By filthie stinking lechery,
 And most abominable Sodomitie.
 As holy Scripture doth describe,
 In that Countre were Cities fine,
 Which were Sodome, and Gomorrha,
 Seboim, Segor and Adama,
 Among them all sound was there none,
 Undeified but Lot alone:
 How Abraham dwelt neare hand by.
 Which prayed for Lot effectually:
 For GOD made him aduertisement,
 That hee would make such punishment,
 To Lot two Angels GOD did send,
 Him from that surte to defend:
 When the people of that region,
 Saw the Angels come to the towne,
 Transformed into faire young men,
 They purposed them for to ken,
 And abuse them unnaturally,
 With their soule stinking Sodomy.
 Of that good Lot was wonder woe,
 And offered them his daughters two,
 Them at their pleasure for to vse,
 But they his daughters did refuse.
 And then the Angels with their might,
 These men depriued of their sight,
 And so perforce left them alone:
 From Lots lodging when they were gone,
 They him commanded hastily,
 For to depart from that Citie:
 That soule unnaturall Lechery,
 A vengeance from the Heauen did cry:
 The which did moue GOD to such ire,
 That from the Heauen by himsome and fire,
 With

With awfull thundering rained downe;
 And did consume that whole Region.
 Of all that Land scaped no moe,
 Except Lot and his Daughters two.
 His Wife was turned in a Stone.
 So wifelesse was he left alone:
 For she was inobedient,
 And kept not commandement.
 When the Angels gave them command,
 Soone to depart out of that Land,
 They charged them vnder great paine,
 Neuer to looke backward againe.
 When Lots wife heard the thundering,
 Of flaming fire, and the lightning:
 The woefull cryes lamentable,
 Of people most espouentable:
 For none of them had force to see,
 Shee pearnde that sorrowfull sight to see:
 And as shee turned her anone,
 Shee was transformed in a Stone:
 Where shee remaineth to this day,
 Of her I haue no more to say.
 To shee at length I am not able,
 That pitious Processe lamentable:
 How Cittes, Castles, Townes and Towres,
 Villages, Bastalys and Bowres:
 They were all into powder dxiuen,
 Forrests by the rotes pyriuen:
 Their King, their Quene, and people all,
 Young and olde burnt in powder small.
 No Creature was left on lue,
 Fowles, Beasts, Man nor Wisse:
 The Earth, the Corne, Herbe, Fruite and Tree,
 The Children on the Purles kne:

Right

Right suddenly in an instant,
Unwarily came that Iudgement,
As it came in the time of Noy,
When GOD did all the world destroy,
For the selfe sinne of Sodomie,
And most abominable Bongerie.
That vice at length so: to declare,
I thinke it now not necessare:
When all was burnt, Flesh, Blood and Bones,
The Hills, Wallies, Stockes and Stones,
The Countrie sanke so: to conclide,
Where now there stands an vglie flood:
The which is called the dead Sea,
Pert to the Countrie of Indie,
Whose sinking Strands blacke as Tar,
The Flewer of it men saies on far.
Into Orontius thou mayst reade,
Of that Countrie the length and breade:
Of length fiftie myles and two,
And fourtene myles in breadth also.
Lot of his wife was so agast,
That to a Mountaine wilde hee past:
Of companie hee had no moe,
Except his lustie Daughters two:
And by their prouocation,
As Moses makes narration,
Alone into that Mountaine wilde,
His Daughters two hee got with childe:
For they belæued in their thought,
That all the world was gone to nought:
As it became of that Nation,
Thinking that generation,
Would saile, except they craftily,
Canoe their Father with them to ly:

And so they found a crafty wyle,
How they their Father might beguile,
And caused him to drinke wight wine,
Which men to Lecherie both incline,
When hee was full and fallen on slepe,
His daughters quietly did craepe,
Into his bed full secretly,
Prouoking him with them to lye.
He knew not how hee was beguilde,
Till both his Daughters were with childe,
And bare two sonnes in certainte,
They being in that wilde Mountaine:
Of whom two Nations did proceede,
As in the Scripture thou mayst reade,
In the which Scripture thou mayst see,
At length this woefull miserie:
This miserie became but weere,
From Noahs flood thre hundred yere,
Together with fourescore and eleuen,
As counted Carion full enen.
And after Noahs death I ges,
One and fourty yeares there was,
When Abraham was of age I weene,
Fourescore of yeres and ninetene,
Then this foule sinne of Sodomy,
Was punished so rigorously:
Great GOD preserve vs in our time,
That we commit no such a crime,
Tediuous it were for me to tell,
This Monarchie during what befell,
And wonders that on Earth were wrought;
Which to thy purpose longs nought;
As how the people of Israel,
Did long time into Egypt dwell:

And

And of their great punishment,
 Through Pharoes Persecution:
 And how Moses did them conuoy
 Through the red Sea with mekle voy:
 Where King Pharaoh righ miserably,
 Was drownde with his hudge armie:
 And how that people wandring was,
 Fourty yeres in Wildernesse.
 Moses that time, as I heare say,
 Receiued the Law on Mount sinay:
 That time Iosua from Iordan,
 Led the people to Canaan,
 Where Saul, Dauid, and Salomon,
 With Hebrew Kings many one,
 Did richly reigne in that Countrie:
 Enduring this first Monarchie.
 The siege of Thebes miserable,
 Where blood was shed incomparable,
 Of Noble men into those dayes,
 With other terrible affrayes.
 As how the Greekes wrought vengeance,
 Upon the Noble Trojans,
 Because that Paris did conuoy,
 Perforce faire Helena to Troy,
 Which was King Menelaus wife,
 Where many a thousand lost their life.
 That time the balliant Hercules,
 Throughout the world did him addresse,
 Where hee did many a doughty deede,
 As in his storie thou mayst reade.
 And how through Deianira his wife,
 That Champion did lose his life:
 In flaming fire full furiously,
 The death hee suffered cruelly.

That

That time Remus and Romulus,
Did found that City most famous,
Of Rome standing in Italie,
As in their story thou mayst see.
Would thou reade Titus Livius,
Thou shouldst find workes wonderous:
Whose worthe deedes are well kend,
And shall bee to the worlds end:
Though they began with cruelty,
And ended with great miserie,
As beene (the matter to conclude)
Of all shedders of guiltlesse blood.
In Greece the ornate Poetrie,
Medicine, Musicke, Astronomie,
During the first Monarchie began;
By Homerus that famous man;
Together with Hesiodus,
As diuerse Authoers sheweth vs.
It were too long to put in Rime,
The Bookes that they wrote in their time:
These were the Acts principall,
That Monarchie during which befall:
As for good Abraham and his seede,
Into the Bible thou mayst reade:
How in this time as I heare tell,
Began the Kingdome spirituall,
As I haue shewne to thee before,
Wherefore I speake of them no more.

A short description of the second, third
and fourth Monarchies.

Mo Ather (said I) which was the man,
That the next Monarchie began?

E. Cyrus (said hee) the King of Perse;
As Chronicles haue done rehearse.

Wise and full of policie,
Beganne the second Monarchie,
For hee was the most godly King,
That euer in Perse or Mede did reigne:
For he of his benignitie,
Redeemer from Captiuitie,
The whole people of Israhel,
Into the time of Daniel:
The which had beene prisoners,
In Babylon full seuentie peeres,
Therefore GOD of his grace benigne,
Gave him a diuine knowledging.
During his time, as I heare tell,
Hee vnder counsell of Daniel.
Carion at length doth specifie,
Of his marvellous Patientie,
And of his vertuous vphringing,
And how hee vanquish Cresus King,
With many other ballant deede,
As into Carion thou mayst reade:
Whose succession did endure,
To the tenth King, thereof be sure;
But after his great conquering,
Right miserable was his ending :

As Herodorus doth describe,
 In Scythia hee lost his life,
 Where the vndanted Scythians,
 Vanquisht the Noble Persians:
 And after that Cyrus was dead,
 Quene Tomyre hacked off his head,
 Which was the Quene of Scythians;
 In despite of the Persians;
 Shee cast his head, so: to conclude,
 Into a vessell full of blode:
 And said these words cruelly,
 Drinke now thy fill if thou bee dry.
 For thou didst ay blood shedding thirst,
 Now drinke at leasure if thou list.
 After that Cyrus succession,
 Of all the world had possession:
 Till Alexander with sword and fire,
 Attainde perforce the third Empire:
 Which was the King of Macedone,
 With balliant Greekes many one,
 In Battell fell and furious,
 Vanquisht the mighty Darius:
 Which was the tenth and the last King,
 Which did after King Cyrus reigne.
 As for this potent Emperour,
 Alexander the Conquerour,
 If thou at length would reade his Reigne,
 And of his cruell Conquesting:
 In English tongue in his great Booke,
 At length his life there thou mayst loke:
 How Alexander that potent King,
 Was twelue yeeres in his Conquesting.
 And how for all his great Conquest,
 Hee liued but one yeere in rest,

When

When by his servant secretly,
 Hee poysonde was full pittionfly,
 Lucane and Alexander compare,
 To thunder or fire-slaught in the Aire,
 A cruell Planet, a mortall Weir d,
 Downe thyringing people with his sword,
 Ganges that most famous Flood,
 Hee mixed with the Indians blood,
 And Euphrates with the blood of Perse,
 Whose crueltie for to rehearse,
 And guiltlesse blood which hee did shed,
 Were right abominable to bee read,
 After his short prosperitie,
 Hee died with great miserie.
 It were too long to be decided,
 How all his Realmes were diuided:
 As while that Cesar Iulius,
 When hee had vanquish Pompeius,
 Was chosen Emperour and King,
 Aboue the Romans for to reigne:
 That potent Prince was the first man,
 Which the fourth Monarchie began:
 And had the whole Dominion,
 Of euery Land and Region:
 Whose successours did reigne but weare,
 Ouer the world many hundreth yeere.
 But gentle Iulius, alas,
 Rang Emperour but little space,
 Which I thinke pittie to deplore,
 In fine moneths and litle more.
 By false exorbitant treason,
 That prudent Prince was troden downe,
 And murdered in Counsell-house,
 By cruell Brutus and Cassius.

B

After

After that Iulius was slaine,
 Did reigne the great Octavian,
 Of Emperours one of the best:
 During his time was peace and rest,
 Ouer all the world in each Region,
 As Stozies doe make mention,
 And eke I make it to thee plaine,
 During the time of Octavian,
 The Sonne of GOD our Lord IESV,
 Tooke mankinde of the Virgine true:
 And was that time in Bethlem bozne,
 To saue mankinde that was forlozne,
 As Scripture makes narration,
 Of his blest Incarnation.

Now haue I tolde thee as I can,
 How the foure Monarchies began:
 But in thy minde thou mayst consider,
 How worldly power beene but slender:
 For all their great Empires are gone,
 Thou seest there is no Prince alone,
 Which hath the whole Dominion,
 This time of euery Region.

C. Father, what reason had these Kings,
 Reauers to bee of others Reignes,
 But any right and iust quarrell,
 Wherethrough that they might make Battell,
 And common people to downe thring?
 To this (said I) make answering.

E, My sonne (said he) that shall bee done,
 As I best can, and that right soone:
 These Monarchies I vnderstand,
 Preordinate were by the command,
 Of GOD the Plasmator of all,
 For to downe thring, and to make thrall,



Undaunted people visions:
 And eke so: to be gracions,
 To them which vertuous were and good:
 As Daniel hath done conclude,
 At length into his prophecies,
 How there should be foure monarchies:
 His second Chapter thou mayst see,
 How after the first Monarchie,
 When Nabuchodonozor King,
 An Image saw in his sleeping,
 With anstere looke both high and breade,
 And of fine pure golde was his head:
 His brest and armes of silver bright,
 His wombe of Copper hard and wight,
 His loynes and limmes of Iron right strong,
 His seete of Clay, Iron mixt among:
 From the Mountaine there came alone,
 Without mens hands a full great Stone,
 Which on that Figures seete did fall,
 And dang all downe in powder small:
 Of whole Interpretation.
 Doctors doe make narration:
 The head of gold doth signifie,
 First the Assyrians Monarchie:
 The silver brest they did apply,
 To Persians which reigned secondly:
 The wombe of Copper or of Brasse,
 Thirdly to Greekes compared was:
 His loynes and limmes of Iron and Steele;
 Clarke haue them compared weele,
 To Romanes through theire diligence,
 To haue the fourth preheminence,
 Aboue each other Nation,
 By this Interpretation;

The mixed sate with yron and clay,
Did signifie the latter day,
When that the world shall be diuided,
As after ward shall be decided:
So CHRIST is signified the Stone,
Whose Monarchie shall neuer be gone:
For vnder his Dominton,
All Princes shall be troden doونه;
When that great GOD Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall Iudgement,
His Monarchie shall then be knowne,
As after shall be to thee showane:
And as the Scripture shall thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
Hee saide into his vision,
By a plaine exposition,
How that the Greekes should worke vengeance,
Vpon the Medes and Persians,
Comparing the Greekes vnto a Goate,
With one horne, fierce, furious and hote:
Which kilde the Ram with hornes two,
Compairde the Perse and Mede also:
And so by Daniels Prophecies,
All their great mighty Monarchies,
The which all other Realmes surprised,
By the great GOD they were deuised,
As he of Titus the Romane,
Sonne and haire to Vespasiane,
Made him a furious instrument,
To put the Iewes to great torment;
Which I suppose ere I hence fare,
Shortly that Processe to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible
destruction of *Ierusalem*.

Wither (said I) declare to mee,
Induring this fourth Monarchie,
The most infortune that befall.

E. My sonne (said hee) that shall I tell,
The most and manifest miserie,
Became vpon that great Citty,
Ierusalem, when it was suppress,
As Stozies doe make manifest:
But as the Scripture doth deuise,
Ierusalem was destroyed twise:
First for their great Idolatrie,
Which they committed in Iurie,
The honour ought to GOD alone,
They gaue to Figures of stocke and stone:
Besore CHRISTs Incarnation,
Came this first desolation,
Foue hundred yeres, fourescore and ten,
In Chronicles as thou mayst ken:
How Nabuchodonozor King,
That famous Citty did downe bring:
Their King with people many one,
Brought them all bonnd to Babylon:
Where they remained prisoners,
The space of threescore and ten yeres:
And that first desolation,
Was called the Transmigration:
Was no man left in all their Lands,
But poore folke labouring with their hands:
Till mightie Cyrus King of Persie,
As Daniel hath done rehearse:

Was moued by GOD soz to restore,
The Iewes where that they were before.

C If I neglect I were to blame,
The last sledge of Ierusalem,
Whose Ruine was most miserable,
And soz to tell right terrible:
Was neuer in Earth, Citie, noz Towne,
Got such extream destruction.
The townes of Tyre, Thebe noz Troy,
They neuer suffered halfe such noy:
The Emperour Vespasiane,
Hæ did deuise that Seidge certaine:
There was the Prophecie compleet,
Which CHRIST spake on Mount Oliuete:
When hæ Ierusalem behelde,
The teares from his eyes distelde:
Seeing by diuine prescience,
The great destruction and vengeance,
Which was to come on that Citie,
His heart was pierced with pittie:
Saying, Ierusalem, if thou knew:
Thy great Ruine, soz wouldst thou reue:
Foz ought that I can to thee shold,
The veritie thou wilt not know,
Nor hast in consideration,
Thine holy visitation:
Thy people will no way consider,
Whom gathered I would haue together,
As wandering sheepe are with their Herds,
Or as the Hen gathereth her Birds,
Under her wings right tenderly,
Which they refused despitelully:
Therefore shall come that dolefull day,
That no remeadie make thou may:

Thy Dungeons shall bee dung in sunder,
 So all the world shall on thee wonder:
 Thy Temple now most triumphand,
 Shall bee trode downe among the Sand.
 And as hee said, so it befell:
 As hereafter I shall thee tell.

C. Shew mee (said I) with circumstance,
 The speciall cause of that mischance.

E. (Said hee) as Scripture doth conclude,
 For shedding of the guiltlesse blode,
 Of Prophets which GOD to them send,
 And eke because that they miskend,
 IESVS, the Sonne of GOD soueraigne,
 When he among them did remaine:
 For all the miracles that hee shew,
 Maliciously they him misknew:
 Though by his great power diuine,
 The water cleare he turnde to wine:
 And by that sellesame power and might,
 To the blind borne he gaue the sight:
 And gaue the crooked men their late,
 And made the Leper whole compleat:
 Hee healed all, and raisde the dead,
 Yet helde they him at mortall Fead:
 Because he shew the veritie,
 They did conclude that hee should die:
 The Bishops, Princes of the Priests,
 They grew so boulden in their breasts:
 The Scribes and Doctors of the Law,
 Of GOD, no; man which God none aw,
 On CHRIST IESVS to worke vengeance,
 Right so the false Pharissance,
 And Seat of fained Religion,
 Denied his confusion.

And sent their seruants at the last,
 And with strong cordes they bound him fast:
 Then scourged him both backe and side,
 That none for blood might see his hide:
 There was not left a penny bread,
 Unwounded from his fete to head:
 In manner of derision,
 They plat for him a cruell crowne,
 Of prunying thornes, sharpe and long,
 Which on his heavenly head they throng:
 Then caused him for the greater lacke,
 Beare his owne gallous on his backe,
 To the vile place of Caluarie,
 Where many a thousand man might see,
 That innocent they tooke perforce,
 And plat him backward to the Crosse:
 Through fete and hands great nailles they thrust,
 Till blood abundantly outburst.
 Without grudging, clamour or cry,
 That paine hee suffered patiently.
 And for augmenting of his griesnes,
 They hanged him betwene two thieves:
 Where men might see the bloodie strands,
 Which sprang forth from his fete and hands:
 From thornes thrust on his head,
 Ran downe bubbling streames red:
 In the presence of many a man,
 That blood Royall on Roches ran:
 Shortly to say, that heavenly King,
 In extreme dolour there did sing:
 Till hee said, Consummatum est,
 With a londe cry hee gaue the Chaire.
 When hee was dead, they tooke a dart,
 And pierc'd that Prince out through the heart,

From

From whom there ran water and blood,
The Earth then trembled, to conlude,
Phœbus did hide his beames bright,
That through the world there was no light:
The great baile of the Temple rane,
The dead men rose out of their graue,
And in the Citie did appeare,
As in the Scripture thou mayst heare:
Then Ioseph of Arimathie,
Did burie him right honestly:
But yet hee rose full gloriously,
On the third day triumphantly:
With his Disciples incertaine,
Fourtie dayes he did remaine.
After that to the Heauen ascended,
These Iewes nothing their life amended,
Nor gave no credence to his Sawes,
As at more length the Storie shawes:
But cruelly they did oppresse,
All men that CHRIST'S Name did prolesse:
And persecuted many one,
They prisonde both Peter and Iohn,
And Steuen they stoned to the dead:
From Iames the lesse they strooke the head:
This was the cause in conclusion,
Of their cruell confusion.
The prudent Jew Iosephus sayes,
That he was present in those dayes,
And in his Booke makes mention,
How after CHRIST'S Ascension,
The space of two and fourtie yeeres,
Began these cruell mortall weeres,
The second yeere of Vespasian,
Where many taken was and slaine:

Iosephus

Iosephus plainly doth conclude,
 Was neuer seene such a multitude,
 Besoze that time into the towne,
 Which came for their confusion:
 Their great infortune so besell,
 That all the Princes of Israel,
 Conuēnde against the time of Pasch,
 But to returne they had no grace.
 The bolde Romanes with their Chistane,
 Tirus the sonne of Vespasiane,
 Their armie ouer Iudea spred,
 Then all men to the Citie fled:
 Belæning there to get reliefe,
 But all that turnde to their mischiese.
 The Romanes lapped them about,
 That by no way they might winne out.
 Sixe moneths did that Siedge endure,
 Where lost was many Creature:
 Which there in miserie did remaine,
 Till they were all taken and slaine:
 During the time of this assaile,
 Their meate and drinke, and all did faile:
 For there was such a multitude,
 That thousands died for fault of foode:
 Necessitie causde them eate perforce,
 Dog, Cat, and Katton, Ass and Horse:
 Rich men behou'd to eate their gold,
 Then died for hunger manifold.
 Such hunger was without remead,
 The quicke behou'd to eat the dead:
 The filth of Priues many eate,
 So longt they life they thought it swæte.
 The famous Ladies of the towne,
 For fault of food they sell in swotwne:

When they might get none other meat,
 They kild their proper hairenes to eat.
 But all for nought, despitefully,
 Their owne Souldiers full greedily,
 Keast them that flesh most miserable:
 And they with mourning lamentable,
 For extreame hunger yelde the spirit:
 There was the Prophecie compleat,
 As CHRIST before made narration,
 The day of his grim passion.

When that the Ladies for him mourned,
 Full piteously to them hee turned:
 And said, Daughters mourne not for me,
 Mourne for your owne posteritie:
 Within short time shall come that day,
 That men of this Citie shall say,
 When they are trapped in the snare,
 Bless be the wombe that neuer bare:
 The barren pappes then shall they blesse,
 That dolefull day thou shalt not misse.
 This Prophecie it came to passe,
 That they cryde many loude alas,
 Such sorrowfull lamentation,
 Was neuer heard in that Nation:
 Seeing these lussie Ladies swete,
 Dying for hunger on the strate:
 Their husbands nor their children,
 Might giue to them no comfortinge:
 Nor yet reltue them of their harmes,
 But either dying in others armes.
 After this woefull indigence,
 Among them rose such pestilence,
 Wherein there died many hunder,
 Which to declare it were great wonder:

*Some by 10th name of creature say
 by knowing me with your most worthy iudges
 then think of us with your forward hand
 that ones was the same in other's possession but you*

And

And soz finall conclusion,
Those warlike walles they dang downe.
Prince Titus with his Chennalrie,
With trumpets sound triumphantly,
Hee entred in that great Citie:
But to deploze I thinke pittie,
The painefull Clamour horrible,
Of wounded folke most miserable:
There was nought else, but take and slay,
For there might no man winne away:
The strands of blood ranne thzough the streete,
Of dead folke troden vnder feete.
Olde Widowes in the preasse were smozed,
Young Virgines shamesully deflozed;
The great Temple of Salomon,
With many a curious carued stone,
With perfect pinnacles on hight,
Which were both beautifull and twight,
Wherein rich setwels did abound,
They rushed rudely to the ground:
And set into their furious ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
And with Extreame confusion,
All their great Dungeons they dang downe.
There bzuisd were the golden brests,
On Bishops Princes of the Priests:
There taken was the great vengeance,
Of the false Scribes and Pharisaunce,
All their painted hypoerisie,
That time might make them no supplie:
That day they dolesully repented,
That to the death of CHRIST consented:
Though it was our Salvation,
It was to their damnation.

The vengeance for the blood guiltlesse,
 From Abell to Zacharias,
 That day vpon Ierusalem fell:
 But tedious it were to tell,
 The great extreame confusion:
 And of blood such effusion:
 Was neuer slaine so many a man,
 At one time since the world began,
 The Iewes that day got their desire,
 Which they did aske into their ire:
 As is in the Scripture specified,
 That day when CHRIST was crucified,
 When Ponce Pilate the President,
 Said to them, I am innocent,
 Of the iust blood of CHRIST IESVS:
 They cride, His blood light vpon vs,
 And on our generation:
 They got their supplication,
 That day with many carefull cry:
 Their blood was shed abundantly.
 Iosephus writeth in his Booke,
 His Chronicles who list to looke,
 During that cruell Sledge certaine,
 Were eleuen hundred thousand slaine:
 Of prisoners were told and seene,
 Fourescore thousand and seuentee:
 Out of the Land they did expell,
 All the people of Israel:
 And for their great Ingratitude,
 They lie yet vnder seruitude:
 There is no Iew in no Countrie,
 Which hath one scote of propertie,
 For neuer had withouten weere,
 Since this day sixtene hundred yeere:

No: neuer shall, I to thee shalw,
 Till that they turne to CHRISTES Law.
 Some sayes that iewes manifolde,
 Were thirtie for a penny solde:
 As Iudas solde the King of gloze,
 For thirtie pennies and no more.
 After that many were mischiewed,
 When nonels past how long they liued,
 Upon their golde withouten doubt,
 They slit their bellies to search it out:
 The rest in Egypt they did send,
 Prisoners to their liues end.
 Titus toke in his compante,
 Great number of the most worthie:
 With him to Rome they led them bound,
 Then cruelly did them confound.
 His victorie for to decoze,
 And for augmenting of his gloze,
 Cause put them into publicke places:
 Where each man might behold their faces,
 Then with wilde Lyons cruelly,
 He cause deuour them dolefully.
 This high triumphant mighty towne,
 At Pasch was put to confussion:
 Because that in the time of Pasch,
 They crucified the King of grace.
 Some haue this matter done endite,
 More ornately than I can write:
 Wherefore of it I speake no more.
 Onely to GOD bee laude and gloze.

Of the miserable end of certain tyrannous
Princes, and especially the beginners
of the foure Monarchies.

Now haue I come declare at thy desires,
As thou demandedst, into tearmes short:
And who began the principall Empires,
As Chronicles and Stories doe report:
Wherefore (my sonne) I heartly thee exhort,
Perfectly print into thy remembrance,
Of this vnconstant world the variance,

The Princes of these foure great Monarchies,
In their most highest pompe Imperialls:
Trusting most sure to bee set on their Seas,
The fraudfull world gaue to them mortall talles,
For their reward, and darke memorials,
Though ouer the world they had preheminnce,
Of it they got none other recompence.

For suchlike as the Snow doth melt in May,
Through the reflexe of Phoebus beames bright:
These great Empires right so are went away:
Gone is their gloze, their power, and their might,
Because they were reauers without right,
And blood-thedders full cruell, to conclude:
Right cruellly therefore was shed their blood.

Beholds, how GOD ay since the world began,
Hath oftentimes made Kings instruments,
To scourge people, and to kill many a man,
Which to his Law were inobedients:

When

When they had done perſuade his intents,
 In daunting tozongous people ſhamefully,
 Hee ſuffers them be ſcourged cruelly.

Euen as the Scholemafter doth make a wand,
 To daunt and ding ſchollers of rude ingine:
 The which will not ſtudie at his command,
 Hee ſcourges them, and onely to that fine,
 That they ſhould to his good counſell incline:
 When they obey, and meaſed is his ire,
 Hee takes the wand, and caſts it in the fire.

GOD of King Pharaoh made an inſtrument,
 Which was the great King of Egyptiance;
 His owne peculiare people to torment:
 That beeing done, he wrought on him vengeance,
 And let him fall through inobedience:
 And finally hee with his great armie,
 In the red Sea them drowned doleſully.

Right ſo of Nabuchodonor King,
 GOD made of him a furious inſtrument,
 Ieruſalem and the Iewes to downe thzing,
 When they to GOD were diſobedient:
 Then reſt from him his riches and his rent.
 And him tranſformed in a beaſt brutell,
 Seuen yeeres and more, as wiſtes Daniel.

Alexander through pridefull tyranny,
 In yeeres twelue did make his great conqueſt:
 By ſhedding ſakeleſſe blood ſall cruelly:
 Till hee was King of Kings hee tooke no reſt:
 In all the world when hee was full poſſeſt,

In

In Babylon throned triumphantly,
Through popson strong deceased dolefully.

Duke Hanniball the strong Carthagiane,
The daunter of the Romanes pompe and gloze:
By his power were many thousands slaine,
As may bee read at length into his storie,
At Cannas, where he wan the victorie,
On Romanes hands that dead lay on the ground,
Thre heaped Bushels were of Kings found.

Into that mortall Battell I heare sane,
Of the Romanes most worthie Warriours,
Attour Captaines were fourtie thousand slaine,
Of whom there was thirtie wise Senatours,
And twentie Lords, which had bene Pretours,
That died eke in defence of their Countrie,
And so; to holde their Land and libertie.

What reward got this cruell Champion,
When he had slaine so great a multitude:
And when the glasse of his vaine-gloze was runne,
A shamefull death: and shortly to conclude,
This is reward of all shedders of blood:
For he got such extreame confusion,
He kilde himselfe in drinking strong popson.

Beholde the two famous Champions,
That is to say, Iulius and Pompey:
Which did conqnesse all earthly Regions,
Aswell maine Lands, as Isles into the Sea,
And to the towne of Rome canste them obey:
For Pompeius subdu'd the Orient,
And Iulius Cesar all the occident.

I

But

Foroe Baner of the Duke

But finally these two did strine for state,
 Wherby three hundred thousand men were slain:
 But Pompeius after that great debate,
 Hee murdered was, the storie telleth plaine:
 Then Iulius was Prince and Soueraigne,
 Aboue the whole World Emperour and King,
 But into rest short time endurde his Reigne.

For within five moneths and little more,
 Amidst his Lords into the Counsell-house,
 Hee murdered was: what needes processe more?
 As I haue said, by Brute and Cassius,
 If thou wouldst know their deedes dolorous,
 Thou mayst at length go reade the Romane story,
 Which hath this matter put in memory.

Gone is the golden World of Assyrians,
 Of whom King Ninus was first and principall:
 Gone is the siluer world of Persians:
 The Copper world of Greekes now is thrall:
 The world of yron, which was the last of all,
 Compared to the Romanes in their gloze,
 Are gone, right so, I heare of them no more.

Now is the world of yron mixt with clay,
 As Daniel at length hath done endite:
 The great Empires are molten cleane away:
 Now is the world of dolour and despite:
 I see nought else but trouble infinite:
 Wherefore (my sonne) I make it to thee kend,
 This World I wot is drawing to an end.

Tokens of Dearth, Hunger and Pestilence,
 With cruell warres both by Sea and Land:
 ———— Realme

Realme against Realme with mortall violence,
 Which signifies the last day even at hand:
 Therefore (my sonne) be in thy Faith constant,
 Raising thine heart to GOD to cry for grace,
 And mend thy life while thou hast time and space.

Of the first Spirituall & Papal Monarchie.

Questiō. Ather, is there no Prince reignd,
 Which hath the world now at command;
 As had the King of Assyrians,
 The Perſes, Greekes, or the Romanes?
Anſwer. Who hath now most Dominton,
 Of euery Land and Region?
E. There is no Prince (my sonne) said he;
 That hath the principall Monarchie,
 Aboue the world vniuersall,
 With whole power impertall,
 As Alexander or Darius,
 Or as had Cesar Iulius:
 For Orient and Occident,
 Were all to them obedient.
 Notwithstanding I finde one King,
 Which into Europe now doth reigne,
 That is the potent Pope of Rome,
 Empiring ouer all Christendome:
 To whome no Prince may bee compare,
 As Canon Lawes can declare:
 All Princes of the Occident,
 Are to his Grace obedient:
 For he hath whole powder compleate,
 Both of the body and the Spirit.

Which neuer had no Prince before,
Except the mightie King of gloze:
To CHRIST hee is great Lieutenand,
In holy Peters seat sit and:
So hee is of all Kings King,
Which into Europe now doe reigne:
And as the Romane Emperours:
Hauing the world vnder cures,
Had Princes, Knights and Champions,
Rulers into all Regions,
Upholding their authoritie,
Uing Justice and Policie,
Right so, this potent Pope of Rome,
The soueraigne King of Christendome,
Hath into enery Countrie,
His Princes of great grantie:
In some Countries his Cardinalls,
In their most pzeious apparells:
Archbishops, Bishops thou mayst see,
Defending his authoritie:
With other potent Patriarkes:
Colledges full of cunning Clarkes:
Abbots, and Bishops as ye ken,
Mil-rulers of religious men.
Officialls with their Procuratours,
Whose longsome Latoes spoles the pzees,
Arch-deanes, and Deanes of dignitie,
Great Doctors of Diuinitie,
Their Chanter, and their Sacristanes,
Their Tresaurers, and their Subdeanes,
Legions of Priests Seculars,
Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers,
Of diuerse orders many one,
Which longsome were for to expone:
In sundrie habites, as ye ken:

Differing from other christen men,
 Faire Ladies of Religion,
 Professed in euery Region:
 False Hermites fashioned like the Fraters,
 Proud parish Clarkes and Pardoners,
 Their Crynters and their Chamberlanes,
 With their tempozall Courtisanes:
 Thus all the World by Land and Sey,
 His sanctitude they doe obey:
 Not onely his spirituall Kingdome,
 But the great Emperour of Rome:
 And Kings of euery Region,
 That day when they receiue their Crowne,
 They make oath of fidelitie,
 To defende his authoritie:
 Moreouer, with humble reuerence,
 They make to him obedience,
 By themselves oz Ambassadors,
 Or other ozmate Orators:
 Who doe gainstand his Majestie,
 His Lawes oz his libertie,
 Or holds any opinion,
 Contrare his great Domintion,
 Either by way of deedes oz words,
 Are put to dead by fire oz swords.
 Saint Peter stiled was Sanctus,
 But hee is called Sanctissimus:
 His stile at length if thou would know,
 Thou must goe looke the Canon Law:
 Both in the Sext in Clementine,
 His stately stile there may be seene.
 There thou shalt finde, reade if thou can,
 How hee is neither GOD nor man.

C. What is he then by your Judgement?

E. (Said hee) mee thinke him different,

Far from our soueraigne Lord IESVS,
 And to his kinde contrarious:
 For CHRIST was naturall GOD and man.

C. If hee be neither, what is hee than?

E. The Canon Law, my sonne (said hee)
 That question will declare to thee:
 It doth transcend my rude ingine,
 His sanctitude for to define;
 Or to shew the authoritie,
 Pertaining to his Majestie.
 So great a Prince where shalt thou finde,
 That spiritually may loose and binde:
 For by whom sinnes are forgiven,
 Be they with his Disciples shewen:
 Whom ever hee bindeih with his might,
 They bounden are in GODS sight:
 Whom ever hee loose in Earth heere donee,
 Are loose by GOD in his Region:
 Als he is Prince of Purgatorie,
 Deliuering soules from paine to glorie:
 Of that darke Dungeon without doubt,
 Whom ever hee pleases hee takes out:
 Our secret sinnes enery yere
 We must shew to some Priest or Frier,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else get no remission.
 So by this way they clearly ken,
 The secrets of all seculare men:
 Their secrets wee know not at all,
 Thus are wee to them bound and thrall:
 What ener their Ministers commands,
 Must be obeyed without demands:
 Wherefore (my sonne) I say to thee,
 This is a marueilous Monarchie:

which

Which hath power Imperiall,
Both of the body and the saule.

C. Father (said I) declare to mee,
Who did begin this Monarchie?

E. (Said hee) CHRIST IESVS GOD and man;

That Empire graciously began:

Not by the fire, nor by the sword,

But by the vertue of his word.

And left into his Testament,

Many a deuote document:

With his Successors to be bled,

Though many of them be now abused:

For Peter and Paul, with all the rest

Of their Brethren, made manifest,

The Law of GOD with true intent,

Preaching the Olde and New Testament;

They led their liues in pouertie,

Deuotion and humilitie:

As did their Master CHRIST IESVS,

And were not halfe so glorious,

As their Successors now in Rome,

Empiring ouer all Christendome:

After the death of Peter and Paul,

And CHRISTs true Disciples all,

Their Successours within few yeeres,

As at more length their Storle beares,

Right craftily came to the light,

From spirituall Life to temporall right,

C. Father, ere we passe farthermore,

When did begin their temporall gloze?

E. Sonne (said hee) thou shalt vnderstand,

Ere euer a Pope got any Land,

Two and thirtie great Popes of Rome,

Recei'd the Crowne of Parterdome:

But not the threſolde Diademe:
 To weare thre Crowns they thought great shame
 Till Sylueſter the Confeſſour,
 From Conſtantine the Emperour,
 Recei'd the Realme of Italie,
 Right ſo of Rome the great Citty,
 That was the root of their riches,
 Then ſprang the Well of wealthineſſe:
 When that the Pope was made a King,
 All Princes bowed at his bidding:
 This act was done withoutten weere,
 From CHRISTS Death thre hundred yere:
 Then Lady Senſualitie,
 Toke Lodging in that great Citty,
 Where ſhe ſenſyne hath done remaine,
 As their owne Lady ſoueraigne:
 Then Kings into all Nations,
 Made Priests great foundations:
 They thought great merite and honour,
 To counterſaite the Emperour:
 As did Dauid of Scotland King,
 The which did ſound during his Reigne,
 Fifteene Abbeyes with temporall Lands,
 Withoutten Tiends and Offerands:
 By whose holy ſimplicite,
 He left the Crowne in povertie.

C Now haue I ſhowne thee as I can,
 How their temporall Emprye began,
 Aſcending vp ay gre by gre,
 Above the Emperours Maieſtie:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of Italie all the Emperours Lands,
 After that into each Countrey,
 Sprang vp their temporalltie,

With such great riches and such rent,
 That they gan to be negligent,
 In making Ministration,
 To CHRISTs true Congregation:
 And tooke no more paine in their preaching,
 And farre lesse trauell in their teaching
 Changing their Spiritualitie,
 In temporall Sensualitie.

C. Father, thinke y^e that they are sure,
 That their Empire shall long endure?

E. Appearantly it may bee kende,
 (Said he) their glorie shall haue an ende:
 I meane their temporall Monarchie,
 Shall turne into humilitie:

Through GODS Word without debate,
 They shall turne to their first estate:
 As in Daniels Prophecie appears,
 Thereto shall not be many yeres:
 Albeit CHRISTs Faith shall neuer faile,
 But more and more it shall preuaile:
 Though CHRISTs true Congregation,
 Suffer great tribulation.

C. Father (said I) by what reason,
 Thinke y^e their Empire should come downe,
 Considering their preheminnence?

E. (Said he) for disobedience,
 Abusing the Commandement,
 Which CHRIST left in his Testament:
 Using their owne Tradition,
 Contrare CHRISTs Institution:
 For CHRIST in his last Conuention,
 The day of his Ascention,
 To his Disciples gaue Command,
 That they should passe in euery Land,

To teach and preach with true intent,
 His Law and his Commandement:
 None other office bee to them gane,
 Hee did not bid them seeke nor craue,
 Corpes presents, nor Offerands,
 Nor get Lordships of temporall Lands:
 But now it may be heard and sene,
 Both with thine eares and thine eene,
 How Prelats now in euery Land,
 Take little cures of CHRISTs Command:
 Neither into their deedes nor Sawes,
 Neglecting their owne Canon Lawes,
 Using themselues contrarious,
 For the most part to CHRIST IESVS.
 CHRIST thought no shame to bee a Preacher,
 And to all people of Trueth a Teacher:
 A Pope, Bishop, a Cardinall,
 To teach and preach will not be thrall:
 They send forth Friers to teach for them;
 Which makes the people mock them with shame:
 CHRIST would not bee a temporall King,
 Richly into no Realme to Reigne:
 But fled temporall authoritie,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see.
 All men may know how Popes reignes,
 In dignitie above all Kings:
 Aswell in temporalitie,
 As into Spiritualitie.
 Thou mayst see by experience,
 The Popes princely preheminance,
 In Chronicles if thou list to looke,
 How Carion writes in his Booke,
 A notable narration,
 The peere of our Saluation,

Cleuen hundredeth and sixe and fiftie,
 Pope Alexander presumptuouslie,
 Which was the third Pope of that name,
 Fredricke the Emperour he did defame:
 In Venice that triumphant Towne,
 That noble Emperour he causede lydowne:
 Upon his tombe with shame and lacke,
 Then trode his seete vpon his backe,
 In token of obedience:
 There he shewes his preheminance:
 And causede his Cleargie soz to sing,
 These wordes heereafter following:
 super Aspidem, & Basiliscum ambulabis,
 Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem. That is,
 Thou shalt walke vpon the Adder, & the Cocatrice
 And thou shalt tread downe the Lyon & the Dragon

Then said this humble Emperour,
 I doe so Peter this honour:
 The Pope answered with words wroth,
 Thou shalt mee honour and Peter both.
 CHRIST soz to shew his humble Spirit,
 Did wash his poore Disciples feet:
 The Popes holinesse I wis,
 Will suffer Kings his seete to kisse:
 Birds had their Nests, and Tods their den,
 But CHRIST IESVS sauer of men,
 In Earth had not a pennie breade,
 Whereupon hee might repose his head:
 Albeit the Popes Excellence,
 Hath Castles of magnificence:
 Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
 Haue pleasant palaces Royalls:
 Like Paradise all these pleasant places,
 Wanting no pleasure of their faces:

Ihon, Andrew, Iames, Peter no: Paul,
 Had sets houses among them all:
 From time they knew the beritie,
 They did contemne all proprietie:
 And were right heartfully content,
 Of meat, drinke and abilement
 To save mankinde that was forlorne,
 CHRIST bare a cruell Crowne of thorne.
 The Pope thre Crownes for the nones,
 Of golde powdered with precious stones.
 Of golde and siluer, I am sure.
 CHRIST IESVS toke but little care.
 And lest not when hee yeld the Spirit,
 To buy himselfe a Winding-sheet:
 But his successour good Pope Ihon,
 When hee deceased in Auinion,
 He left behind him a treasure:
 Of golde and siluer great measure:
 By a iust computation,
 Well fise and twentie Million:
 As does endite Palmerius,
 Reade him, and thou shalt finde it thus:
 CHRISTS Disciples were well knowne,
 Through vertue, which was to them shovne:
 But specially seruent Charitie,
 Great Patience and humilitie.
 The Popes stockes in all Regions,
 Are knowne best by their clipped crownes.
 CHRIST hee did honour Patrimonte,
 Into the Cane of Galilie,
 Where hee by his power dinne,
 Did turne the water into wine:
 And eke choosed some married men,
 To be his servants, as you heere:

And Peter during all his life,
 Hee thought no sinne to haue a Wife:
 We shall not finde in no passage,
 Where CHRIST forbiddeth Marriage:
 But lawfull for each man to marrie,
 Which lackes the gift of Chastitie.
 The Pope hath made the contrare Lawes,
 In his Kingdome. as all men knawes,
 None of his Priests dare marrie Wives,
 Under the paine euen of their liues:
 Though they haue Concubines fiftene,
 Into that case they are ouer-seene.
 What chastitie they keepe in Rome,
 Is well knowne ouer all Christendome.

CHRIST did shew his obedience,
 Vnto the Emperours Excellence:
 And caused Peter for to pay,
 Tribute to Cesar for them tway:
 Paul bids vs be obedient,
 To Kings as the most excellent:
 The contrare did Pope Celestine,
 When that his sanctitude serene,
 Did crowne Henrie the Emperour,
 I thinke he did him small honour,
 For with his hand hee did him crowne,
 Then with his foote the crowne dang downe:
 Saying, I haue authoritie,
 Men to exalt to dignitie,
 And to make Emperours and Kings,
 And then depriue them of their Reignes.
 Peter by mine opinion,
 Did neuer lose such Dominion:
 Apparently by my judgement,
 This Pope read neuer the New Testament:

If he had learned at that loze,
 Hee had refused such vaine gloze:
 As Barnabas, Peter and Paul,
 And right so CHRISTs Disciples all.
 The Captaine Cornelius,
 When saint Peter came to his house,
 To worshipping him, fell at his feet:
 But saint Peter with humble spirit,
 Did raise him vp with diligence,
 And did refuse such reuerence.
 Right so saint Iohn the Euangelist,
 The Angels seete hee would haue kist:
 But he refused such honour,
 Saying, I am but seruitor,
 And eke thy fellows and thy brother:
 Give gloze to GOD, and to none other.
 And likewise Barnabas and Paul,
 Such honour did refuse at all,
 In Listra where they wrought great wonders,
 The Priests of Iupiter and his Clerkes,
 And all the people with their aduice,
 Would haue made to them sacrifice:
 Of which they were so discontent,
 That they their cloathing rane and rent:
 And Paul among them rudely ran,
 Saying, I am a mortall man:
 Give gloze to GOD of Kings King,
 That made Heauen, Earth, and euery thing.
 Since Peter and Iohn vaine-gloze refused,
 With Popes why should such gloze be used?
 Peter, Andrew, Iohn, Iames and Paul,
 And CHRISTs true Disciples, all.
 By GODs word their Faith defended,
 To burne and scald they neuer pretended:

The Pope defends his Traditions,
 By flaming fire without remissions:
 Albeit men breake the Law diuine,
 They are not put to so great pine,
 For whoredome nor Idolaterie,
 For Incest nor Adulterie,
 Or when yong Virgines are deflored:
 For such things men are not abhorred,
 But who that eats flesh into Lent,
 Are terribly put to torment:
 And if a Priest happens to marry,
 They doe him banish, curse and wary,
 Though it be not against the Law,
 Of GOD, as men may clearly know.
 Betwene these two what difference beane,
 By faithfull folke it may be seene:
 Such Antitheses many moe,
 I might declare, which I let goe,
 And may not tary to compyle,
 Of each order the statelie stile.
 The sillie Nunnes will thinke great shame,
 Except she called bee Madame:
 The poore Priest thinks hee gets no right,
 Bee hee not stiled like a Knight,
 And called Sir before his name:
 As Sir Thomas, and Sir William,
 All Monks, as pee may heare and see,
 Are called Deanes for dignitie:
 Albeit his Mother milke the how,
 He must bee called Deane Androw.
 Deane Peter, Deane Paul, Deane Robert:
 With CHRIST they tooke a painfull part:
 With double cloathing from the Colde,
 Eating and drinking when they wold;

With curious countring in the Quire,
GOD knowes if they buy Heauen full deare:
My Lord Abbot right venerable,
Ay marshalled bymost at the table:
My Lord Bishop right reuerent,
Set aboue Charles in Parliament:
And Cardinalls during their Reignes,
Fellowes to Princes and to Kings:
The Pope exalted in honour,
Aboue the potent Emperour:
The proude Parson I thinke truely,
Hee leades his life right lustily:
For why: hath none other pyne,
But take the Tind, and spend it syne:
But hee is obliht by reason,
To preach vnto his Parishon:
Though they lacke preaching seuentene yeare,
Hee will not lacke one pecke of Beare:
Some Parson hath at his command,
The wanton Wenches of the Land:
Als they haue great prerogatiues,
That they may part ay with their wliues,
Withont dino:ce or summoning,
Then take another without wedding:
Some would thinke it a lustie life,
Ay when he list to change his wife,
And take another of more beantie:
But Seculars lacke that libertie,
The which are bound in marriage:
But they like Hammes into their rage,
Unpissled runne among the Cwes,
So long as Nature in them growes,
And eke the Vicare as I trow
Hee will not faile to take a Row:

And

OF THE MONARCHIE.

And bymōst cloth (though Babes them ban,)
 From a pōze sillie Husbandman,
 When that hē lyeth toz to die,
 Having small childzen two oꝝ thre,
 And hath thre kine withouten ma,
 The Vicare must haue one of tha:
 With the gray Cloake that happes the bed;
 Albest that he be pōzely cled,
 And if the wiffe die on the mozne,
 Though all the Babes should bē sozlozne,
 The other kow hē clēkes away,
 With the pōze Coat of Kaploch gray:
 And if within two dayes oꝝ thre,
 The eldest Childe happen to die,
 Of the thirde kow hē will bē sure.
 When hē hath all then vnder cure,
 And Father and Mother both are dead,
 Beg must the Babes without remead.
 They hold the Corpes at the Kirke-File,
 And there it must remaine a while,
 Till they get sufficient souertie,
 For their Church right and dnetie.
 Then comes the Lands-Lord persozce,
 And clēkes to him an herfelde hozse.
 Pōze labourers would that Law were dōwne,
 Which neuer sounded was by reason:
 I heard them say vnder confession,
 That Law is brother to oppression.
 O my sonne, I haue shōwne as I can,
 How this fifth Monarchie began:
 Whose great Empire soz to report
 At length, the time beene all too short.

A description of the Court of *Rome*.

Sto After (saide I) what rule keep they in Rome?
Sto Which hath the spirituall Dominion,
 And Monarchie aboue all Christendome:
Sto Shew me, I make you supplication.

E. My sonne, would I make true narration,
 (Said he) to Peter and Paul though they succede,
 I thinke they proue not that into their deade:

For Peter, Andrew, and Iohn, were fishers fine,
 Of men and women to the Christian Faith:
 But they haue spred their Net with Hooke & Line,
 On Rents, Riches, on gold and other graith:
 Such fishing to neglect they will be laith:
 For why? they haue fished ouer-thwart y^e strāds,
 A great part truely, of all tempozall Lands.

With the tenth part of all goods moneable,
 For the byholding of their dignities:
 So beene their fishing very profitable,
 On the dry Land, as well as on the Seas:
 Their Herrie-water they spred ouer al countries,
 And with their Hoke-net daylie drawes to Rome,
 The most fine golde that is in Christendome.

I dare well say, within this fiftty yēre,
 Rome hath receiued sworth of this Region,
 For Bulles & Benefices, which they buy sul deare,
 That might sul well haue payde a Kings rāsome:
 But were I worthe for to weare a Crowne,
 Preests should no more our substance so consume,
 Sending yērely so great riches to Rome.

Into

Into their Tramelt-Net they fangde a Fish,
 More than a Whale, worthe of memorie;
 Of whom they had many a daintie dish,
 By which they are exalted to great glorie:
 That marvellous Monster, called Purgatorie,
 Albeit to vs it be not amiable,
 It hath to them bene very profitable.

Let they that fruitfull fish escape their Net,
 By which they haue so great commodities,
 A more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
 Though they wold search out thzough y Ocean seas
 Aden the daylie dolorous Dirigtes,
 Still more Wretches may sing with heart full sorz,
 Larke they that painfull palace Purgatorie.

Farewell Monke, with Chanon, Nun & Frter;
 Alas, they will be lightlied in all Lands:
 Cobles will no more be known in Church nor quier
 Let they that fruitfull fish escape their hands;
 I Counsell you to bind him fast in bands:
 For Peter, Andrew, nor Iohn could neuer get,
 So profitable a fish into their Net.

Their Merchandise into all Passions,
 As printed Lead, their Wax & their Parchment,
 Their Pardons and their Dispensations,
 They dos excède some tempo; all Princes Rent:
 In such traffique they are not negligent;
 Of Benefice they make god merchandice,
 Thzough Simonie, which they hold little vice.

CHRIST did command Peter to fede his shepe,
 And so he did fede them full tenderly:

Of that command they take but little keepe:
 But CHRISTS Sheepe they spoylye piteously,
 And with the wooll they cloathe them curiously,
 Like greedy Wolves they take of them their food,
 They eat their flesh, & drinke both milke and blood,

For their office they serue but little hyze:
 I thinke such Pastours are not worth to pryse,
 Which cannot guide their Sheepe about the myze,
 They are so busie in their Merchandise:
 Though Peter was Porter of Paradise,
 That pleasant passage craftily they close,
 Through them right few gets entresse, I suppose.

CHRIST IESVS said, as Matthew doth report,
 Woe be to Scribes and to Pharisaunce,
 The which did close of Paradise the port:
 Of them we haue the same experience,
 To enter there they make small diligence:
 They take such cure of temporall businesse,
 Right so from vs they stop the plaine entresse.

The spirituall keyes y^e CHRIST to Peter gaue;
 Their colour cleare with smoke and rust are faded;
 Anexercise they hold them in their niene:
 Of that office they serue to be degraded,
 With GODS Word except that they amend it,
 Opening y^e port which long time hath bene closed,
 That wee may enter, with them, and be rejoyced.

Contrarie to CHRISTS Institution,
 To them that dyes in habite of a Friar,
 Rome hath them granted full remission,
 To passe to Heauen straightway withoutt^e wære,
 Which bene in Scotland bled many a pære:

Is there such vertue in a Friers hood,
I thinke in vaine CHRIST IESVS shed his blood.

Would GOD & Hope who hath preheminance;
With aduise of his Counsell generall,
That they would make their debtfull diligence,
That CHRISTES Law might be kept ouer all,
And truely preached both to great and small:
And giue to them spirituall authoritie,
Which can perfectly be to the veritie.

Who cannot preach a Priest should not be named,
As may be proued by the Law diuine:
And by the Canon Law they are defamed,
That takes Priesthood but only to that fine:
To all vertue their hearts they should incline,
In spectall to preach with true intents,
And minister the needfull Sacraments.

As for their Books, their Chanons & their Friers,
And lustie Ladies of Religion,
I know not whereto their office effeeres,
But men may see their great abusion:
They are not like, into conclusion,
Neither into their words nor their woorkes,
To the Apostles, Prophets nor Patriarkes,

If presently these Prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Bishop haue a Suffragane,
Or Successour, who can the people teach,
On their expenses yereely to remaine,
To cause the people from their vice refraine,
And when a Prelate happens to decease,
Then put a perfect Preacher in his place.

Doethey not so, on them shall ly the charge,
 Gining vnable men authoritie:
 As who would make a Stir-man to a Barge,
 Of one blind bozne, whitch can no danger see:
 If that Ship drowne, forsooth, I say for me,
 Who gaue the Stir-man such commission,
 Should of the ship make restitution,

The humane Lawes that are contrarious,
 And not conforiming to the Law diuine,
 They should expell, and hold them odious,
 When they perceiue them come to no good fine,
 Inuented but by sensuall mens ingine:
 As that Law whitch forbiddeth marriage,
 Causing young Clarkes burne into Lusts rage,

Full hard it is Chastitie to obserue,
 Without great grace, and abstinence:
 Into our flesh ay reigneth till wee sterue,
 That first originall sinne Concupiscence,
 Which wee through Adams disobedience,
 Haue done incur, and shall endure for euer,
 Till that our soule and body Death disseuer,

Wherefore GOD made of marriage the band,
 In Paradise (as Scripture doth record)
 In Galilie, right so I vnderstand,
 Was marriage honoured by CHRIST our LORD
 Olde Law and New, thereto they doe conoord:
 I thinke for me better that they had sleped,
 Than to haue made a Law, and neuer keepe it.

Toke not CHRIST IESVS his humanitie,
 Of a Virgine in Marriage contracted:

And

And of her flesh clad his Daintie.
 Why haue they done this blessedful Bond defaced
 In their kingdome? would GOD, it were corrected:
 That young Prelates might marrie lustie wiues,
 And not in sensuall Lust to leade their liues.

Did not CHRIST choise of honest married men
 As well as they had kept Chastitie,
 For to be his Disciples, as yee ken,
 As in the Scripture clearly thou mayst see:
 They kept still their wiues with honestie,
 As Peter, and his spoused Bethzen all,
 Observed Chastitie matrimoniall.

But now appeares the Prophecie of Paul,
 How some should rise into the latter age,
 That from the true Faith should depart and fall:
 And some should bid the bond of Marriage.
 Als thou shalt finde into that same passage,
 They should commā from meats for to abstaine,
 Which GOD create, his people to sustaine.

But since the Pope, our spirituall Prince & King,
 He doth ouersee such vices manifest,
 And in his kingdome suffers for to reigne,
 The men by whom the Verity is suppressed:
 Excuse not himselfe more than the rest,
 Alas, how should we members be well bled,
 When thus our spirituall Heads are abused?

The famous ancient Doctor Auicenne,
 Sayes, when ill Rheume descendeth from the head,
 Into the members, genders meekle paine,
 Except there be made hastily remaied:

When the cold humour doth therefrom procéde,
In sinewes it causeth Arthritica,
Right so into the hands Chiragra.

Of maladies it genders many mo,
Except men get some soueraigne Reserve:
As in the thighs Sciatica passio,
And in the Brest sometime the strong Caterue,
Which causeth men right hastily to sterue:
And Podagra, right difficill for to cure,
In mens sexe, which long time doth endure.

So to this most triumphant Court of Rome,
This similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath bene heirship ouer all Christendome,
And to the World an enill exemplare,
That sometime was Lead-scarre and Luminar,
And the most sapient seat of sanctitude,
But now, alas, bare of beatitude.

Their Kingdome may be called Babylon,
Which sometime was a bright Ierusalem,
As plainly meaneth the Apostle Iohn:
Their most famous Citty hath lost the same,
Inhabiters thereof their noble name:
For why? they haue of Saints the habitacle,
To Simon Magus made a Tabernacle.

An horrible batle of euery kinde of vice,
A laithly Loch of Sinking Lecherie,
A carled Cane corrupt with Conetice,
Bordred about with Pride and Simonte:
Some say, a Cisterne full of Sodomye:

whole

ede,

Whose vice in spectall if I would declare,
It were enough soꝛ to perturb the Aire.

Of trueth the whole Christian Religion,
Through them is scandalizde and offended:
It cannot faile but their abussion,
Before the Throne of GOD it is ascended:
I dread but doubt, except that they amend it,
The plagues of Iohns Revelation,
Shall fall vpon their generation,

e,

O LORD, which hast the heart of enery King
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Conuert that Court, that of thy grace benigne,
They would make generall reformation,
Among themselves in enery Nation:
That they may be an holy exemple,
To vs thy poore lachke common populare:

Hungred, alas, soꝛ fault of spirituall food,
Because from vs is hid the veritie:
O Prince, that shed soꝛ vs thy precious blood,
Kindle in vs the fire of Charitie:
And saue vs from eternall miserie,
Now labouring in thy Church militant,
That we may come to thy Church triumphant.



THE FOU RTH BOOKE,
making mention of the death of
the *Antichrist*, of the gene-
rall Iudgement, &c.

VVith an exhortation by *Experience*,
to the *Courteour*.

Audent Father, Experience,
Since you of your beneuolence,
Hath caused mee soz to consider,
How worldly pompe & gloze beene slider,
By diuerse Stories miserable,
Which to rehearse beene lamentable:
Yet ere we passe out of this baile,
I pray you giue mee your counsaile:
What shall I doe in time comining,
To haue the gloze everlasting?

E. My sonne (said he) set thine intent,
To keepe the LORDS Commandement,
And please thee not to climbe ouer hie,
To no worldly authoritie:
Who in this world doe most reioyce,
Are fardest ay from their purpose:
Would thou leaue worldly vanities,
And thinke on soure Extremities:

Which

Which are to come, and that shortly,
Thou wouldest neuer sinne wilfully:
Print these foure in thy memorie,
The Death, the Hell, and Heauens glozie,
And exireame Iudgement generall,
Where thou must render account of all:
Thou shalt not faile to be content,
Of quiet life and sober Rent,
Considering no man can bee sure,
In Earth one houre for to endure,
So all worldly prosperitie,
Is mired with great miserie:
Were thou Emperour of Asia,
King of Europe and Africa,
Great Dominator of the Sep,
And though the Heauens did thee obey,
All Fishes swimming in the Strard,
All Beasts and Fowles at thy command,
Concluding thou were King ouer all,
Under the Heauens imperiall:
In that most high authoritie,
Thou shouldst finde least tranquillitie:
Example of King Salomon,
More precious life had neuer none:
Such Riches with so great pleasure,
Had neuer King nor Emperour,
With most profound Intelligence,
And super-excellent Sapience:
His pleasant habitations,
Preceled all other Nations:
Gardens and Parkes for Harts and Hindes,
Stankes with fish of diuerse kindes,
More profound Masters of Musicke,
That in the World was none them like:

Such

Such treasure of gold and precious stones,
 In Earth had neuer no King at once;
 Hee had seuen hundreth lustie Quenes,
 And thre hundreth faire Concubines.
 In Earth there was nothing pleasand,
 Contrarious to his Command:
 Yet all his great prosperitie,
 Hee thought it vaine and vanitie,
 And neuer found repose compleate,
 Without affliction of the spirit.

C. Father (said I) it maruells mee,
 Hee hauing such prosperitie,
 With so great riches aboue measure,
 Noz hee had infinite pleasure:

E. My sonne (said hee) if thou wouldst know,
 The veritie I shall thee shew:
 There is no worldly thing at all,
 May satisfie a mans saull:
 For it is so insatiable,
 That Heauen and Earth may not bee able,
 A saule alone for to content,
 Till it see GOD Omnipotent:
 Was neuer none, noz neuer shall bee,
 Satiare, that sight till that hee see:
 Wherefore (my sonne) set not thy cure,
 In Earth, where nothing can be sure,
 Except the death alanerly,
 Which followes man continually:
 Therefore (my sonne) remember thee,
 Within short time that thou must die:
 Not knowing when, how, or what place,
 But as it pleaseth the King of grace.

Of Death.



My miseries most miserable,
 Is Death, and most abhominable:
 That dreadfull Dragon with his darts,
 As ready soz to pierce the hearts,
 Of enery creature on line,
 Contrare to whole strength may no man strine.
 Of dolent Death this soze sentence,
 Was giuen through disobedience,
 Of our Parents, alas therefore,
 As I haue done declare besore:
 How they and their posteritie,
 Were all condemned soz to die:
 Albeit the flesh to Death be thzall,
 GOD hath the soule made immortall:
 And so of his benignitie,
 Hath mixt his Justice with merite:
 Therefore call to rememberance,
 Of this false World the variance:
 How we like Pilgrimes Euen and Morrow,
 Are trauellling through this vaille of sorow:
 Sometime in vaine Prosperitie,
 And sometime in great Miserie:
 Sometime in Blisse, sometime in Batle:
 Sometime right sicke, and sometime heale:
 Sometime full rich, and sometime poze.
 Wherefore (my sonne) take little cure,
 Neither of great prosperitie,
 Nor yet of greater miserie:
 But pleasant life and hard mischance,
 Wonder them both in one Balance:

Con.

Considering none other authorie,
 Riches, wisdome nor dignitie:
 Empire of Realmes, Beautie nor strength,
 May not one day our lines length:
 Since wee are sure that wee must die,
 Farewell all vaine felicitie:
 Greatly it doth per turbe my minde,
 Of dolent Death the diuerse kinde:
 Though Death to euery man resoztes,
 Yet strikes hee into sundrie soztes:
 Some by hote Feners violence,
 Some by contagious Pestilence:
 Some by Justice execution,
 Beene put to death without remission:
 Some hanged, some doe lose their heads:
 Some burnt, some sodden into Leads,
 And some for thier vnlawfull actes,
 Are rent and rinen on the Rades:
 Some are dissolued by popson:
 Some on the night are murdred downe:
 Some falles into phrenesie:
 Some dies into Hydropesie:
 And other strange Infirmities,
 Wherein many a thousand dies,
 Which humane Nature doth abhorre,
 As in the Gut, Grauell and Goze:
 Some in the Fluxe and Fener quartane,
 But ay the houre of Death is vncertaine:
 Some are dissolued suddenly,
 By Catharre or Apoplexie:
 Some doe destroy their selfe also,
 As Hanniball and wise Cato.
 By Thunder Death doth some consume,
 As hee did the third King of Rome:

Called

Called Tullus Hostilius,
 As witteeth great Valerius:
 For hee and his household at once,
 Were burnt by Thunder flesh and bones;
 Some dies by extreame Excesse
 Of Joy, as Valere doth expresse:
 Some by extreame Melancholie,
 Will die but other maladie:
 In Chronicles thou mayst well ken,
 How many hundreth thousand men,
 Are slaine since first the world began,
 In Battell, and how many a man,
 Upon the Seas doe lose their liues,
 When ships vpon the Rockes rines:
 Though some dies naturally through age,
 Far moe dies raving in a Rage.
 Happy is hee the which hath space,
 At his last houre to cry for grace:
 Albeit Death be abominable,
 I thinke it should be comfortable,
 To them of the faithfull number:
 For they depart from care and cumber,
 From trouble, tranell, sturt and strife,
 To joy and everlasting life:
 Polidorus Virgilius,
 To that effect hee witteeth thus,
 In Thrace when any Childe is borne,
 Their kin and friends come them besorne,
 With dolent lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamitie, cumber, and cure,
 That they in Earth are to endure:
 But at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banquetting:

That

That they haue past from miserie,
 To rest and great felicitie:
 Since Death beene finall conclusion,
 What auailles worldly prouision?
 When wisdom may not contramand,
 Nor strength that stout may not gainstand:
 Ten thousand millions of treasure,
 May not prolong thy lffe one houre:
 After whose dolent departing,
 Thy spirit shall but tarrying,
 Straight way to joy inestimable,
 Or to strong paine intollerable:
 Thy vile corrupted Carion,
 Shall turne to putrefaction:
 And so remaine in powder small,
 Untill the Iudgement generall.

A short description of Antichrist.

Ald I, Father, I heare men say,
 That there shall rise before that day,
 Which you call generall Iudgement,
 A wicked man, from Sathan sent,
 And contrarie the Law of CHRIST,
 Called the cruell Antichrist:
 And some sayes, that mischleuous man,
 Descend shall of the Tribe of Dan;
 And should be borne in Babylon,
 The which deceiue shall many one:
 Infidels shall of enery Art,
 With that false prophet take a part.
 And how Enoch and Elias,
 Shall preach against that false Messias:

But

John Paton his booke for wisdom

his names John
 Paton and his
 booke for wisdom

John Paton

But
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But finally, his false doctrine,
 And he shall be pit to ruine:
 But neither by the ffre nor sword,
 But by the vertue of GODS word.
 And if this be of veritie,
 The soth, I pray you, shew to me.

E. My sonne (saide hee) as writteth Iohn;
 There shall not be a man alone,
 Having that name in speciall,
 But Antichrists in generall,
 Have bene, and now are many one,
 And right so in the time of Iohn,
 Were Antichrists, as himselfe sayes,
 And presently now in these daies,
 Are right many withouten doubt:
 Where their false Lawes well sought out,
 Who was a greater Antichrist,
 And more contrarious to CHRIST
 Than the false Prophet Mahomer,
 Which his curst lawes made so stout:
 In Turkie yet they are observed,
 Wherethrough the Bell he hath beleaved:
 All Turkie, Saracenes, and Iowes,
 That in the Sonne of GOD not tremes,
 Are Antichrists, I the declare,
 Because to CHRIST they are contraire.
 Daniel sayes in his prophetes,
 That after these great Monarchies,
 Shall rise a marvellous potent King,
 Which with a shamelles face shall reigne:
 Mighty and wise in darke speakings,
 And prosper in all pleasant things:
 Through his saluon and craftinesse,
 He shall flow into wealthinesse.

The godly people hee shall noy,
 By cruell Death, and them destroy:
 The King of Kings shall him gainstand,
 Then be destroyde withoutten hand.
 Paul sayes, before the LORDS comming,
 That there shall be a departing:
 And that man of iniquitie,
 To all men hee shall opened be:
 Which shall sit on the holy Seat,
 Contrarie GOD to make debate.
 But that sonne of perdition,
 Shall be put to confusion,
 By power of the holy Spirit,
 When hee his time hath done complet:
 Belæue not that in time comming,
 A greater Antichrist to reigne,
 Than there hath bene, and presently,
 Are now as Clarks can espie:
 Therefore my will is, that thou knaw,
 What euer they be that make the Law,
 Though they be called Christian men,
 By naturall reason thou mayst ken,
 Bee they neuer of so great valour,
 Pope, Cardmall, King, or Emperour,
 Extolling their Traditions,
 Aboue CHRISTS institutions,
 Making Lawes contrarie to CHRIST,
 Hee is a verie Antichrist:
 And who doth fortifie or defend,
 Such Law, I make it to thee kend,
 Bee hee Pope, Emperour, King or Queene,
 Great sorrow shall on them bee seene,
 At CHRISTS extream Judgement,
 Except in time they doe repent.

A short remembrance of the most
terrible day of *Iudgement*.

Qther (said I) with your licence,
Since you haue such Experience,
Yet one thing at you would I speare,
When shall this dreadfull day appeare,
Which you call *Iudgement* generall?
What things befoze that day shall fall?
Where shall appeare that dreadfull Judge,
Who may faulsters get refuge?

A. (Said hee) as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:

Wheresfoze perturb not thine intent,
To know the day, houre, or moment:

To GOD alone the day is knowne,

Which neuer was to Angell showane:

Albeit by diuerse coniectours,

And principall Exposition,

Of Daniel and his Prophecie,

And by the sentence of Elie:

Which haue declared as they can,

How long it is since the *W*orld began:

And soz to shew haue done their cure,

How long they trust it shall endure:

And eke how many ages beene,

As in their woorkes may bee seene:

But to declare those questions,

There are diuers opinions:

Some *W*riters haue the *W*orld diuided,

In fixe Ages, as beene decided,

Into *Fasciculus temporum*,

And *Chronica Chronicorum*.

And by the sentence of Elie,
 The world divided is in thre,
 As cunning Passer Carion
 Hath made plaine exposition:
 How Elie sayes withoutten wære,
 The World shall last sixe thousand yéere:
 Of whom I follow the sentence,
 And let the other Bookes goe hence:
 From the creation of Adam,
 Two thousand yéeres to Abraham:
 From Abraham by this Narration,
 To CHRIST his Incarnation,
 Right so hath bene two thousand yéeres,
 As by their Prophecies appeares:
 From CHRIST, as they make to be kend,
 Two thousand yéeres to the worlds ende:
 Of which are by-gone, as I wæne,
 A thousand, sixe hundred, ten and néene:
 And so remaines to come but twære,
 Thre hundred, fourescore and one yéere:
 And then the LORD Omnipotent,
 Shoulde come to his great Judgement.
 CHRIST sayes, the time shall be made short,
 As Matthew plainly doth report:
 That for the worlds iniquitie,
 The latter time shall shortned bee,
 For pleasure of the chosen number,
 That they may passe from care and cumber:
 So by his compt it may be kend,
 The world is drawing neare an end:
 For Legions are come no doubt,
 Of Antichrists, were they sought out:
 And many tokens doe appeare,
 As after shortly thou shalt heare:

Hold that Sainct Ierome doth endite,
 That he hath read in Hebrew write,
 Of sixteen signes in speciall,
 Before that Iudgement generall:
 Of some of them I take no cure,
 Which I finde not in the Scripture
 A part of them though I declare,
 First I will to the Scripture säre.

CHRIST sayes, before that day of Doome,
 There shall be signes in Sunne and Moone:
 The Sunne shall hide his beames bright,
 So that the Moone shall give no light:
 The glistering Starres, by mens iudgement,
 Shall fall south of the Firmament.

Of these signes, ere wee further gone,
 Some morall sense wee will expone.
 As cunning Clarkes haue oft declared,
 And haue the Sunne and Moone compared:
 The Sunne to the State spirituall,
 The Moone to Princes temporall:
 Right so the Starres they doe compare,
 To the Laicke common populars.
 The Moone and Starres haue no light,
 But the Reflere of Phoebus bright.
 So when the Sunne of light is darke,
 The Moone and Starres must needs be marke:
 Right so when Pastors spiritualls,
 Popes, Bishops, and Cardinals,
 In their beginning shewde great light,
 The temporall State was ruled right:
 But now, alas, it is not so,
 Their shining lampes beene ago.
 Their radious beames are turnde to blacke:
 For now in Earth nothing they seeke,

Except Riches and Dignitie,
Following their sensualitie:
Many Prelates are now reigning,
The which no more doe vnderstand,
What doth pertaine to their office,
Than they can kindle fyre with yce.
Woe bee to Popes, I say for mee,
That suffer such enozmitie:
That ignorant worldly Creatures,
Should in the Church haue any cures.
No maruell though the people slide,
When they haue blinde men to their guide:
For a Prelate that cannot preach,
For GODS Law to the people teach,
Esay compares them in his warke,
To a dumbe Dogge that cannot barke:
And CHRIST him calleth in his griele,
Most like a Murderer, or a Thiele.
The cunning Doctor Augustine,
To Wolves and Devils both them define:
The Canon Law doth him defame,
That of a Prelate beares the name.
And will not preach the diuine Lawes,
As the Decrees plainly shawes:
But those that haue authoritie,
To prouide spirituall dignitie,
Might, if they pleased to take paine,
Cause them light all their lamps againe,
But euer, alas, that is not done,
So darkned bene both Sunne and Moone.
Were Kings liues well declared,
The which are to the Moone compared,
Men might consider their estate,
From Charitie degenerate:

I thinke they should thinke mekle shame,
 Of CHRIST for to take their surname:
 They liue not like to Christians,
 But more like Turkes and Pagans:
 Turke contrare Turke makes little waere,
 But Christian Princes take no feare:
 Which should agree as brother with brother,
 But now each one dings downe another:
 I know no reasonable cause wherefoze,
 Except Pride, Couetice, and Mainie-gloze.
 The Emperour moues his Ordinance,
 Contrare the potent King of France:
 And France right so with great rigour,
 Contrare his friend the Emperour:
 And right so France against England,
 England also against Scotland:
 And eke the Scots with all their might,
 Doe fight for to defend their right.
 Betwene the Realmes of Albione,
 Where Battells haue bene many one,
 Can bee made no affinitie,
 Nor yet no consanguinitie:
 Nor by no way they can consider,
 That they may haue long peace together:
 I dread those warres make no ending,
 Till they be both vnder one King.
 Though CHRIST the soueraigne King of grace,
 Lest in his Testament Loue and Peace:
 Our Kings from warre will not reſtraine,
 Till there be many a thousand ſlaine:
 Great damage made by Sea and Land,
 As all the World may vnderſtand.

C. Father, I thinke that temporall Kings,
 May fight for to defend their Reignes:

For I haue seene the spirituall state,
 Make warre, their Rights to debate.
 I saw Pope Iulius manfully,
 Passe to the field triumphantly,
 With a right awfull Ordinance,
 Contrare Lowis the King of France:
 And so2 to doe him moze despise,
 He did his Region interdite.

E. My sonne (said he) as I suppose,
 That belongs well to our purpose:
 How Sunne and Moone are both denude,
 Of light, as Clarkes doe conclude,
 Comparing them as you heard tell,
 To spirituall state and temporall,
 And common people haue despised,
 Which to the Starres bene compared:
 Laicke people follow ay their heads,
 And specially into their deedes:
 The most part of Religion,
 Bene turned to abusion,
 What doe auail religious Wædes,
 When they are contrare in their deedes?
 What holinesse is there with'in,
 A Wolfe clad in a Wædders skinne?
 So by these tokens doeth appeare,
 The day of Iudgement draweth neare.

C Now let vs leane this morall sence,
 Proceeding to our purpose hence,
 And of this matter speake no moze,
 Beginning where wee left before.
 The Scripture sayes, after those signes,
 Shall be seene many maruelous things:
 Then shall rise tribulations,
 In Earth, and great mutations,

As well here vnder, as aboue,
 When verines of the Heauen shall moue:
 Such cruell Warres shall be ere than,
 As neuer since the world began:
 The which shall cause great indigence,
 As Dearth, Hunger, and Pestilence:
 The horrible Souds of the sea,
 The people shall perturb and flee:
 Ierome sayes, it shall rise on hight,
 Aboue Mountaines, by mens sight:
 But it shall not spreade ouer the Land,
 But like a Wall shall straight vpsstand:
 Then settle downe againe so low,
 That no man shall the water know:
 Great Whales shall runnish, rot and raire,
 Whose sound redound shall in the Aire:
 All Fish and Monsters marneillous,
 Shall cry with sounds odious:
 That men shall wither on the Earth,
 And weeping warie shall their Weir,
 With longe alas, and waile-away,
 That euer they liued to see that Day:
 And specially those that dwelling bee,
 Upon the Coasts of the sea.
 Right so, as Ieremie concludes,
 Shall be seene serles in the Floodes:
 The sea with moing marneillous,
 Shall burne with Flames furions:
 Right so shall burne Fountaine and Flood,
 All herbes and trees shall sweate like blood:
 Fowles fall south out of the Aire:
 Wilde Beasts to the Plaine repaire,
 And in their manner make great mone,
 Howling with many grieuie grone:

The

The bodies of the dead Creatures,
 Appeare shall on their sepulchres:
 Then shall both men. women and bairnes,
 Come crying forth of darke Cauernes:
 Where they for dread were hid before,
 With sigh and sob, and hearts full sore;
 Wandring about as they were wood,
 Effraighed for fault of food:
 None make other comforting,
 But double grieve and lamenting:
 What may they doe but weepe and wonder,
 When they see Rocks shake insunder:
 Through trembling of the Earth and quaking.
 Of sorrow then shall be no flaking.
 They that are living in those dayes,
 May tell of terrible Effraies:
 Then Riches, Rents, nor great treasure,
 That time may doe them small pleasure:
 But when such wonders doe appeare,
 Men may bee sure that Day drawes neare:
 Then iust men shall passe to the gloze,
 Unjust to paine for evermore.

C. Father (said I) wee daylie reade,
 An Article into our Cræde,
 Saying, CHRIST Omnipotent,
 Into that generall Iudgement.
 Shall iudge both quicke and dead also,
 Wherefore declare mee ere we go.
 If there shall any Man or Wife,
 That day be sounden vpon life?

E. (Said he) as to that question,
 I shall make some solution:
 The Scripture plainly doth expone,
 When all tokens are come and gone,

Yet many an hundred thousand,
 That selfesame day shall be liuand:
 Albeit there shall no Creature,
 Neither of day nor houre be sure:
 For CHRIST shall come so suddenly,
 That no man shall the time espy:
 As it was in the time of Noy,
 When GOD did all the world destroy:
 Some on the fildes shall bee labouring,
 Some in the Temples marryng:
 Some before Judges making pley,
 And some men sayling on the Sey:
 Those that bee on the fildes going,
 Shall not returne to their Lodging:
 Who beene vpon the house aboue,
 Shall haue no leasure to remoue:
 Two shall bee in the Mill grinding,
 Which shall be taken without warning,
 The one to everlasting gloze,
 The other lost for evermoze:
 Two shall be lying in one bed,
 The one to pleasure shall bee led,
 The other shall bee left alone,
 Weeping with many grievous grone.
 And so, my sonne, thou mayst well trove,
 The world shall bee as it is now:
 The people vsing businesse,
 As holy Scripture doth expresse.
 Since no man knowes the houre nor day,
 The Scripture bids vs watch and pray:
 And for our sinnes be penitent,
 As CHRIST would come incontinent.

The

The manner how *Christ* shall come to
his Iudgement.

When all tokens are brought to end,
Then shall the Sonne of GOD descend,
As fyre laught hastily glancing,
Descend shall that heauenly King;

As Phoebus in the Orient,
Lightnoth in haste the Occident,
So pleasan'ly hee shall appeare,
Among the heauenly Cloudes cleare,
With great power and Mafeste,
Aboue the Countrie of Indie,
As Clarkes haue concluded hail,
Direct aboue the lustie Vasse
Of Iosaphat, and Mount Oliueer:
All Prophecie there shall be complēt,
The Angels of the Orders nine,
Enuyrone shall the Throne diuine:
With bumble consolation,
Making him ministratton:
In his presence there shall be borne,
The signes of Crosse, and crowne of Thorne,
Billar, and Batles, Scountges and speare,
With every thing that did him Deare,
The time of his grim Passion:
And for our consolation,
Appeare shall in his hands and fete,
And in his side the print complēte,
Of his fine wounds preeious,
Shining like Rubies radious:
To reprobate confussion:
And for finall conclusson,

He sitting in his Tribunal,
With great power imperiall,
Then shall an Angell blow a blast,
Which shall make all the World agast,
With hideous voyce and belement,
Rise vp dead folke, come to Iudgement.
With that all reasonable Creature,
That euer was formed by Nature,
Shall suddenly rise vp at once,
Conjoynde with soule, flesh, blood, and bones.
That terrible Trumpet I heare tell,
Bes heard in heauen, in Earth, and Hell:
Those that were drowned in the Sep,
That boasteous blast they shall obey:
Where euer the body buried was,
All shall be found into that place:
Angels shall passe in the foure Airs,
Of Earth, and bring them from all parts,
And with an instant diligence,
Present them to his Excellence.
Saint Ierome thought continually,
On this Iudgement so ardently:
He said, whether I eat or drinke,
Or wake, or sleepe, so sooth I thinke,
That terrible Trumpet like a Bell,
So quickly in mine eares doth knell,
As instantly as it were present:
Rise vp dead folke, come to Iudgement:
If Saint Ierome toke such a pray,
Alas, what shall wee sinners say?
All those that shall be found on liue,
Then shall immozall be belue:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
With fire they shall translated be,

And

And neuer so; to die againe,
 As diuine Scripture sheweth plaine;
 As ready both so; paine and gloze,
 As they which died long befoze.
 The Scripture sayes they shall appeare,
 In age of thzee and thirty yeere:
 Whether they died young or old,
 Whole great number may not bee told.
 That day shall not be mist one man,
 Which was borne since the world began.
 The Angell shall them separate,
 As Heard the Sheepe doth from the Goate;
 And those that bee of Belials band,
 Trembling vpon the Earth shall stand,
 On the left hand of that great Iudge,
 But esperance to get refuge:
 But those that are predestinate,
 Shall from the Earth be eleuate:
 And that most happy companie,
 Shall ordred be triumphantly,
 At the right hand of CHRIST our King;
 High in the Aire with loude louing.
 Full gloriously there shall compeare,
 More bright than Phœbus in his Spheare,
 The Virgine Marie, Quæne of Quænes,
 With many a thousand of Virgines.
 The Fathers of the Olde Testament,
 Which were to GOD obedient,
 Father Adam shall them conuoy,
 With Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noy.
 Abraham with all his faithfull Markes,
 With all the prudent Patriarkes.
 Iohn the Baptist shall there compeare,
 The principall and last Messenger,

which

Which came but halfe a peere before,
 The coming of that King of gloze.
 Moses and Esaias honourable,
 With all true Prophets venerable:
 Dauid with all the faithfull Kings,
 Which vertuously did rule their Reignes;
 The noble Chistane Iosue,
 With gentle Iudas Maccabe,
 With many a noble Champion,
 Which in their time with great renoune,
 Manfully to their lines end,
 The Law of GOD they did defend.
 With Eue that day shall be present,
 The Ladies of the Olde Testament;
 Deboir, Adams Daughter deare,
 With the foure lustie Ladies cleare,
 Which kept were in the Arke with Noy.
 Sara and Keturah with joy,
 The which to Abraham wines beane.
 With good Rebecca there shall bee seene,
 The prudent wines of Israel,
 Good Leah, and the faire Rachel:
 With Iudith, Hester, and Susanna,
 And the right sapient Quene Saba,
 There shall compeare Peter and Paul,
 With CHRISTES true Disciples all:
 Laurence and Steuen with their blest band,
 Of Martyres moe than ten thousand.
 Gregorie, Ambrose and Augustine,
 With confessours a triumphant trine:
 With saint Francis and Benedicke,
 Saint Bernard, and saint Dominicke:
 With small number of Monks and Friers,
 Of Carmelites and Cordeliers,

That

That for the lone of CHRIST only,
 Renounc'd the World vnstainedly,
 With Elizabeth and Anna,
 All good wiues shall compeare that day:
 The blest and holy Magdalene,
 That Day before her Soueraigne:
 Right pleasantly he shall present,
 All sinners that were penitent:
 Which of their guilt here asked grace,
 In Heauen with her shall haue a place:
 But woe bees to that basifull band,
 Which shall stand low at his left hand:
 Woe then to Kings and Emperours,
 That were vnrighteous Conquerours,
 For their gloze and particulare good,
 Caus'd shed so meekle sakelesse blood.
 Both Scepter, Crowne, and Robe Royall
 That Day they shall make count of all:
 And for their cruell tyrannye,
 Shall punish't bee perpetually:
 He Lords and Barons more and lesse,
 That your poore Tennants did oppresse:
 By great Circumme and double Meale,
 More than your Lands were of auaille,
 With soe exorbitant carriage,
 With Merchets of their marriage,
 Tormented both in peace and ware,
 With burthens more than they may beare:
 Bee they haue payed to you your Maill,
 And to the Priest their Tithes baill,
 And tohen the Land againe is solone,
 That rests behind, I would were knowne,
 A trust, they and their poore household,
 May tell of much Hunger and Colde:

Except

Except yee haue of them pittie,
 I dread yee shall get no mercie,
 That Day when CHRIST Omnipotent,
 Comes to his generall Iudgement:
 Woe bee to publicke oppressours,
 To Tyrants, and to Transgressours,
 To Murtherers, and common Thieues,
 That did not mend their great Mischieues:
 Fornicators, and Usurers,
 Common publicke Adulterers:
 All peruerse wicked Heretickes,
 All false deceitfull Schismatickes:
 All shall be present in that place,
 With many lamentable alace.
 The curst Cain that neuer was good,
 With all shedders of sakelesse blood.
 Nimrod the founder of Babylon,
 With false Idolaters many one.
 Ninus the King of Assyria,
 With great dule shall compeare that day,
 Which first inuented Imagerie,
 Wherethrough came great Idolatrie:
 For making of that Image Bel,
 That day his hyze shall be in Hell.
 That great oppressour Phorao,
 The tyrant Emperour Nero,
 Shall with them curst King Herod bring:
 With many other carefull King:
 The cruell King Antiochus,
 With the most furtious Olofernus,
 Great oppressours of Israel,
 That day their hyze shall be in Hell.
 With Iudas shall compeare a Clan,
 Of false Traitors to GOD and man.

There shall compeare of enery Land,
 With Ponce Pilate a bailfull Band,
 Of temporall and spirituall States,
 False Iudges, with their Advocates:
 There shall our Seneyours of the Sherrion,
 Of all their faults make cleare confession:
 There shall bee seene the fraudfull failptes,
 Of Shireffes, Irouest, and of Bailptes:
 Officialls with their confessorle Clarke,
 Shall make count of their wrongous warkes:
 They and their peruele Procutors,
 Oppressours both of rich and pozes,
 Through Dilatozs full of false deceit,
 Which many one cause beg their meat,
 Great dole that day to Iudges bane,
 That comes not with their conscience cleane.
 That day shall passe by peremptours,
 Without Cantell or Dilatoours:
 No duplicandum noz triplicandum,
 But shortly passe to sententiaundum:
 Without continuations,
 Or any appellations:
 That sentence shall not be retreated,
 Noz with no man of Law debated.
 Pe Labourers by Sea and Lands,
 Perfect Craftsmen, and rich Merchands,
 Leau your deceits and craftie wyles,
 Which lillie simple folke beguyles:
 Make recompense heere as ye may,
 Remembzring on this dreadfull day.
 With Mahomet shall compeare no doubt,
 Of Antichrist: an hidious rout.
 Bishop Annas and Cajaphas,
 With them in companie shall passe,
 The Scribes and false Pharisiense,

Which wrought on CHRIST great violence:
With many a Turke and Saracene.
With great sorow there shall bee scene,
Hopes with their traditions,
Contrare CHRISTs Institutions:
With many a Crowle and clipped Crowne,
Which CHRISTs Lawe haue beaten downe:
And would not suffer so to preach,
The Merittie, nor the people teach,
But Laicke men put to great torment,
Which vsed CHRIST his Testament.
All Kings and Quenes there shall be wend,
The which such Lawes do defend.
To that Court shall come many one,
Of the blacke Wyke of Babylon.
The innocent blood that Day shall cry,
A loude vengeance full pittiously,
On those cruell bloodie Witchours,
Of Martyres, Prophets, and Preachours:
Some with the Fire, some with the Sword,
Which plainly preached GOD his word:
That day they shall rewarded bee,
Conforme to their Iniquitie.
The Sodomites and Gomorrhance,
On whom GOD wrought so great vengeance,
With Chore, Dathan, and Abyrone,
With their Assistants many one:
The holy Scripture will thee tell,
How they sanke downe all to the Hell.
With Simon Magus shall resort,
Of proud Wretches a Shamefull sort.
The selfe-same day there shall be scene,
Many a cruell carefull Quene:
Quene Semirame King Ninus wife,

A Tyger full of furt and grieſe:
 Together with Quéene Iezabell,
 Which was couetous and cruell.
 The falſe decettfull Dalila,
 The cruell Quéene Clytemneſtra,
 The which did mutther in the night,
 Agamemnon both wiſe and wight:
 The which was her ſoueraigne Lord,
 As Greeke Stoꝛtes doe record:
 With cruell Quéenes many one,
 Which longſome were ſoꝛ to expone.

We wanton Ladies, and Burges wines,
 That now ſoꝛ ſideſt tailes ſtrives,
 Flapping the filth among your ſeete,
 Raiſing the duſt into the ſtræte:
 That day ſoꝛ all your pompe and pride,
 Your tailes ſhall not your Hippies hide:
 Theſe vanities we ſhall repent,
 Unleſſe that we bee penitent.
 With Pithoniſſa I heare tell,
 Which raiſed the ſpirit of Samuel,
 That day with her there ſhall reſoꝛt,
 Of ranke Witches a ſoꝛowfull ſoꝛt:
 Brought from all parts many a myle,
 From Sauoy, Athole, and Argyle:
 And from the Ryndes of Galloway,
 With a woeful waile-away.
 We brethren of Religion,
 In time leane your abuſion,
 With which wee haue the world abuſed,
 Or we that day ſhall be reſeſed:
 I ſpeake to you all generally,
 Not to one order ſpecially:
 That day all Creature ſhall ken,
 If wee were Sainctes or woꝛldly men:

O: if yee toke the Chapelry,
 That yee might liue moze pleasantly,
 And get a good large portion,
 O: for godly deuotion:
 That day your sained Saintitudes,
 Shall not be knowne by your hoodes:
 Your superstitious Ceremonies,
 Participant with Idolatries.
 Cord, cutted shewes, nor clipped head,
 That day shall stand you in no stead;
 For Cowles blacke, gray, nor begarde,
 Yee shall that day get no rewarde:
 Your polite painted flatterie,
 Your dissimulate hypocrisie,
 That day they shall bee clearly knowne.
 When they shall reape as they haue sowne:
 Therefore in time bee penitent,
 Or else that day yee shall be spent:
 I pray you heartfully as I may,
 Remember on that dolesfull day.
 Be Abbot, B:poz, and B:pozesse,
 Consider what yee did prolesse:
 And how that your promotion,
 Was nothing for Deuotion:
 But to obtaine the Abbacie,
 Yee made your vow of Chastitie,
 Of Ponertie and Obedience:
 Therefore remorde your conscience,
 How these three vowes beene obserued,
 And what rewarde yee haue deserued:
 Wherefore repent while yee haue space,
 Since GOD is liberall of his grace.

C. Father (said I) declare to mee,
 Where shall our Prelates ordred bee?

Which are now in the world liand,
With whom shall come that spirituall Band?

E. (Said hee) as saint Bernard describes,
Except that they amend their liues,
And leane their wanton vicious works,
Not with the Prophets or Patriarks,
Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
The which to CHRIST were true Preachours.
Their Predecessours, Peter and Paul,
That day will them misknow at all:
So shall they not I say for mee,
With the Apostles ordred bee:
I trust they shall dwell on the Border,
Of Hell, where there shall be no Order:
Endlong the Flood of Phlegeton,
Or on the Brayes of Acheron:
Crying on Charon, I conclude,
To ferrie them ouer that furious Flood,
To Eternall confusion,
Except they leane their abnion.
I trust these Prelates more and lesse,
Shall make cleare count of their Riches,
That dreadfull day with hearts full sore,
And what seruice they did therefore.
The princely pompe or apparrell,
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinall,
Their Royall Rents nor Dignitie,
That day shall not regarded bee.
There shall no titles, as I heare say,
Of Bishopes bee borne by that day:
Come they not with their conscience cleane,
On them great sorrow shall bee seene:
Except that they their liues amend,
In time, and so I make an end.

The manner how *Christ* shall giue
his Sentence.

When all these Congregations,
Are brought out of all Nations,
Which shall be without all procelle,
Though I haue made so long digresse:

For in the twinkling of an eye,
All mankinde shall presented bee,
Before that Kings Excellence:
Then shortly shall bee giue sentence,
First saying to that blessed Band,
Which bees ordzed at his right hand,
Come with my Fathers bannison,
And receiue your possession,
Which was for you preordinate,
Before the world was first create:
When I was hungrie, y^e me fed,
When I was naked y^e mee cled:
Oft times y^e gaue mee harberie,
And gaue mee drinke when I was dry:
And blisse me with minds make,
When I was prisoner and sicke:
In all such tribulation,
Y^e gaue mee consolation.

Then shall they say, O potent King,
When saw wee thee desire such thing?
We neuer saw thine Excellence,
Subdied to such indigence.

Yes (shall bee say) I you assure,
When euer y^e did receiue the poore,
And for my sake made them supplie,
That gift doubtlesse y^e gaue to mee:

Therefore shall now begin your gloze,
 Which shall endure for evermore.
 Then shall hee looke to his left hand,
 And say vnto the bailfull Band,
 Passe with my malediction,
 To eternall affliction,
 In companie with fiends sell,
 In everlasting fire of Hell:
 When I stood naked at your gate,
 Hungrie, and thirstie, cold and wet,
 Right feeble, sicke, and like to die,
 I neuer got of you supplie:
 And when I lay in prison strong,
 For you I might haue lyen long,
 Without your consolation,
 Or any supportation.
 Trembling for dread then shall they say,
 With many hideous harme-say:
 Alace, good LORD, when saw wee thee,
 Subject to such necessitie?
 When said wee thee come to our doore,
 Hungrie, thirstie, naked, and poore:
 When said wee thee in prison ly?
 Or thee refused harboure?
 Then shall that most precellent King,
 To those wretches make answering,
 That time when yee refused the poore,
 Which needfull cryed at your doore,
 And of your superfluitie,
 For my sake made them no supplie:
 Refusing them, yee mee refused,
 With wretchednesse so yee were abused:
 Therefore yee shall haue to your hye,
 The everlasting burning fyre,

Without

Without grace, peace, or comfort.
 Then shall they cry full sore weeping,
 That wee were made, alas, good LORD,
 Alas, is there no misericord:
 But thus withoutten hope of grace,
 Thyne presence of that pleasant face:
 Alas, for vs it had bene good,
 Wee had bene smozed in our God:
 Then with a reare the Earth shall rine,
 And swallow them, both Man and Wine:
 Then shall these Creatures sorrowne,
 Marie the houre that they were borne:
 With many an hidious cry and yell,
 From time they sale the flames sell,
 Upon their tender bodie bite,
 Whose torment shall be infinite.
 The Earth shall close, and from their sight,
 Shall taken be all kinde of light.
 There shall be howling, and weeping,
 Withoutten hope of Comforting:
 In that inestimable paine,
 Eternally they shall remaine:
 Burning in furious flames red,
 Euer dying, but neuer be dead:
 That the small minute of an houre;
 To them shall be so great doloure,
 They shall thinke they haue done remaine,
 A thousand yeres into that paine,
 Alas, I tremble to heare tell,
 That terrible tormenting of Hell:
 That painfull Bit who can deplore,
 Which must endure for enermore:
 Then shall those glorified Creatures,
 With mirth and infinite pleasures.


Cennoyde with ioy angelicall,
 Passe to the Heauens imperiall,
 With CHRIST IESVS our Soueraigne King.
 In gloze everlastingly to reigne,
 Of man which passeth the ingine,
 The thousand part for to define,
 Planerly to the least pleasure,
 Preordinate for one Creature.
 Then shall a Fire as Clarks saine,
 Make all the Hilles and Vallies plaine.
 From Earth by to the Heauens Empire,
 All becs renewed by that fire:
 Purging all things materiall,
 Under the Heauens imperiall:
 Both Earth, and Water, Fire, and Aire,
 Shall be more perfect made and faire:
 The which before had mixed beene,
 Shall then be purrified and made cleane:
 The Earth like Chrysfall shall be cleare,
 And enery Planet in his Spheare,
 Shall rest withoutten more moving,
 Both starrie Heauen. and Chrysfalling:
 The first and higbest Heauen mouable,
 Will stand but turning firme and stable:
 The Sunne into the Orient,
 Will stand, and in the Occident,
 Rest shall the Moone, and be more cleare;
 Than now is Phœbus in his Spheare.
 And eke the Lanterne of the Heauen,
 Shall giue more light by grees seven.
 Than it gaue since the world began:
 The Heauen renewed shall be than,
 Right so the Earth with such densse,
 Compared to heauenly Paradise.

So Heauen and Earth shall be all one,
 As meaneth the Apostle Iohn.
 The great Sea shall no more appeare,
 But like a Chrysall pure and cleare:
 Passing imagination,
 Of man to make Narration,
 Of gloze which GOD hath done prepare,
 To euery one that commeth there,
 The which with eares, noz with éne,
 Of man may not be heard noz seene:
 With heart it is vnthinkable,
 And with tongue vnpronounceable:
 Whose pleasures shall be so perfitte,
 Hauing in GOD so great delitte:
 The space now of a thousand yeare,
 That time shall not an houre appeare:
 Which cannot comprehended bee,
 Till wee that pleasant sight shall see,
 When Paul was ransight in the spirit,
 To the thirde Heauen of gloze replat,
 He sayes, the Secrets which he saw,
 They were not lawfull soz to shaw,
 To no man on the Earth liuand.
 Wherefoze please not to vnderstand,
 Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
 The secrets of the Heauens Empire.
 The more men looke on Phœbus bright,
 The more sable shall be their sight.
 Right so, let no man set their cure,
 To seeke the high diuine Nature:
 The more men studie, I suppose,
 Shall be the more from their purpose:
 To know whereto should men intend
 Which Angels cannot comprehend:

But

But after this great Iudgement,
 All things to vs shall be patent.
 Let vs with Paul our mindes addresse,
 Hæ being full of heauenliness:
 Full humbly hæ taught vs,
 Not for to be too curious,
 Albeit men be of great ingine,
 To seeke the high Secrets diuine,
 Whose Iudgements are vnsearchable,
 His wayes strange and inuestigable:
 That is to say, past out-finding,
 Of whom no man can find ending:
 It sufficeth vs for to implore,
 Great GOD, to bring vs to his gloze.

Of certaine pleasures of the glo-
 rified Bodies.

 Ince there is none in earth may cōprehēd
 The heauenly gloze & pleasures infinite:
 Wherfore (my son) I pray thæ not pretēd
 Too farre to seeke that matter of delite,
 Which passeth naturall reason to endite,
 That GOD before that he the world create,
 Preperde to them which are predestinate.

All mortall men shall be made immortall:
 That is to say, neuer to die againe:
 Impassible, and so celestially,
 That fyre nor sword may doe to them no paine,
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor frost, nor wind, nor raine,
 Though such things were, may doe to thē no dear:
 These Creatures right so shall be as cleare,

As

As flaming Phœbus in his mansion:
 Consider then if there shall be great light,
 When enery one into their Region,
 Shall shine like to the Sunne, and be as bright:
 Let vs with Paul desire to see that sight,
 To be dissolu'd Paul had a great desire,
 With CHRIST to be into the Heauens Empire.

And moreouer, as Clarkes can describe,
 These marvellous lights they bene incomparable
 Among the rest in all their wits fine,
 They shall haue sensuall pleasures delectable:
 The heauenly Sound which shall be inenarrable,
 Into their eares continually shall ring,
 And eke the sight of CHRIST IESVS our King,

In his triumphant Throne imperiall,
 With his Mother y^e Virgine Quēne of Quēnes:
 There shall be seene the Court Celestiall,
 Apostles, Martyres, Confessours and Virgines,
 Brighter than Phœbus in his Spheare that shines
 The Patriarkes and Prophets venerable,
 There shall be seene in glorie inestimable.

And with their spirituall eyes shall be seene,
 That sight which is most superexcellent:
 GOD as hee is, and enermore bath beene,
 Continually that sight contemplant:
 Augustine sayes: he rather take on hand,
 To be in Hell, he seeing the Essence,
 Of GOD, than be in Heauen without his presence

Who saith GOD in his Diuinitie,
 Hee saith in him all other pleasant things:

The

The which with tongue cannot pronounced be,
 That pleasure beene to see that King of Kings:
 The greatest paine y damned folke dotedh things,
 And to the Denils most punitiō,
 It is of GOD its lacke fructiō.

And moreover, they shall see such a smell,
 Surmounting farre the flowre of earthly flowres;
 And in their mouth a taste, as I heare tel,
 Of sweet and supernaturall Saviours:
 Als they shall see the heavenly bright colours,
 Shining amongst those Creatures diuine,
 Which to describe transcendeth mans inginie.

And eke they shall haue such agilitie,
 In one instant to passe for their pleasure,
 Ten thousand miles in twinkling of an eye:
 So that their ioyes shall be without measure,
 They shall reioyce to see the great dolour,
 Of damned folke in Hell, and their torment,
 Because it is of GOD the iust Judgement.

Subtiltie they shall haue maruellously:
 Supposing that there were a wall of Brasse,
 A glorified Body may right hastily,
 Out through the wall without impediment passe,
 Suchlike as doth y Sun-beame through y glasse:
 As CHRIST to his Disciples did appeare,
 All entresse close, and none of them did feare.

Albeit in heauen though every Creature,
 Haue not alike felicitie nor gloze:
 Yet every one shall haue so great pleasure,
 And so content, that they desire no more:

To haue more joy they shall no way implore:
But they shall be all satisfied and content,
Like to this rude example subsequent,

Take a Crovat, a Pint-kotowe, and a Quart,
A Gallon-pitcher, a Dunsion, and a Tun:
Of Wine, or Balme, giue every one their part,
And fill them full, till they be ouer-run.
The little Crovat in comparison,
Shall be so full, that it shall hold no more,
Of such measures thogh they were twentie score.

Into the Tun, or in the Dunsion,
So all these vessels in one qualittie,
May holde no more, except they be ouer-run:
Yet haue they not alike in quantittie.
So by this rude example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in gloze,
Are satisfied so, that they desire no more.

Though presently by GODS p̄uence,
Both Beasts, & Fowles, and Fishes in the Seas,
Are necessarie for mans sustenance,
With cornes, hearbes, flowres, & fruitfull trees:
Then shall there bee no commodities,
The earth shall beare no plant, nor beast brutall.
But as the Heauens shall be bright like Chrystall.

Suppose some be on earth walking here down,
Or high aboue, where euer they please to goe:
Of GOD they haue ay cleare fruition,
Both East, and West, by, downe, or to and fro.
Clarkes haue declared pleasures many moe,
Which doe transcend all mortall mans iugine,
The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the Heauen they shall perfectly know,
 Their tender friends, their father & their mother,
 Their Predecessours, whom they neuer saw:
 Their spouses, childre, their sister, & their Brother;
 And every one shall haue such loue to other,
 Of others gloze and joy they shall reioyce,
 As of their owne, as Clarkes doe suppose.

Then shall be seene that bright Ierusalem,
 Which Iohn saw in his Reuelation:
 The mortall men, alas, are soze to blame,
 That will not haue consideration,
 And a continuall contemplation,
 With hote desire to come into that gloze,
 Which pleasure shall endure soz euermore,

O LORD, our GOD, and King Omnipotent,
 Which knew ere thou the heauen & earth creat,
 Who would to thee be disobedient,
 And so deserue soz to be reprobate.
 Thou knewst the number of Predestinate,
 Whom thou didst call, and hast them justified,
 And shall in Heauen with thee be glorified,

Grant vs to be, LORD, of that chosen sozt,
 Which of thy mercie superexcellent,
 Didst purifie, as Scripture doth report,
 With the blood of that holy Innocent,
 IESVS, which made himselfe obedient,
 Unto the death, and starned on the Rod,
 Let vs, O LORD, bee purged with that Blood,

All Creatpres that euer GOD created,
 As writeth Paul, they wish to see that Day.
 When

When the Children of GOD predestinate,
 Shall doe appeare in their new fresh array:
 When corruption be's cleansed quite away,
 And changed be's their mortall qualitie,
 In the great gloze of Immortalitie.

And moreover, all things corporall,
 Under the Concaue of the Heauens Empire,
 That not to labour subject are and th' all:
 Sun, Moone, & Stars, Earth, Water, Aire & Fire,
 In a manner they haue an hote desire:
 Wishing that Day, that they may be at rest,
 As Erasmus expoundeth manifest.

Woe see the great Globe of the Firmament,
 Continually in mouing maruellous:
 The seuen Planets contrarie their intent,
 Are rest about with course contrarious:
 The wind and sea, with stormes furious,
 The troubled Aire, with frowles, Snow & Raine,
 Untill that day they trauell ay in paine.

And all the Angels of the Order nine,
 Hauing compassion on our miseries:
 They wish after that day, and to that fine,
 To see vs freed from our Infirmities,
 And cleansed from these great calamities,
 And troublous life, which neuer shall haue end,
 Untill that Day, I make it to thee kend.

An Exhortation giuē by Father *Experience*,
vnto his Sonne the *Courteour*.

MY son, noth marke well in thy memozy,
Of this false worlde troubles transitory,
Whose dreadfull dayes do dra w'nēer an
The call on God to be thy aduisory, (end
And euery day, my sonne, memento mori,
And wotst not when, nor where y thou shalt twend,
Here to remaine I pray thee not pretend:
And since thou knowst the time is verie short,
In CHRISTs blood let all thy whole comfort,

Be not too much solist in temporall things.
Since thou perceinst, Hope, Empero: no: Kings,
Into the Earth haue no place permanent;
Thou seest y death them dolesully down thzings,
And reaues them frō their rents, riches, & reignes:
Therefoze on CHRIST confirme thy whole intent,
And of thy calling be right well content:
Then GOD that sēdeth the Fowles of the Aire,
All needfull things hee shall for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
Ay since the worlde's first Creation,
Hankinde hath suffred this miserie moztall:
Ay tormented with tribulation,
With Dolour, Dread, and Desolation.
Gentiles, and chosen people of Israel,
To this unhap are all subject and thzall:
Which miserie no doubt shall ener endure,
Till the last Day (my sonne) thereof bee sure.

That

That Day, as I haue made Narration,
 Shall be the Day of Consolation,
 To all the Childzen of the chosen number:
 There ended bees their desolation;
 And eke I make thee supplication,
 In earthly matters take thee no more cumber,
 Dread not to die, for Death is but a slumber:
 Live a iust life, and with ioyous heart:
 And of thy goods take pleasantly thy part.

Of our talking now let vs make an end:
 Behold how Phoebus downward doth descend,
 Toward his Pallace in the Occident:
 Dame Cynthia I see shee doth pretend,
 Into her warrie Region to ascend,
 With visage pale into the Orient:
 The Dew now donkes the Roses redolent:
 The Parigolds that all day were rejoyced,
 At Phoebus heat, now crackily are closed.

The blisfull Birds are bounding to the trees,
 And ceases from their heavenly Harmonies:
 The Cornecraske in the Croft I heare her cry:
 The Backe, the Howlet, fable of their eyes,
 For their Pastime now in the Euening flie:
 The Nightingale with mirthfull melodie,
 Her naturall notes doe pierce vp through the sky,
 To Cynthia, making her obseruance,
 Which on the Night doth take her dalliance.

I see Pole Articke in the North appeare,
 And Venus rising with her beames cleare:
 Wherefore (my sonne) I hold it time to goe.
 Would GOD (said I) you did remaine all yeare,

That I might of your Heauenly lessons leare;
 Of your departing I am very woe.
 Take patience (said hee) it must be so:
 Perchance I shall retorne with diligence.
 Thus I departed from Experienc,

And sped me home, with heart sighing full sore,
 And entred in my quiet Oratoze.
 I tooke Paper, and there began to write,
 This miserie, as you haue heard before.
 All gentle Readers heartly I imploze,
 For to excuse my rucall rude endite:
 Though Pharaees would haue at mee despite,
 Which would not that their craftines were kend:
 Let GOD be Iudge, and so I make an end,

Finis quod LINDESAÿ.

THE





THE TESTAMENT
and Complaint of our Soueraigne Lord,
King *James* the fifth, his *Papingo*, lying
fore wounded, and may not die, till
euery man haue heard what shee sayes.

VWherefore, gentle Readers, haste you,
that shee may bee out of paine.

COMPILED BY SIR
David Lindefay of the MOUNT,
Knight, aliàs *Lyon King of Armes.*
Livor post Fata quiescit.

THE PROLOGVE.

Although I had ingine Angelicall,
With sapience more thā Solomonical,
I note what matter put in memorie,
The Poets olde in stile heroicall,
In bryefe and subtile tearmes Rhetoricall,
Of enery Matter, Tragedie and Storie,
So ornately to their high laude and glōrie.
Haue done endite, whose supream Saptence,
Transcendeth farre the dull intelligence,

Of Poets now into our vulgare tongue:
For why? the Bell of Rhetoricke beene rung,
By Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat:

Who dare presume these Poets to impung;
 Whose sweet sentence through Albion bene sung;
 Or who can now the workes counterfalte,
 Of Kennedie, with tearmes aureate?
 Of wise Dumbar, who language had at large,
 As may be lerne into his Golden Targe.

Quintin, Mercer, Rowl, Henderson, Hay, & Holland,
 Though they be dead, their Libels are liu and:
 Which to rehearse makes Readers to reioyce,
 Alas, for one that lampe was in this Land,
 Of Eloquence the flowing balmie Strand,
 And in our English Rhetoricke the Rose:
 As of Rubies the Carbuncle is chose:
 And as Phœbus doth Cynthia precell,
 So Gawin Dowglas Bishop of Dunkell,

Had, when hee was into this Land on liue,
 Aboue bulgare Poets Pzerogatiue,
 Both in Practicke and Speculation:
 I say no more, good Readers may descriue,
 His worthie workes in number moe than flue:
 And specially the true Translation,
 Of Virgill, which beane consolation,
 To cunning men to know his great ingine,
 As well in naturall Science as diuine.

And in the Court bene present in these dayes,
 That Ballats, Brieues, lustilp and Layes,
 Which to our Prince daylie they doe present:
 Who can say more than Sir Iames English sayes,
 In Ballats, Farles, and in pleasant Playes?
 But Culros hath his penne made impotent,
 Kid in Cunning, and Practicke right prudent.

And

And Stewart, who desires a stately stile,
Full of orate workes daylie does compile,

Stewart of Lorne will carpe right curiously,
Galbraith Kinloch, when they list them apply,
Into that Arte are craftie of ingine:
But now of late is start by hastily,
A cunning Clarke, which writeth craftily,
A plant of Poets, called Ballandine,
Whose orate Writs my wits cannot define:
Get he into the Court authoritie,
He will precell Quintine and Kennedie.

So though I had ingine, as I haue none,
I know not what to write, by swēt saint Iohn:
For why? in all the Earth of Eloquence,
Is nothing left, but barren stocke and stone:
The polite tearmes are pulled euery one,
By these sozenamed Poets of prudence:
And since I finde none other new sentence,
I shall declare ere I depart you fro,
The complaint of a wounded Papingo.

Wherefore, because my matter is but rude,
Of sentence and of Rhetorick denude,
To rurall folke my writing is directed,
Far seemed from the sight of men of good:
For cunning men I know will soone conclude,
It nothing doles but for to be defected.
And when I heare my matter is detracted,
Then shall I sweare I made it but in molles,
To Landwart Lasses that milke þe kine & Cwes.

The Complaint of the *Papingo*.

Ho climes too high, perforce his feet must
 Expreime I shall y by Experirnce (saile,
 If y thou please to heare a piteous tale,
 How a faire Bird by satall violence,
 Deuoured was, and might make no defence,
 Contrare the Death, so failed naturall strength,
 As after I shall shew you at moze length.

A *Papingo*, right pleasant and perfitte,
 Presented was to our most noble King:
 Of whom his Grace a long time had delitte:
 More faire in forme, I twot, flew neuer on wing.
 This proper Bird he gaue in gouerning,
 To mee, which was his simple seruiture:
 On whom I did my diligence and cure,

To learne her language artificiall,
 To play plat-foot, and whiffell-foot besoze:
 But of her inclination naturall,
 Shee counterfaiete all fowles lesse and moze:
 Of her courage she would without my loze,
 Sing like the Perle, and crow like the Cocke,
 Pew like the Gled, and chant like the Lanerocke:

Barke like a Dog, and kekble like a Ka,
 Blaitt like an Hog, and buller like a Bull:
 Gaill like a Cooke, and weepe when shee was wa,
 Climbe on a Cord, and laugh, and play the wole:
 Shee might haue bene a Minstrell against Pole.
 This blessed Bird was to mee so pleasand,
 Where euer I sure, I bare her on mine hand,

And

And so besell into a mirthfull Nozrow,
 Into my Earth I pass, me to repose:
 This Bird and I, as we were wont besozrow;
 Among the flowres fresh fragrant and tozrose,
 My vitall spirits duely did resoyce.
 When Phœbus rose, and raue the Cloudes sable,
 Thzough bzightnesse of his beames amiable.

Withouth vapour was well purificate,
 The temperate Aire, soft, sober and serene:
 The Earth by Nature so edificate,
 With wholesome herbes, blew, white, red, & græn,
 Which elenate my spirit from the spleene:
 That day Saturne noz Mars durst not appeare,
 Noz Eole from his Cane he durst not steare.

That day perforce behoued to bee faire,
 By Influence and Course celesttall:
 No Planet pzeassed soz to perturbe the Aire:
 For Mercurie by morning naturall,
 Cralted was into the Throne triumphall,
 Of his Mansion, into the sixteenth græ,
 In his owne soueratigne Signe of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus pleasantly depart,
 From Gemini, and entred into Cancer:
 That day Cupido did extend his dart:
 Venus that day consoyned with Iupiter:
 That day Neptunus hid him like a sker:
 That day Dame Nature with great businesse,
 Furthered Flora to shew her craftnesse.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
 And Cynthia in sagitare alleased:

That

THE COMPLAINT,
That day Dame Ceres, Goddesse of the Corne,
Full iofully Iohn Vpon-land she pleased:
The bad aspect of Saturne was appeased,
That day by Iuno, of Iupiter the soy,
Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy.

The sound of Birds surmounting all the Skies,
With melodie of Notes muscally:
The Balme Droppes of Dew Tican by dyes,
Hanging vpon the tender twists small:
The heauenly Hew and Sound angelicall,
Such perfect pleasure printed in mine heart,
That with great pain fro thence I might depart.

So still among those herbes amiable,
I did remaine a space for my pastance:
But worldly pleasure is so variable,
Wired with sorrow, Dread, and Inconstance,
That thereinto is no continuance:
So might I say, my short solace, alace,
Was driuen in dolour in a little space.

For in y^e Earth among those fragrant flowers,
Walking alone, none but my Bird and I,
Vnto the time that I had said mine houres,
This Bird I set vpon a Branch mee by:
But she began to speale right speedily,
And in that tree shee did so high ascend,
That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet Bird (said I) beware, mount not so hie,
Returne in time, perchance thy seete may sailye,
Thou art right fat, and not well bled to lie,
The greedie Gled, I dread thee thee assailye:
I will (said shee) Vailye quod Vailye,

It is my kinde, to climbe ay to the hight,
Of feather and bone, I wot well I am twight.

So on the highest little tender twist,
With wing displayde shee late full wantonly:
But Boreas blew a blast ere ever shee twist,
Which brake the B:ance, and blew her suddenly
Downe to the ground, with many carefull cry:
Upon a stub shee lighted on her bzeast,
The blood rñgt out, and she cryde for a P:est.

GOD wote if then mine heart was woe begone;
To see that foule sighter among the Flowres,
Which with great murning gā to make her mone;
Now comming are (said she) the satall houres,
Of bitter Death now must I thole the howres;
O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me leasure to speake a little space,

For to complaine my Fate infortunate,
And to dispoñe my Goods ere I depart.
Since of all comfort I am dololate,
Alone, except the Death heere with his Dart,
With a wfull cheare ready to pierce mine heart:
And wth that word shee toke a passion:
Then flatlings fell: and swapped into swoon.

With soze heart pierced with compassion,
And salt teares distilling from mine eene,
To heare that Birds lamentation:
I did approach vnder an Hatothorne grēne:
Where I might heare and see, and be vnseene;
And when this Birde had swooned twise o: thise,
Shee began to speake, saying on this wise,

False Fortune, why hast thou me beguylde?
 This day at morne, who knew this carefull case?
 Mine Hope, through thee my Reason was exylde,
 Having such trust into thy lained face:
 That euer I was brought to the Court, alace:
 Had I in Forrest slowne among my færes,
 I might full well haue liued many yæres.

Pudent counsell, alas, I did refuse,
 Against reason vsing mine appetite:
 Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
 That Eolus had mee at great despise.
 Poets of mee haue matter to endite,
 Which clambe so high, and woe is me therefore,
 Not doubting that the Death durst me deuore.

This day at morne my forme and fethers faire,
 Aboue the proud Peacocke was precelling:
 And now a catine Carion full of care,
 Bathing in blood down from mine heart distilling,
 And in mine eare the bell of Death is knelling:
 A World so false, and changeable felicitie!
 Fly on thy Wyde, Avarice and immundicite.

In thee I see nothing is permanent:
 Of thy short solace sorrow is the end:
 Thy false infortunate gifts bene to vs lent:
 This day full proud, the morne nothing to spend.
 Oh, yæ that doe pretend ay to ascend,
 My fatal end haue in remembrance,
 And you defend from this vnhappie chance.

Whether that I was stricken in Extasie,
 Or through a strong imagination:

But

But it appeared in my fantasie,
 I heard this dolent lamentation:
 Thus dulsed into desolation,
 We thought this Bird did bziene in her manner,
 Her counsell to the King, as yē shall heare.

The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed
 to King *James* the fifth.

Wepotent Prince, pēerlesse of pulchritude,
 Gloze, Honor, Land, Triumph & Victorie,
 Be to thine high excellent Cellitude,
 With partiall dēdes digne of memorie:
 Since Atropus consumed hath my gloze,
 And dolent Death, alas, must vs depart,
 I leaue to thee my true vnfaigned heart.

Together With this Cedull subsequent,
 With most reuerent recommendation:
 I grant, thy Grace gets many document,
 By famous Fathers predication,
 With many notable Parratton,
 By pleasant Poets in stile heroicall,
 How thou shouldst guide thy Seat imperfall.

Some doe deploze the great calamities,
 Of diuerse Realmes the transmutation:
 Some piteously doe treat of Tragedies,
 All for thy Graces information:
 So I intend but adulation,
 Into my barren rusticall Indite,
 Among the rest (Sfr) something for to write.

So

Soueraigne, conceiue this simple similitude,
 Of Officers seruing thy Seneyorie,
 Who guides the wel, get at thy grace great good,
 Who are vnjust, degraded are of glozie,
 And cancellate out of thy memozie,
 Prouiding then moze pleasant in their place:
 Belæue right so, shall GOD doe with thy Grace,

Consider well thou beene Officere,
 And Massall to that King incomparable:
 Deale thou to please y^e puissant Prince preclare,
 Thy rich reward shall be inestimable,
 Exalted high in gloze interminable,
 Aboue Archangels, vertuous Potestates,
 Pleasantly placed among the Principates.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetually,
 Shall make mention vntill the World be ended:
 If thou exerce thine office prudently,
 In heauen & earth thy grace shall be commended:
 Wherefore esteare that hee bee not offended,
 Which hath exalted thee to such honour,
 Of his people to bee a Gouernour:

And in the Earth hath made such ordinance,
 Under thy seete all things terrestriall,
 Are subject to thy pleasure and pastance:
 Both Fowles, and Fish, and Beasts passio:all:
 Open to thy seruice and women they are thrall:
 Hauking, Hunting, Armes and lawfull Armour,
 Preordinate by GOD for thy pleasure.

Maisters of Musicke to recreate thy spirit,
 With daunted voyce and pleasant Instrument:
 Thus

Thus mayst thou bee of all pleasures repleet,
 If in thy office thou be diligent:
 But bee thou sound slouthfull and negligent,
 Or vnjust in thy execution,
 Thou shalt not saile diuine punition.

Wherefore, since thou hast such capacittie,
 To learne to play so pleasantly, and sing,
 Ride horse, runne speares with great audacittie;
 Shoot with hand-bow, crof-bow and culuering:
 Among the rest (Sir) learne to be a King,
 Lpth on that Craft thy pregnant fresh ingine,
 Granted to thee by Influence diuine.

And since the definition of a King,
 Is for to haue of people gonernance:
 Adresse thee first, aboue all other thing,
 To put thy body to such ordinance,
 That thy vertue thy honour may aduance:
 For how should Princes governe their Regions,
 That cannot duely guide their owne persons?

And if thy Grace would liue right pleasantly,
 Call thy Counsell, and cast on them the cure:
 Their iust Decrees defend and fortifie:
 Without good counsel, may no Prince long endure:
 Work with counsell, then shall thy worke be sure;
 Choose thy Counsell of the most sapient,
 Without regard to Blood, Riches, or Rent.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
 Now in thy adolescent yeeres young,
 Wouldst thou each day studie but halfe an houre,
 The regiment of princely governing,

To thy people it were a pleasant thing:
 There mightst thou finde thine owne vocation,
 How thou should vse thy scepter, sword & Crown.

The Chronicles to knowe I thee exhort,
 Which may bee mirror to thy Majestie:
 There shalt thou finde both good and euill report,
 Of euery Prince after his qualitie:
 Though they be dead, yet their works shall not die:
 Trust well thou shalt be filled in that Storie,
 As thou deservest, be put in memorie.

Request that Roy which rent was on the Rode,
 That to defend from deedes of defame:
 That no Poet report of thee but good:
 For Princes dayes endure but as a Dreame:
 Since first King Fergus bare a Diademe,
 Thou art the last King of finescore and five,
 And all are dead, and none but thou on liue:

Of whose number fiftie and five were slaine,
 And most part in their owne misgouernance:
 Wherefore I thee beseech my Soueraigne,
 Consider of their liues the Circumstance:
 And whē thou knowest y^e cause of their mischance,
 On Vertue then exalt thy selfe on hie,
 Trusting on GOD to escape that Deslinie.

Treate each true Baron, as he were thy brother,
 Which must at neede, thee and thy Realme defend:
 When suddenly one doth oppresse another,
 Let Justice mixt with mercie them amend.
 Hane thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:

And by the contrare, thou art but King of bone,
From time thine Hetres hearts are fro thee gone.

I haue no leasure soz to write at length,
My whole intent vnto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in Wit and Strength,
My mortall wound dotz me such violence:
People of mee may haue experience,
Because, alas, I was incounsellable,
Now must I die a Cattue miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo,
directed to his Brethren of Court.

Brethꝛe of Court, with mind precordial,
To y great God heartily I comend you:
Impzint my fall in your memoriall,
Together with this Cedul y I send you.
To prease ouer high, I pray you not pretend you:
The vaine ascense of Court who will consider,
Who sits most high, shal find his seat most slender.

So ye that now beene lanching vp the Ladder,
Take heed in time, fastning your fingers fast:
Who climis most hie, most dint hath of y weather,
And least defence against the bitter blast,
Of false Fortune, which neuer taketh rest,
But most redoubted daylie she obstone thzings,
Not sparing Popes, Emperours, nor Kings.

Though ye be mounted vp aboue the Skyes,
And haue both King and Court in Couernance,
Some were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
Complaining soze the Courts variance:

D

Their

Their preferred time may be Experience,
Which thzogh vaine hope of Court did clim so hie,
Then lacked wings when they thought best to flie.

Since each Court is vntrust and transitorie,
Changing as oft as Weather cocke in winde:
Making some glad, and other some right sorie:
For most this day, the morne may goe behinde:
Let not vaine hope of Court your Reason blinde:
Trust wel some men will giue you lands as Lords,
That would be glad to see you hang on cordes.

I durst declare the miserabilitie,
Of diuerse Courts, were not my time is short:
The dreadfull Change Vaine-gloze and vilitie,
The painfull pleasure, as Poets doe report:
Sometime in Hope, sometime in Discomfourt:
And how some mē do spend their youth-hood haill,
In Court, then ends into the Hospitaill.

How some in Court are quiet Counsellers,
Without regard to Common-weale of Kings:
Casting their cure for to bee Conquerers.
And when they were high raised in their Reignes,
How chāge of court them dolesully down thrings:
And when they beene from their estate deposed,
How many of their fall beene right rejoyced.

And how fond fained soles and flatterers,
For small seruice obtaine oft great rewards:
Banders, Bickethankes, Culltrons, & Clatterers,
Lotwyes bp frō Lads, the lights amōg the Lards:
Blasphemators, Beggars, and common Bards,
Sometime in Court haue more authoritie,
Than do note Doctors of Diuinitie.

How in some Court beene baifnes of Beliel,
 Full of dissimulate painted flatterie:
 Prouoking by intoricate counsell,
 Princes to whozedome and to harlotrie:
 Who doe in Princes print such basartrie,
 I say for mee, such peart prouocatours,
 Should punisht be aboue all strong Traitors.

What trauell, trouble, and calamitie,
 Haue bene in Court within these hundred yeers:
 What mortall changes, and what miserie?
 What noble men bene brought vpon their Wers?
 Trust wel my friends, follow you must your seers.
 So since in Court beene no tranquillitie,
 Set not on it your whole felicitie.

The Court changes oftentimes with such outrage,
 That few or none may make resistance:
 And spares not the Prince more than the Page,
 As well appeareth by Experience:
 The Duke of Rothsey, might make no defence,
 Which was pertaining Roy of this Region,
 But dolefully deuoured in prison.

What Dread, what Dolour had that noble King,
 Robert the third, when once he knew the case,
 Of his two sonnes the dolefull departing:
 Prince David dead, and Iames captiue, alas,
 To true Scotsmen which was a carefull case.
 Thus may you know the Courts barland,
 When blood Royal y change may not gainstand.

Who reigne in Court more high & triumphand,
 No Duke Murdock, while that his days endured?

Was hee not great Protector of Scotland?
 Yet of the Court hee was not well assured,
 It changes so: his long service was smored:
 Hee and his sonne faire Walter but remead,
 Forfaulted were, and put to dolesull Dead.

King James the first, the patterne of Prudence,
 Gemme of ingine, and pearle of Policie,
 Well of justice, and flood of Eloquence,
 Whose vertue doth transcend my fantasie,
 For to describe: yet when hee stood most hie,
 By false exorbitant conspiration,
 That prudent Prince was piteously put downe.

And James the second, Roy of great renoune,
 Being in his super-excellent gloze,
 Through rattlese shooting of a great Canon,
 The dolent Death, alas, did him deuore.
 One thing hath bene, of which I maruell more,
 That Fortune had at him such mortall fead,
 Through fiftie thousand to waile him by the head.

Mine heart is pierced with paines for to pance,
 Of wite that Courts variation,
 Of James the third: when hee had gouernance,
 The dolour, Dread and desolation:
 The change of Court, and Conspiration:
 And how that Cochrane with his companie,
 That time in Court clambe so presumptuously.

It had bene good these bairns had not bene bozne,
 By whom that noble Prince was so abused:
 They grew as did the Weede aboue the Corne:
 That prudent Lordes counsell was refused,
 And held him quiet, as he had bene included:

Alas, that Prince by their abusion:
Was finally brought to confusion.

They clambe so high, and got such audience,
And with their Prince grew so familiare,
His germane brethren might get no presence:
The Duke of Albanie and the Earle of Mar,
Like banisht men were holden at the Bar,
Till in the King there grew such mortall fead,
Hee slew the Duke, and put the Earle to dead.

Thus Cochrane with his catine companie,
Forced them to flee, but yet they wanted sedders,
Aboue the high Cedars of Libanie:
They clamb so high til they lap ouer their ledgers
On Lawder Bridge, then kepped were in tedders:
Strangled to death, they got no other grace:
Their King captiue, which was a carefull case.

To put in wite the Fate infortunate,
And mortall Change, perturbeth mine ingine:
My wit beene weake, my fingers fatigate,
To dite or wite the rancour, and ruine,
The ciuile warre, the battell intestine,
How that the sonne with banner broad displayed,
Against the father in battall came arrayed.

Would God, y day that prince had bene cosorted,
With sapience of the prudent Salomon,
And with the strength of Samson beene supported,
With the bold boast of the great Agamemnon:
What should I wish? remedie there was none,
No more a King with Scepter, Sword, & Crown,
Nor night a dead desoymed Carion.

Alas, where is that right redoubted Roy?
 That potent Prince, gentle King lames the feld,
 I pray to CHRIST, his soule soz to conuoy:
 A greater Noble neuer reigne on the Eird:
 O Atropus, warte may wee thy weird;
 For he was mirrour of humilitie,
 Leadstarre and Lampe of liberalitie.

During his time so Justice did preuall,
 The sanage Fles trembled soz terrour:
 Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annandale;
 Durst not rebell, doubting his dints dour:
 And of his Lords had such perfect fauour.
 So soz to them that he appeard not one,
 Out throgg his Realme he wouid ride him alone.

And of his Court throught Europe sprang y same,
 Of lustie Lords, and tender Ladies ying:
 Triumphat Tournayes, iusting & knightly game,
 With all pastime according soz a King.
 He was the gloze of princely gouerning:
 Who throught his ardent loue he had to France,
 Against England did moue his Ordinance.

Of Flowden field the ruine so renolue,
 O that most dolent day soz to deplore,
 I nill soz dread, lest dolour you dissolue,
 Shew how that Prince in his triumphant gloze,
 Destroyed was, what needeth processe more?
 Not by the vertue of English Ordinance,
 But by his owne wilfull misgouernance.

Alas, that day had hee bene counsellable,
 He had obtainde laude, gloze, and victorie:
 Whople piteous processe bene so lamentable,

I soke for to put in memorie:
 I neuer reade in Tragedie nor Storie,
 At one iourney so many Nobles slaine,
 For the defence and lone of their Soueraigne.

Now, Brethren, marke in your remembrance,
 A mirrour of those mutabilitie:
 So may ye know the Courts inconstance,
 When Princes are thus pulled from their Sees:
 After whose death what strange aduersities,
 What great misrule into this Region rang.
 What our yōg Prince could neither speak nor gāg.

During his tender youth and innocence,
 What stouth, what reaf, what murder & mischāce
 There was not else but wreaking and vengeance,
 Into that Court, there reigne such variance:
 Diuerse Rulers made diuerse ordinance:
 Sometime our Quēne reigne in authoritie:
 Sometime the prudent Duke of Albanie,

Sometime the Realme was ruled by Regents,
 Sometime Henetenants leaders of the Law:
 Then reigne so many Disobedients,
 That few or none stood of another aw:
 Oppression did so loude his Bogle blaw,
 That none durst ride but into feare of warre,
 Iohn Vpon-land that time did losse his share.

Who was more high in honour eleuate,
 Than was Margret, our high & mightie Princesse?
 Such power was to her appropriate,
 Of King and Realme that she was gouernesse:
 Yet came a change within a short processe:

That pearle preclare. that lustie pleasant Dufene,
Long time into that Court durst not bee sene.

The Archbishop of S. Androes, Iames Beton,
Chancellor and Primate, in power pastorall,
Clambe next the King most in this Region:
The ladder shooke, he lap, and got a fall;
Authoritie noz power spirituall,
Riches, friendship, might not that time preuaile,
When Dame Curia began to stir her taile.

His high prudence anallde him not a mife,
That time the Court bare him such mortall leade;
As prisoner they kept him in despite,
And sometime wist not where to hide his head:
But dilaguised like Iohn the Keafe hee yead:
Had not bene Hope bare him such companie,
Hee had bene strangled by Melancholie.

What cumber & care was in the Court of France,
When King Francis was taken prisoner:
The Duke of Burbone amidst his Ordinance,
Died at one stroke, right baillful brought on Bære.
The Court of Rome that time ran all ariere,
When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
The noble Cite put to confusion.

In England who had greater gouernance,
Than their triumphant courtly Cardinall?
The Common-weale some sayes hee did aduance,
By equall Justice both to great and small:
There was no Prelate vnto him peregall.
Englishmen say, had hee reigne longer space,
Hee had deposed satne Peter of his place.

His

His princely pompe nor Papall grauitie,
 His Palace royall, rich and radious,
 Nor yet the flood of superfluitie,
 Of his Riches, nor trauell tedious,
 When once Dame Curia held him odious,
 Quailed him not his pꝛudence most profound,
 The Ladder brake, and he fell to the ground.

Where beene the doughtie Carles of Dowglaste,
 Which royally into this Region rang?
 Foresault and Aine, what needeth more proceſſe?
 The Earle of March was marshalled them among;
 Dame Curia them dolefully downe thꝛong.
 And now of late who clamb more high among vs,
 Than did Archibald, sometime the Earle of Angus?

Who with the Prince, was more familiare?
 Nor of his grace had more authoritie?
 Was hee not great Wardane and Chancellare?
 Yet when hee stood vpon the highest græ,
 Trusting nothing but perpetuitie,
 Was suddenly deposed from his place,
 Foresault and flæmed, he got no other grace.

Wherefore trust not into authoritie,
 My deare Brethren, I pray you heartfully:
 Presume not in your vaine prosperitie;
 Confirm your trust in GOD aliterly,
 Syne serue your Prince with heart entire truely:
 And when ye see the Court is at the best,
 I counsell you, then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant Court of Troy?
 Or Alexander, with his twelue prudent Pæres?

Of Iulius that right redoubted Roy:
 Agamemnon most wortbie in his weeres;
 To shew their fine my frayed heart effeeres,
 Some murdered were, some popsoned piteously:
 Their carefull Courts disper sed dolefully.

Trust well, there is no constant Court but one,
 Where CHRIST is King, whose time intermtable,
 And high triumphant gloze shall neuer be gone:
 That quiet Court mirthfull and immutable,
 Without variance stands ay firme and stable:
 Dissimulance, flatterie, noz false report,
 Into that Court shall neuer get resort.

Trust well, my friends, this is no fained Fare:
 For who that is in the Extreame of Dead,
 The Veritie, doubtlesse, they should declare,
 Without regarde to fauour or to lead.
 While ye haue time, deare brethren, make remead:
 Adeu soz euer, of mee ye get no moze,
 Beseeching GOD to bring you to his gloze.

Adeu Edinburgh, thou high triumphant Town.
 In whose Bounds right mirthfull I haue bene:
 Of true Merchants the root of this Region,
 Most readie to receiue Court, King, and Quene.
 Thy Politie and Justice may be seene:
 Where Devotion, Wisedome, and Honestie,
 And Credence lost, they might be found in thee.

Adeu faire Snadowne, with thy Towers hie,
 Thy Chappell royall, Parke, and Table round:
 May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
 Where I a man to heare the Birds Sound,
 Which

Which doth against thy Royall Roch resound.
 Ade to Lithgow, whose palace of pleasance,
 Might be a patterne in Portugall or France.

Farewell Falkland, the fortreffe sure of Fife,
 Thy polite Parke vnder the Lowmond L. aw:
 Sometime in thee I led a lustie life,
 Thy fallow Deere to see them rake and rase.
 Court-men to come to thee they stand great awe:
 Saying, thy Burgh beane of all Bozrowes baill,
 Because in thee they neuer got good Aill.

The communing betweene the *Papingo*,
 and her holy Executours.

He by perceiv'd the *Papingo* in paine,
 He lighted downe, & sained him to greet:
 Sister (said he) alas, who hath you slaine?
 I pray you make proutise for your saine:
 Dispoone your goods, and you confesse compleate:
 I haue power by your contrition,
 Of all your misse to giue you full remission.

I am (said hee) a Channon regulare,
 And of my brethren I: your principall:
 My white rocket, my cleane life doth declare;
 The blacke is of the Death memoziell:
 Wherefore I thinke your gods naturall,
 Should be submitted whole vnto my cure:
 Pee know, I am an holy Creature.

The Katten came rotwiping whē he heard h rare:
 So did the Gled with many a piteous petw,
 And sainedly they counterfaieted great care:
 Sister (said they) your racklesnesse we reu:

Now

How best it is our counsell ye ensew:
 Since we pretend to high promotion,
 Religious men of great Denotion,

I am a blacke Monke, said the rutling Raven,
 So said the Gled, I am an holy Frier,
 And haue power to bring you quicke to Heauen:
 It is well knowne, my conscience beene cleare,
 The blacke Bible pronounce I shall perquier,
 So to your brethren you will giue some good:
 GOD wote if wee had neede of liues food.

The Wapingo said, Father by the Rood,
 Albeit your rayment be religious like,
 Your conscience I suspect it be not good:
 I did perceiue when priuily ye did pike,
 A Chicken from an Henne vnder a dike.
 I grant (said hee) that Henne she was my friend,
 And I that Chicken tooke but for my Tiend.

You know, the Faith by vs must be sufficient,
 So by the Hope it is preordinate,
 That spiritual men should liue vpon their Tiend:
 But well I wote, you beene predestinate,
 In your extreames to be so fortunate,
 To haue such consolation,
 Wherefore we make you exhortation:

Since Dame Nature hath granted you such grace
 Leasure to make confession generall:
 Shew forth your sin in time while you haue space
 Then of your goods make a memorfall,
 Wee three shall make your Feast funerall:
 And with great blisse burie we shall your bones,
 When Trentalls twentie trattle all at ones.

The Kukes shall reare, & men shall on them reio,
 And cry *Cominemoratio animarum*,
 We shall make Chickens pépe & Gaislings peto,
 Although the Gæse & Hens should make alarum:
 And we shall serue *secundum vltim Sarum*,
 And make you safe, wæ finde salnet Blase to brygh,
 Crying for you the carefull Cozinogh.

And we shall sing about your Sepulture,
S. Mungoes Matines, and the Hækle Cræde:
 And then deuotely say, I you assure,
 The olde *Placebo* backward on the Beed,
 And we shall weare for you the mourning wæd:
 And though your spirit with *Pluto* were possesst,
 Donotely shall your *Dirigie* be drest.

Father (said thee) your sacund words saire,
 Full sore I dread, bee contrare to your deedes:
 The Villages of the Villages cryes with care,
 Whē they perceine ye mow orelbwart their mæds
 Your false cōceit both Duckes & Drake sore dreads
 I maruell soothly, that ye be not ashamed,
 For your default, beeing so sore defamed.

It doth abbo:re my poze perturbed spirit,
 To make to you any confession:
 I heare men say, you are an hypocrite,
 Exempted from the Senyle and the Session:
 To put my goods in your possession,
 That will I not, so helpe mee Dame Nature,
 For for my Corps I will giue you no cure.

But had I heere the noble Ringhtingall,
 The gentle Jay, the Herle and Turtle trefw,

My obsequies and Feasts funerall,
 Order they would with Notes of the Petw.
 The pleasant Downe most Angell-like of Hetw;
 Would GOD I were with him this day confest,
 And my deuise duely by him aduizest.

The mirthfull Hauise, with the gay Goldspinke,
 The lustie Larke, would GOD they were present:
 Mine Infortune, so; sooth, they would sozthinke,
 And comfort mee that beene so impotent:
 The swift Swallow in Practicke most prudent,
 I know thee would my bleeding Stanche belue,
 With her most vertuous Stone restringitie.

Count mee the Case vnder confession,
 The Gled said proudly to the Dapingo:
 And wee shall sweare by our profession,
 Counsell to keepe, and shew it to no mo:
 Wee thee beseech ere thou depart vs fro,
 Declare to vs some causes reasonable,
 Why wee are holden so abhominable.

By thy trauell thou hast experience,
 First beeing bred into the Orient:
 Then by thy good seruice and diligence,
 To Princes made here in the Occident:
 Thou knowst the bulgare peoples judgement,
 Where thou transcurred the hote Meridionall,
 Then next the Pole the plage Septentrionall.

So by thine high Inguine superlatiue,
 Of all Countries thou knowst the qualities:
 Wherefore I thee curse by GOD on line,
 The Veritie declare withoutten lies,
 What thou hast heard by Lands, or by Seas,

Of vs Church-men, both good and euill report,
And how they iudge, shew vs, wee thee exhort.

Father (said she) I cattine Creature,
Dare not presume with such matter to mell:
Of your cases, ye know, I haue no cure,
Demand them which in prudence doe excell:
I may not pete, my paines beene so sell:
Also perchance ye will not stand content,
To know the bulgare peoples judgement.

Yet will the Death alyte withdraw his dart:
All that lyeth in my memorie all,
I shall declare with true vnsained heart:
And first I say to you in generall,
The common people saith, ye bee all,
Degenerate from your holy Primitiues;
As testifies the processe of your liues.

Of your pearlesse prudent Predecessours,
The beginning, I grant, was very good:
Apostles, Martyres, Virgines, Confessours,
The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
Was heard ouer all the world, by land and flood:
Planting the Faith by predication,
As CHRIST had made to them narration.

To fortifie the Faith, they toke no feare,
Before Princes preaching fall prudently:
Of dolorous Death they doubted not the deare,
The Merittie declaring seruenly:
And martyrdom they suffered patiently:
They toke no care of Land, Riches, nor Kent,
Doctrine and Death were both equiualent.

To

To thew their woꝝks at length were great woꝛder
 Whose miracles they were so manifeſt:
 In ſhewe of CHRIST they healed many hunder,
 Raiſing the dead, and purging the poſſeſſ.
 With petuerſe ſpirits which had bene oppreſſ:
 The crooked ranne, the blind men got their eene,
 The deafe men heard, & lepers were made cleane.

The Prelates ſpouſed were with pouertie,
 Into thoſe dayes when they flouriſht with fame:
 And with her genered Ladie Chafſitie,
 And Dame Deuotion notable of ſhame:
 Humble they were, ſimple, and full of ſhame:
 Thus Chafſitie and Dame Deuotion,
 Were principall cauſe of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this liſe diuine,
 Ay till there reigned in Romes great Citie,
 A potent Prince, was named Conſtantine,
 Perceined the Church had ſpouſed pouertie:
 With good intent, and moued with pitie,
 Cauſe of Diuorſe hee put betweene them two,
 And parted them withoutten woꝛds mo.

Then ſhortly with a great ſolemnitie,
 Withoutten any diſpenſation,
 The Church hee ſpouſed with Dame Propertie,
 Which haſtily by proclamation,
 To Pouertie cauſde make narration,
 Under the paine of piercing of her eene.
 That with the Church ſhee neuer ſhould be ſeene.

S. Sylueſter that tyme reign'd Pope in Rome,
 Which firſt conſented to the Marriage,

Of Propertie the which began the blome,
 Taking the cure on her with high courage:
 Denotion drew her to an Hermitage,
 When she considered Ladie Propertie,
 So high exalted in dignitie,

O Syluester, where was thy discretion?
 Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receiue:
 Andrew and Iohn they did leaue their possession,
 Their ships, and nets, and lynes, and all the laue:
 Of temporall substance nothing would they haue,
 Contrarious to their contemplation,
 But soberly their sustentation.

Iohn the Baptist went to the Wilbernesse,
 Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene,
 Left heritage, and goods, both more and lesse.
 Prudent S. Paul thought Propertie prophane:
 From Towne to Towne he ran in wind & raine,
 Upon his secte, teaching the word of grace,
 And neuer was subjected to Riches.

The Gled said, get I heare nothing but good,
 Proceede shortly, and thy matter aduance.
 The Papingo said, Father by the Rood,
 It were too long to shew the Circumstance,
 How Propertie with her new alliance,
 Grew great with Childe, as true men to me told,
 And bare two Daughters, goodly to behold:

The Eldest Daughter named was Riches,
 The second Sister Sensualitie,
 Which did encrease within a short Proceste,
 Verpleasant to the Spiritualltie,

In great substance, and excellent beautie:
 These Ladies two grewe so within few yeres,
 That in the world was none might be their piers.

This Royall Riches, and Ladie Sensuall,
 From that time forth took the whole governance,
 Of the most part of the Spiritualitie:
 And they againe with humble obseruance,
 Amozonously their wits did aduance,
 As true Louers their Ladies soz to please:
 GOD wote if then their hearts were at ease.

Soone they soz got to studie, pray, and preach,
 They grewe so subject to Dame Sensuall:
 And thought but paine poze people soz to teach:
 Yet they decreed it in their great Counsaill,
 They would no moze to Marriage be thzall:
 Trusting surely to obserue Chastitie,
 And all beguiled, said Sensualitie.

Apparantly they did expell their Wines,
 That they might liue at large without thirllage,
 At libertie to leade their lustfull Lines,
 Thinking men thzall that bare in Marriage:
 For new faces prouoke doe new courage.
 Thus Chastitie they turne into delite,
 Wanting of Wines bene cause of appetite.

Dame Chastitie did steale away soz shame,
 When once shee did perceiue their purueyance:
 Dame Sensuall a letter did proclame,
 And her exiled Italie and France:
 In England could she get none ordinance:
 Then to the King and Court of Scotland,
 Shee marked her withoutten moze demand.

Trusting into that Court to get comfort,
 She made her humble supplication:
 Shortly they said, She should get no support,
 But threatened her with blasphemation,
 To Priests goe make your protestation:
 It is (said they) many an hundred yeere,
 Since Chastitie had any entrance here.

Tyred for travell, she to the Priests pass,
 And to the Rulers of Religion:
 Of her presence shortly they were agast:
 Saying, they thought it but abusion,
 Her to receive: so with conclusion,
 With one advise decreet and gaue doome,
 They would receit no Rebelle out of Rome.

Should wee receive that Romanes have refused:
 And banisht England, Italie and France,
 For your flatterie: then were wee well abused.
 Wasse hence (said they) & take your way advance,
 Among the Nunnes goe take your ordinance:
 For we have made oath of fidelitie,
 To Dame Riches, and Sensualitie.

Then patiently shee made Progression,
 Toward the Nunnes with heart sighing full sore:
 They gaue her presence with procession,
 Receiuing her with honour, laude and gloze,
 Purposing to preserve her evermore.
 Of that novella came to Dame Propertie,
 To Riches, and to Sensualitie:

Which sped them at the Post right speedily,
 And set a Siedge prondly about that place:

The sillie Punnes did yeld them basilly,
 And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
 Then gaue their hands of perpetuall peace:
 Receiuing them, they cast vp doores wide,
 Then Chastitie there no longer might bide.

So for refuge fast to the Friers she fled,
 Who said, they would of Ladies take no cure.
 Where is she now, then said the grædie Gled:
 Not among you (said she) I you assure:
 I trust she be vpon the Burrow Moore,
 By south Edinburgh, and that right many meanes,
 Proffest among the sisters of the Seanes.

There hath she found her mother Pouertie,
 And Denotion her owne sister carnali:
 There hath she found Faith, Hope, and Charitie,
 Together with the vertuous Cardinall:
 There hath she found a Conuent yet vnthral,
 To Dame Sensuall, nor with Riches abused,
 So quietly these Ladies are enclosed.

The Wyat said, I dread be they assailed,
 They render them, as did the holy Punnes:
 Doubt not (said she) for they are so artailed,
 They purpose to defend them with their Gunnes:
 Ready to shoot they haue sixe great Cannons,
 Perseuerance, Constance, and Conscience,
 Austeritie, Labour and Abstinence.

To resist subtile Sensualitie,
 Strongly they are enarmed Texte and hands,
 By Abstinence and kepted Pouertie,
 Contrare Riches, and all her false seruandg:
 They haue a Bumbard brased vp in bands,

To keepe their Port in midst of their Crosse,
Which is called, Domine, custodi nos.

Within whose Shot there dare none enemies,
Approach their place, for Dread of dints donne:
Both night and day they worke as busie Bees,
For their defence readie to stand in skour,
And haue such watches on their vtter Towre.
That Dame Sensual with siege dare not assaile,
Nor come within the shot of their artillie.

The Pyat said, Whereto should they presume,
For to resist swete Sensualitie?
O Dame Riches, which rulers are in Rome;
Are they more constant in their qualitie,
Than the Princes of Spiritualitie,
Which pleasantly withoutten obstacle,
Haue them receined in their habitacle?

How long trust ye these Ladies shall remaine,
So solitarie in such perfection?
The Papingo said, Brother in certaine,
So long as they obey Correction,
Choosing their heads by Election:
Unthral to Riches and to Propertie,
But as requireth their necessitie.

O prudent Prelates, where was your prescience,
That tooke in hand to obserue Chastitie,
But austiere life, labour, and abstinence?
Perceiue ye not the great prosperitie,
Apparantly to come of Propertie?
We know good cheare, great ease, and idlenesse.
To Lecherie was mother and mistresse.

Thou can'st vnrocked, the Kaen said, by þe Rod,
 So to reproue Riches or Propertie;
 Abraham and Isaac were rich, and very good:
 Iacob and Ioseph had prosperitie.
 The Papingo said, That is of veritie:
 Riches, I grant, is not to be refused,
 Prouiding als that they be not abused,

Then laid the Kaen a replicattion,
 And said, Thy reason is not worth a mite,
 As I shall proue with protestation:
 That no man take mine words into despitte,
 I say, the temporall Princes haue the witte,
 That in the Church such Pastors doe prouide,
 To gouerne soules, themselues that cannot guide,

Long time after the Church toke Propertie,
 The Prelates liued in great perfection,
 Anthrall to Riches or Sensualitie,
 Under the holy Spirits protection,
 Orderly chosen by election,
 As Gregore, Ierome, Ambrose and Augustine;
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete and Line,

Such patient Prelates entred by the port,
 Pleasing the people by predication:
 Now dyke-slowpers doe in the Church resort,
 By Simonte and supplication,
 Of Princes, by their presentation:
 So sillie soules, that are the LORDS sheepe,
 Are giuen to hungerie rauenous wolues to keepe.

So maruell is though we Religiuous men,
 Degenerated be, and in our life confused:
 But sing and drinke, none other craft we ken:

Word, Our spirituall Fathers haue vs so abused,
Against our will these Traitors bene intruded:
Lauke men haue now Religious men in cures,
Profest Virgines in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your high prudence,
In Disposition of your Benefices?
The guardoning of your Courtiers,
Is some cause of these great enormities:
There is a sort waiting like hungrie flies,
For spirituall cure, though they be nothing able,
Whose greedie thirst bene insatiable.

Princes, I pray you, bee no more abused,
To vertuous men hauing so small regard:
Why should Vertue through flatterie be refused?
That men for cunning can get no reward:
Alas, that euer a Bagger or a Baird,
A whozemaster, or common Vasaure,
Should in the Church get any kinde of cure.

Were I a man worthe to weare a Crowne,
Or when there baiked any Benefices,
I should cause call a Congregation,
The principall of all the Prelacies,
Most cunning Clarke of Vniuersities,
Most famous Fathers of Religion,
With their aduise make disposition.

I should dispoise all offices pastoralls,
To Doctors of Diuinitie or Iure:
And cause Dame Vertue pull vp all her satles,
When cunning men had in the Church most cure,
Cause Lords send their sonnes, I pon assure,

To seeke Science, and famous schooles frequent,
Then them promoue that were most sapient.

Great pleasure twere to heare a Bishop preach,
A Deane or Doctoz of Diuinitie,
An Abbot which could well the Conuent teach,
A Parson flowing in Philosophie:
A time my time to wish which will not be:
Were not the preaching of the begging Friers,
Lost were the faith among the Seculars.

As for their preaching (said the Papingo)
I them excuse: for why? they beene so thall
To Propertie, and her digne Daughters two,
Dame Riches, and faire Ladie Sensuall;
They may not vse no pastime spirit uall,
And in their habites they take such delite,
They haue renounced Kisset and Kploch white:

Taking to them Scarlet and Cramosse,
With Veneuer, Vertricke, Grace, & rich Armine:
Their low hearts exalted are so hie,
To see their Papall pompe it is a pine:
More rich array is now with frenyes fine,
Upon the bairding of a Bishops Mole,
Than euer had Peter or Paul against Mole.

Then faire Ladies their chaine may not escape,
Dame Sensuall so such seede in them hath sowne:
Lesse skalth it were, with licence of the Pope,
That each Prelate a Wife had of his owne:
The see their bastards throughtout country blown
For now bee they well commed from the scholes,
They fall to worke, as they were common Bulls,
Peto

Peto (said the **Gled**) thou preacheſt all in vaine,
Pee ſeculare folkes haue of our caſe no cures.
I grant (ſaid ſhe) yet men will ſpeake againe,
 How **pee** haue made an hundredth thouſand cures,
 Which had not bin were not your lecherous lures
 And if **I** lie, heartly **I** mee repent,
 Was neuer bird **I** know more penitent.

Then ſhe her ſhane with deuote countenance,
 To that falſe **Gled** which ſained him a **Frter**:
 And when ſhe had fulfilled her pennance,
 Full ſubtilly at her he can enquire:
 Choſe you (ſaid ſhe) which of your brethren here,
 Shall haue of your naturall goods the cures,
 You know none beene more holy Creatures.

I am content (ſaid the woe **Papingo**)
 That you **frter Gled**, & **Cozby** **Pok** your brother,
 Haue cure of all my goods, and no mo:
 Since at this time friendſhip **I** finde none other.
 We ſhall be to you true as to our mother,
 (ſaid they) and ſwoze to fulfill her intent,
 That (ſaid ſhe) **I** take an Inſtrument.

The **Pyat** ſaid, What ſhall mine office be?
Quer-man (ſaid ſhe) vnto the other two.
 The rowping **Kanen** ſaid, Swaete ſiſter let ſee,
 Your whole intent, ſo: it is time to goe.
 The grædie **Gled** ſaid, Brother doe not ſo,
 We will remaine, and heere hold by her head,
 And neuer depart from her, till ſhe be dead.

The **Papingo** them thanked tenderly,
 And ſaid, Since **pee** haue tane on you the cure,
 The

Then part my naturall goods equally,
 That euer I had, or haue of Dame Nature.
 First to the Howlet indigent and poore,
 Which on the day for shame dare not be seene,
 To her I leaue my gay galbert of graine.

My bright depured eyes as Chrysall cleare,
 Vnto the Backe y^e shall them both present,
 In Phoebus presence which dare not appeare,
 Of naturall sight she is so impotent:
 My birnlight Booke I leaue with good intent,
 Vnto the gentle piteous Pelicane,
 To helpe to pierce her tender heart in twaine.

I leaue the Gouke, which hath no song but one,
 My Musicke, with my voyce Angelicall:
 And to the Gole y^e giue when I am gone,
 Mine Eloquence and tongue Rhetoricall:
 And take and dzy my bones great and small,
 Then close them in a Case of Ebur syne,
 And them present vnto the Phoenix syne,

To burne with her, when shee her life renewes:
 In Arabie y^e shall her finde but soere,
 And shall her know by her most heauenly beides,
 Gold, Azure, Cowles. Purple and Synoper:
 Her date is for to liue fūe hundred y^ere:
 Make to that Bird my commendation:
 Also I make you supplication,

Since of my Corps I haue you giuen the cure,
 Pee speede you to the Court but tarrying,
 And take mine heart of perfect portrature,
 And it present vnto my Soueraigne King:
 I know he will it close into a King:

Commend mee to his Grace I you exhort,
And of my passions make him true report.

Wee three my trypes shall haue for your trauel,
With leuer and lung to part equall among you.
Praying Pluto the potent Prince of Hell,
If yee failste, that in his feet he sang you:
Wee to mee true, though I nothing belong you:
Soze I suspect your conscience beene too large.
Doubt not (said they) we take it with the charge.

Adesto Brethren (said the poore Papingo)
To talke now moze I haue nottyme to carrie:
But since my spirit must from my body goe,
I recommend it to the Queene of Farie,
Eternally into her Court to tarie,
In Wildernesse among the holts boze:
Then she enclinde her head, and spake no moze.

Plunged into her mortall passion,
Full grienously shee gripped to the ground:
It were too long to make narration,
With sighes full soze, with many strong & sound:
Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
A compasse round was with her blood made red,
Without remead there is nothing but Dead.

And by she had In manus tuas said,
Extincted were her naturall wits saide:
Her head full softly on her shoulder laide,
Then yeeld the spirit with paines pungittine:
The Hauen began rudely to rug and rine,
Full Hauenous-like his emptie throat to feede:
Eat softly brother (said the greebie Gled)

While

While she is hote, let part her euen among vs;
 Take thou one halfe, and reach to me the other,
 Into our right I wot no wight dare wrong vs.
 The Wyat said, The fiend receiue the other,
 Why make you me step-bairne, & your brother?
 You do me wrong (sir Gled) I shew your heart.
 Take there (said he) the puddings for thy part.

Then wote ye well, my heart was wonder faire,
 For to beholde that dolent departing:
 Her Angell-leathers flying in the Aire,
 Except the heart, was left of her nothing.
 The Wyat saide, that pertaines to the King,
 Which to his Grace I purpose to present.
 Thou (said the Gled) shalt faile of thine intent.

The Kanen said, GOD, no; I rare in a rope,
 If thou get this to either King or Duke.
 The Wyat said, Blaine I not to the Pope,
 Than in a Smiddie I be smorde with smoke.
 With that the Gled the piece caught in his cloke,
 And fled his way: the rest with all their might,
 To chase the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now haue pee heard this little Tragedie.
 The sore complaint, the testament and mischance,
 Of this poore Bird, which did ascend so hie:
 Beseeching you excuse mine ignorance,
 And rude indite, which is not to aduance:
 And to thee quere I giue commandement,
 Make no repaire where Poets beane present:

Because thou beane of Rhetoricks so denude,
 Be neuer seene nere hand none other booke.

With

With King nor Quene, with Lord nor mā of god
 With coat vncleane claime kinned to some Cooke
 Steale in a nooke, when they list on thē looke:
 For smell of smoke men will abhor to beare thee,
 Here I forswear thee, wherso: to lurke goe leare
 (thē-



THE DREAME OF SIR
 DAVID LINDESAY of the MOVNT,
Knight, familiar Seruitour to our So-
ueraigne Lord, King IAMES
the fifth, &c.

The Epistle to the Kings Grace.

Ight potēt Prince of hie imperfall blood,
 Vnto thy grace I trust it be wel knoton,
 My seruice done vnto thy Cellitude,
 Which néeds not at lēth for to be shown:
 And though my youth-hood néere bee ouerblotne,
 Exerc'd in seruice of your Excellence,
 Hope hath mee height a goodly recompence.

When

When thou wast yong, I bare thee in mine arme,
 Full tenderly, till thou beganst to gang:
 And in thy bed oft happed thee full warme,
 With Lute in hand, then sweetly to thee sang:
 Sometime in dancing fierily I sang,
 And sometime playing sairies on the flure,
 And sometime on mine Office taking cure.

And sometimes like a fiend transfigure,
 And sometime like the greellie ghost of Gy:
 In diuers sozmes oft times disfigure,
 And sometime disfigure full pleasantly.
 So since thy birth I haue continually,
 Beene exercise, and ay to thy pleasure:
 And sometime Steward, Capper, and Caruour.

Thy Purf-master, and secret Chelaurer,
 Thine Iher ay since thy nativitie:
 And of thy chamber chiefe cubicularer,
 Which to this houre haue kept my lasotte,
 Loning be to the blessed Trinitie,
 That such a wretched woyme haue made so able:
 To such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by influence naturall,
 High of ingine, and right inquisitiue,
 Of antique Stozies, and deedes Partfall:
 More pleasantly the time for to ouer-dreue,
 I haue at length the Stozies done describe,
 Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Iulius,
 Of Alexander, and worthie Pompeius:

Of Iason and Medea all at length,
 Of Hercules the aces honourable:

And

And of Samson the Supernaturall strength;
 And of Iſaie Louers the Storles amiable.
 And oft times haue I ſained many ſable,
 Of Troilus the ſorrow and the joy,
 And ſedges all of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy:

The Prophecies of Rymour, Beed and Merling,
 And many other pleaſant Hiſtozie,
 Of the red Etin, and the Gyre Carling,
 Comforting thee when that I ſaw thee ſozle:
 Now with ſupport of the King of glozie,
 I ſhall thee ſhew a Storle of the new,
 The which beſore I neuer to thee ſhew.

But humbly I beſeech thine Excellence,
 With ornate tearmes though I cannot expreſſe,
 This ſimple matter, ſor lacke of Eloquence:
 Yet notwithstanding all my buſineſſe,
 With heart and hand my minde I will addreſſe,
 As I beſt can, and moſt ſompendious,
 Now I begin, the matter hapned thus.

The Prologue.

In the Kalends of Iannarie,
 The freſh Phœbus by moving circularre,
 From Capricorne was entred in Aquarie,
 With blaſty had þe braches made ſul bare
 The ſnow and ſleet perturbed all the Aire,
 And ſlæmed Flora from euery banke and buſſe,
 Through ſupport of the auſtere Eolus:

After that I the longſome Winters night,
 Had lyeen waking in my bed alone:

Through

Through heavy thought, y^e no way scape I might,
 Remembryng of diuers things by-gone:
 So by I rose, and clothed mee anone:
 By this faire Titan with his beames light,
 Ouer the World had spred his banner bright.

With cloake and hood I dressed mee belure,
 With double shooes and mittains on mine hands:
 Albeit the Aire was right penetratiue,
 Yet sure I forth, lanching ouerthrong the lands,
 Toward the Sea, to sport mee on the sands,
 Because vnblomed was both Banke and Bay.
 And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Flora in doole-wæde disguised,
 Which into May was dulce and delectable:
 With sturdie stormes her sweetnes was surprisid,
 Her heavenly beues were turned into sable:
 Which sometime were to Lovers amiable,
 Fled from the Frost the tender Flowres I saw,
 Under Dame Natures Mantle lurking late.

The small Fowles in flockes saw I flie,
 To Nature making lamentation:
 They lighted doونه beside me on a tree.
 Of their complaint I had compassion:
 And with a piteous exclamation,
 They said, Blessed be Summer with thy flowres,
 And warded be thou Winter, with thy howres.

Alas, Aurora, the sillie Lark can cry,
 Where hast thou left thy balmy liquor swete?
 That vs resoyced, we mounting in the Sky:
 Thy siluer d:oppes are turned into Sleete:

THE PROLOGVE.

241

night, O faire Phœbus, where is thy wholesome Heat?
Why suffrest thou thine heauenly pleasant face,
With mistie vapours to bee obscurde alace?

Where art thou May? with June thy sister Mæne,
Well brodered with Desies of delight?
And gentle Iulie, with thy Mantle græne,
Enameled with Roses, red and white?
How olde and colde Iannare in despite,
Keanes from vs all pastime and pleasure:
Alas, what gentle heart may this endure?

Quersyled are with cloudes odious,
The golden Skies of the Orient:
Changing in sozrowing Song melodious,
Which we had wont to sing with good intent,
Resounding to the Heauens Firmament:
But now our Day is changed into Night,
With that they rose, and flew out of my sight,

Wenslue in heart passing full soberly,
Vnto the Sea sozward I past anone:
The Sea was out, the land was smooth and dry,
Then vp and downe I mused mine alone,
Till that I spied a little caue of stone,
High in a Craig, byward I did approach,
Without staying, and clambe vp in the Roach:

And purposed, soz passing of the time,
Me to defend from otiositie,
With pen and paper to register in Rime,
Some merrie matter of Antiquitie:
But idlenesse, ground of iniquitie,

Shet



Shee made so dull my spirits me within,
That I knew not at what end to begin:

But late still in that Case, where I might see
The waivering of the waues vp and downe;
And this false Worlds instabilitie,
Unto that Sea making comparison,
And of this wretched Worlds variation,
To them that fires all their whole intent,
Considering who most had, should most repent.

So with mine hood I happed mee full warme,
And in my cloake I folded both my side:
I thought my Corps with cold shold take no harm,
My mittaines held mine hands full well in heate:
The scouling rocke mee couered from the side.
There still did I sit my bones for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleepe my spirit oppress.

So through the boisterous blasts of Eolus,
And through my waking on the Night before,
And through the Seas mouing marueilous,
By Neptunus, with many roare and roare,
Constrained I was to sleepe withoutten more:
And what I dreamed in conclusion,
I shall you tell a marueilous vision.

The Dreame of Sir David Lindesay.

 I thought a Ladie of portrature perfitte,
Did salute me with benigne countenance
And I, which of her presence had delite,
To her againe made humble reuerence:
And her demanded, sauing her pleasure,
 what

What was her name? She answered courteously,
 Dame Remembrance (said she) called am I:

Which commed is for pastime and pleasure
 Of thee, and for to beare thee companie:
 Because I see thy spite without measure,
 So sore perturbed by Melancholy,
 Causing thy Corps to waie cold and dry:
 Therefore get vp, and goe anone with mee.
 So were we both in twinkling of an eye,

Doton throughe the Earth in mids of the Center;
 Ere euer I wist, into the lowest Hell;
 And in that carefull Cane when wee did enter,
 Ponting and Potoling we heard with many yell:
 In flame of fire right furious and fell,
 Was crying many carefull Creature,
 Blaspheming GOD, and warping Nature.

There saw we diuers Popes and Emperours,
 Without reconer many carefull Kings:
 There saw we many wrongous Conquerours,
 Withoutten right, reaners of others riegnes:
 The men of Church lay bounden into bings:
 There saw wee many carefull Cardinall,
 And Archbishops in their Pontificall.

Proud and peruerse Prelates out of number,
 Hypocrites, Abbots, and false flattering Friers:
 To specifie them all it were a cumber,
 Regular Channons, churle Wōks, & Charterers,
 Curious Clarkes, and Priests seculars:
 There was some part of each Region,
 In holy Church to which did abusion.

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance;
 The cause of these Prelates punition:
 She said, The cause of their unhappie chance,
 Was Conetice, Lust, and Ambition:
 The which now makes them lacke fruition,
 Of GOD, and here eternally must dwell,
 Into this painfull poysoned pit of Hell.

And they did not instruct the ignorant,
 Promoking them to penitence by preaching:
 But serued worldly Princes insolent,
 And were promoted by their sained flatering,
 Not for their Science, Wisedome, nor Teaching:
 By Simonie was their promotion,
 More for Deniers than for Deuotion.

Another cause of the punition,
 Of these unhappie Prelates imprudent,
 They made not equall distribution,
 Of holy Church patrimonie nor Rent.
 But temporally they haue it all mispent,
 Which should haue beene triparted into three:
 First, to vpholde the Church in honestie:

The second part, to sustaine their estates:
 The third part, to bee giuen to the poores:
 But they dispoone these goods all other gates,
 On Cards and Dyce, on harlotrie and hoeres,
 Those Catlines take no count of their cures:
 Their Church remain, their Ladies cleanly cled,
 And richly ruled both on boorde and bed.

Their bastard battnes prondly they prouided,
 The Church-goods largely they did on them spend.
 In

In their default their subdites were misguided,
 And counted not their GOD soz to offend:
 Which caused them lacke grace at the latter end.
 Kuling that rout I saw in Coppes of brasse,
 Simon Magus, and Bishop Cajaphas,

Bishop Annas, and the traitour Iudas,
 Mahomete, that Prophet poysonable:
 Chore, Dathan and Abiram there was:
 Heretiques we saw innumerable:
 It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
 How that they lay into these flames flæting,
 With carefull cryes soze groaning and wæping.

Religious men were punisht painfull,
 For bathe-glorie and disobedience:
 Breaking their constitutions wilfully,
 Not hauing their ouer-men in reuerence:
 To know their rule they toke no diligence:
 Unlawfully they bled Propertie,
 Passing the bounds of willfull Pouertie.

Full soze wæping with voyces lamentable,
 They cryed longe, O Emperour Constantine!
 Wee may wyte thy possession poysonable,
 Of all our great punition and pine:
 Albeit thy purpose was to a good fine,
 Thou banisht from vs true Deuotion,
 Hauing such eye to our promotion.

There we beheld a denne full dolorous,
 Where that Princes and Lords temporall,
 Were cruciate with paines rigourous:

But to expꝛeime their paines in spectall,
 It doth excēde all my memoꝛfall:
 Impoꝛtable paine they had but comforting,
 Their blood Royall made them no supporting.

Some cattie Kings foꝛ cruell oppꝛession,
 And other some foꝛ their wzongous conquest,
 Were condemned they and their succession:
 Some foꝛ publicke Adulterie and Incest:
 Some suffꝛed people neuer to liue in rest,
 Delitting so in pleasure sensuall:
 Wherefoꝛe their paine was there perpetuall.

There was the cursed Emperour Nero,
 Of euery vice the horrible vessell:
 There was Pharaoh, with many Princes mo,
 Oppꝛessors of the childeꝛen of Israel:
 Herode, with many moe than I can tell:
 Ponce Pilate was there hanged by the balle,
 With vnjust Judges foꝛ their sentence false,

Dukes, Marqueses, Earles, Barons, & Knights,
 With their Princes were punishꝛt painfully:
 Participant they were of their vnrights.
 Foꝛward we went, and let those Lords ly:
 And saide to here Ladies lamentably,
 Like mad Lyons were carelessly crying,
 In flame of fyꝛe right furiously tryng.

Empꝛesses, Quēnes, and Ladies of honours,
 Many Dutchesse, and Countesse full of care:
 They pierst mine heart, these tender creatures,
 So pined in that pit full of despaire,
 Plunged in paine with many ruthfull rare:

Some

Some for their pride, some for Adulterie,
For their tylling of men to Lecherie.

Some had bene cruell and malicious,
Some for making of wrongous Heiritors:
For to rehearse their lines vitious,
It were a great stay to the Auditors:
Of lecherie they were the very lures,
With their provocative impudicite,
Brought many a man to infelicite.

Some women for their pusillanimitie,
Over-set with Shame they did them neuer chide,
Of secret sinnes done into quietie,
And some repented neuer in their live:
Withoutten ruth those Ruffians did them rive,
Rigorously withoutten compassion,
Great was their dole and lamentation.

That waie were made, they cryed full oft, alace,
Thus tormented with paines intollerable:
We mended not when wee had time space,
But toke in Earth our lusts delectable:
Wherefore with fiends ugly and horrible,
We are condemned for evermore, alace,
Eternally withoutten helpe of grace.

Where is the meate and drinke delicious,
With which we fed our carefull cartons?
Gold, Siluer, Silke, with Pearles precious,
Our Riches, Rents, and our possessions?
Withoutten hope of our remissions,
Alas our paines are insufferable,
And our torments so count innumerable.

Then twé behelde, where many a thousand
Common people lay fighting in the fire:
Of euery state there was a bailfall band:
There might be séue many a sorrowfull Syre:
Some for enuie suffered, and some for pye,
And some for lacke of restitution,
Of w;ongous gods without remission.

Hansworn Merchāts for their w;ogouswinning,
Hounders of gold, and common Murers:
False men of Law in Cantels right cunning:
Thieves, Reauers, and publicke oppressers:
Some part there were of vnleale Labourers:
Craftsmen there saw we out of number,
Of each sort to declare it were a cumber,

Also long some for mæ for to endite,
Of this prizon the paines in speciall:
The Heat, the Colde, the Dolour, and Despise:
Wherefore I speake to them in generall:
That dolefull Denne, that Fornace infernall,
Whose reward is reio without remead,
Euer dying, and neuer to be dead.

Hunger and Thirst, in stead of Meate & Drinke,
And for their cloathing, Toads and Scorpions:
That darke Mansion is tapessed with Stinke:
They see nothing but horrible Visions:
They heare but Scozne and Derisions,
Of foule Fiendes, and Blasphemations:
Their Féeling is unportable Passions:

For melodie, miserable mourning:
There is no solace but dolour infinite:

In bailfull beds bitterly burning,
 With sobbing, sighing, sorow, and with syte,
 Their consciences their hearts so did byte,
 To heare them syte it was a cause of care,
 So in despite plunged into despare.

A little aboue that dolorous Dungeon,
 We entred in a Countrie full of care;
 Where that we saw many a Legion,
 Weeping and howling with many ruthfull rare:
 What place is this (said I) of blisse so bare?
 She answered, & said, † Purgatorie, † THE
 which purgeth soules ere they come to glory. Author
mocked
at this
first co-
rour, as
before is
expressed

I see no pleasure here but mickle paine,
 wherfore, said I leave we this sort in thzall,
 I purpose neuer to come here againe:
 But yet I doe belæue, and euer shall,
 That the true Church can no way erre at all,
 Such things to be as Clarkes doe conclude,
 Albeit my hope stands most in CHRISTs blode.

Aboue that, in the third Prison anone,
 We entred in a place of perdition,
 Where many babes were making dearely mone,
 Because they lacked the fruition
 Of GOD, which was the great punition,
 Of Baptisme they lacked the ensenple.
 Upward we went, and left that mirthles menyple.

Into a Vault aboue that place of paine,
 Unto the which but sojourn we ascended:
 That was the Limbe, in the which did remaine,
 Our forefathers, because Adam offended,
 Eating

Eating the fruite, the which was so defended,
 Many a yere they dwelt in that Dungeon,
 With darknesse, and with desolation.

Then through the Earth, of nature cold and dry,
 Glad to escape those places perillous,
 We hasted vs right wonder speedily:
 Yet we beheld the secrets maruellous,
 Of pyres of gold, and stones precious,
 Of silver, and of every fine mettall,
 Which to declare it were too long to dwell.

Up through the Water shortly we intended,
 Which enuirones the Earth withoutten doubt:
 Then through the Aire shortly we ascended,
 His Regions through beholding in and out:
 Which Earth and Water closeth round about.
 Syne shortly vppward through the fire we went,
 Which was the highest and hottest Element.

When we had all the Elements ouer pass,
 That is to say, Earth, Water, Aire and Fire,
 Upward we went withoutten any rest:
 To see the Heauens, was our most desire,
 But ere we might turne to the Heauens Empire,
 It behoued vs to passe the way full euen,
 Up through the Sphaeres of the Planets seven.

First to the Moone, and kissed all her Sphare,
 Queene of the Sea, and beantie of the night,
 Of Nature moyst and cold, and nothing cleare;
 For of her selfe she hath none other light,
 But the reflere of Phoebus beames so bright,
 The twelue Signes she passeth round about,
 In eight and twentie dayes withoutten doubt.

Then we ascended to Mercurius,
 Which Poets call the god of Eloquence:
 Right Doctor-like, with tearmes delictious,
 In arte expert, and full of Sapience:
 It was pleasure to pause on his prudence.
 Painters and Poets are subject to his cure,
 And hote and dry he is of his nature.

Also as cunning Astrologiers sayes,
 He doth compleete his course naturally,
 In thre hundredeth and eight and thirtie dayes.
 Then upward we ascended hastily,
 To faire Venus, where shee right lustily,
 Was set into a seat of silver sheene,
 That faire fresh goddesse, y lustie Lones Quene,

They pierced mine heart her blinkes amozous,
 Albeit that sometime she is changeable,
 With countenance and cheare full dolozeous:
 Sometime right pleasant, glat, and delectable,
 Sometime constant, and sometime variable:
 Yet her beantie resplendent as the Fire,
 Swadges the wrath of Mars that god of ire.

This pleasant Planet, if I can right describe,
 Shee is both hote and moist of her nature:
 That is the cause she is promoucatine,
 To all them that are subject to her cure,
 To Venus workes so that they may endure:
 And she compleetes her courses naturall,
 In twelue monethes withoutten any faile.

Then pass we to the Spheare of Phoebus bright,
 That lustie Lampe, & Lanterne of the Heauen:
 And

And gladder of the Starres with his light,
 And principall of all the Planets seuen,
 And set in middest of them all full even,
 As Roy royall rolling into his Spheare,
 Full pleasantly into his golden chaire.

Whose influence and vertue excellent,
 Giueth the life to euery earthly thing:
 Which Prince of euery Planet precellent,
 Doth foster floures, and causeth hearbes spring
 Through the colde Earth, & causeth birds to sing:
 Also his regulare reigning in the Heauen,
 Is iust vnder the Zodiacke full even,

For to describe his Diademe royall,
 Bordred about with Stones shining bright:
 His golden Cart; or Throne imperiall,
 The foure Stædes that draweth it full right,
 I leaue to Poets, because I haue no sight:
 But of his nature hee is hote and dry,
 Complecting in one pære his course truely.

Then by to Mars in hys we passed vs,
 Wonder hote, and drier than the Thunder;
 His face flaming as fire right furious,
 His boast & brag more awfull than the Thunder,
 Made all the Heauen most like to shake in sunder:
 Who would behold his countenance and feare,
 Might call him well the god of men of wære:

With colour red, and loke malicious,
 Right cholerike of his complexion:
 Austere, angrie, swære and seditious,
 Principall cause of the destruction,
 Of many good and noble Region:

Were not Venus his ire doth mitgate,
This World of peace would be right desolate.

This god of griefe withoutten sojourning,
In yeres two his course hee doth compleete.
Then pass we vp where Iupiter the King,
Sate in his Spheare right amiable and sweet,
Complexionate with mousnesse and with heate:
That pleasant Prince, faire, dulce and delicate,
Promoked peace, and banished debate,

The olde Poets by superstition,
Held Iupiter the father principall,
Of all these gods in conclusion:
Of his prerogative in spectall,
And by his vertues into generall,
To olde Saturne hee maketh resistance,
When in his malice hee would worke vengeance.

Thus Iupiter withoutten sojourning,
Passeth through all the twelue Signes full even;
In yeres twelue. And then but tarrying,
We pass vnto the highest of the seven,
To Saturnus, which troubles all the Heauen,
With heauie cheare, and colour pale as Lead:
In him wee saw but dolour to the Dead:

And colde and drie is he of his nature,
Foule like an Owle, of euill condition:
Right vnpleasant he is of portraiture:
His intoricate disposition,
It puts all things to perdition:
Ground of sicknesse, and melanchollous,
Peruerst and poore, both false and enuious.

His

His qualittie I cannot loue, but lacke:
 As for his moving naturally but wære,
 About the Signes of the Zodiacke,
 He doth compleate his course in thirtie yères:
 And so we lett him in his frostie Spheare,
 Upward we did ascend incontinent,
 But rest, till we came to the Firmament:

The which was fired full of Starres bright,
 Of figure round, right pleasant and perfit:
 Whose influence and right excellent light,
 And whose number may not be put in write:
 Yet cunning Clarkes doe natur ally endite,
 How he doth end his course withouten wære,
 In the space of an hundred thirtie yères.

Then the ninth Spheare and mouer principall,
 Of all the rest we blessed all that heauen,
 Whose daylie motion is continuall,
 Both Firmament and all the Planets seuen,
 From East to West maketh them goe full euen,
 Into the space of foure and twentie yères:
 Yet by the minde of the Astronomers,

The seuen Planets into their proper Spheares,
 From East to West they moue naturally:
 Some swift, some slow, as to their kinde appeares,
 As I haue sholone before especially,
 Whose motion causeth continually
 Right melodious harmonie and sound,
 And all throught moving of those Planets round,

Then mounted we with right seruent desire,
 Up throught the Heauen called the Chrysalline:
 And

And so we entred into the Heauens Emppye,
 Which to descrine it passeth mine ingine:
 Where GOD into his holy Throne diuine,
 Reignes in his glorie inestimable,
 With Angels cleare, which are innumerable.

In orders nine these Spirits glorious,
 Are diuided, the which excellently,
 Maketh louing with sound melodious,
 Singing Sanctus right wonder seruently:
 These orders nine they are full pleasantly,
 Diuided into Hierarchies thre,
 And thre Orders in euery Hierarchie.

The lowest Order is the Angels bright,
 As Messengers to this low Region:
 The second Order Archangels full of might,
 Vertuous Potestates, Principates of renowne:
 The first is called Domination:
 The seventh Thronus: the eight high Cherubin,
 The ninth and highest called Seraphin.

And next vnto the blessed Trinitie,
 In his triumphing Throne imperfall,
 Thre into one, and one substance in thre,
 Whose indissible Essence eternall,
 The rude ingine of mankinde is too small
 To comprehend: whose power infinite,
 And diuine Nature no Creature can write.

So mine ingine is not sufficient,
 For to treat of his high Diuinitie:
 All mortall men are insufficient,
 To consider these thre in vnitie:

Such

Such subtille matter I must needes let be,
 To studie on my Creade it were full fare,
 And let Doctoꝝ of such matters declare.

Then we beheld the bleſt Humanitie
 Of CHRIST, ſitting on his Stege Royall,
 At the right hand of the Diuinitie,
 With an excellent Court Celeſtiall:
 Whoſe exerciſion continuall,
 Was in louing their Prince with reuerence,
 And on this wiſe they kepte ordnance:

Pert to the Throne we ſaw þe Quēn of Quēnes,
 Well companied with Ladieſ of deſite:
 Swēte was the ſong of thoſe bleſſed Virgines,
 No moztall man their ſolace may endite:
 The Angels bright in number infinite,
 Euerie order into their owne degꝛe,
 Were Officiars vnto the Dettie.

Paſtriarks and Prophets honourable,
 Collaterall Counſellers in his Conſiſtoꝛie:
 Euangelists, Apoſtles venerable,
 Were Captaines vnto the King of gloꝛie,
 Which chiftaine-like had won the victoꝛie:
 Of that triumphant Court Celeſtiall.
 Saint Peter was Lieutenant generall.

The Martyꝛs were as noble ſtallward knights,
 Diſcomfiterſ of cruell battels thꝛe,
 The Fleſh, the World, the fiend, & al his mights:
 Confeſſours, Doctoꝝ in Diuinitie,
 As Chappell Clarkeſ vnto his Dettie:
 And laſt we ſaw infinite multitude,
 Making ſervice vnto his Celſitude.

Which by the high Divine permission,
 Felicitie they had invariable:
 And of his Godhead cleare cognition,
 And compleate peace they had interminable,
 Their gloze and honour was inseparable:
 That pleasant place replat of pulchritude,
 Unmeasurable it was of magnitude;

There is plentie of all pleasures perfitte,
 And cleare brightnesse without obfcuritie:
 Withoutten doloꝝ, dulcoꝝ oꝝ delite:
 Withoutten rancoꝝ perfect Charitie:
 Withoutten hunger satiabilitie:
 Whappie are the soules predestinate,
 When soule and body shal be glorificate!

These marueilous mirthes soꝝ to declare,
 By Arithmetike they are innumerable:
 The portrature of that Palace preclare,
 By Geometrie it is vnmeasurable,
 By Rhetorike als impꝛonouncible:
 There is noe eares may heare. noꝝ eyes may see,
 Noꝝ heart may thinke this their felicitie.

Whereto should I presume soꝝ to endite,
 The which saint Paul that Doctor sapient,
 Cannot expꝛesse, noꝝ into paper wꝛite:
 The high excellent worke indeficient,
 And perfect pleasure ener permanent,
 In pꝛesence of that mightie King of gloze,
 Which was, and is, and shall be enermoze.

At Remembrance humbly I did inquire,
 If I might in that pleasure still remaine:

(Said she) against reason is thy desire:
 Wherelore, my friend, thou must returne againe
 Into the World, where thou shalt suffer paine,
 And thole the Death with cruell paines sore,
 Ere thou beginst to reigne with him in gloze.

Then we returned sore against my will,
 Down through the Sphears of \heartsuit Heauens cleare,
 Her commandement behoued I to fulfill,
 With soze heart wote ye, withoutten waere:
 I would full faine haue stayed there all yere,
 But she said to mee, There is no remead,
 Ere thou remainst here, first thou must be dead.

(Said I) I pray you heartfully, Madame,
 Since we haue had such contemplation,
 Of heauenly pleasures, yet ere we passe hame,
 Let vs haue some consideration,
 Of Earth, and of her situation.
 She answered and said, That shall be done:
 So were we both brought in the Aire full soone,

Where we might see the Earth all at one sight,
 But like a moate so it appearde to mee,
 In the respect of the Heauens bright:
 I haue maruell (said I) how this may be,
 The Earth seemes of so small quantitie,
 The least Starre fired in the Firmament,
 Is moze than all the Earth by my judgement.

She said, Sonne, thou hast showane the veritie,
 The smallest Starre fired in the Firmament,
 Indede it is of greater quantitie,
 Than all the Earth, after the intent

Of wise and cunning Clarkes sapient.
 What quantitie is the Earth: said I,
 That shall I shew (said she) to thee shortly:

After the names of the Astronomers,
 And specially the authoz of the Spheare,
 And other diuers great Philosophers,
 The quantitie of the Earth circulare,
 Is fiftie thousand Ligges withoutten weare,
 Seven hundred and fiftie and no mo,
 Diuiding ay one Ligge in miles two,

And every mile in eight Stades diuide,
 Each Stade an hundred pace, twentie and five,
 A pace five fote who would them right diuide,
 A fote foure palmes, if I can right describe,
 A palme foure inche, and who so would belue,
 The circuit of the Earth passe round about,
 Must be confozed on this wile no doubt.

Suppone that there were none impediment,
 But that the Earth but perill were and plaine:
 Then that the person were right diligent,
 And went each day ten Ligges in certaine:
 He might passe round about, and come againe,
 In foure yeres, sixtē weekes, and dayes two,
 Goe reade the Authoz, and thou shalt finde it so.

Of the diuision of the Earth.

When certainly she toke me by the hand,
 And said, my son com on thy way w me:
 And so she made me clearly vnderstand,
 How that the earth diuided was in three,

In Africa, Europe, and Asia,
 After the minde of the Cosmographours,
 That is to say, the Worlds Descriptours.

First, Asia is contained in the Orient,
 And is well moze than both the other twaine:
 Africa and Europe in the Occident,
 And are diuided by the Sea certaine,
 And that is called the Sea Mediterrane,
 Which at the strait of Marrocke hath entrie,
 That is betwene Spainyie and Barbarie,

Toward the South-west lyes Africa,
 And in the North-west Europa doth stand:
 And all the East containeth Asia,
 On this wise is diuided the firme Land,
 It were meekle for mee to take on hand,
 These Regions to declare in speciall,
 Yet shall I shew thier names in generall.

In many diuers famous Regions,
 Is diuided this part of Asia,
 Well plentifulled with Cities, Townes & Colonies.
 The great Inde and Mesopotamia;
 Pentapolis, Persia, and Syria;
 Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie;
 Babylon, Chaldea, Parth, and Arabie:

Sydon, Iudea, and Palestina;
 Upper Scythia, Tyre, and Galilie;
 Hyberia, Bactria, and Philestina;
 Hercania, Campegena, and samarie,
 In little Asia stands Galathie,
 Pamphilia, Isauria, and Leede:
 Rhigia, Arethusa, Assyria, and Meede;

Secondly wee considered Africa,
 With many fruitfull famous Regions,
 As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
 Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant towne
 Of noble Carthage, that Citie of renowne:
 Garamantes, Napabar and Lybia,
 Egypt also, and Mauritania:

Fez with Numidie and Tingitane,
 Of Africa these are the principall.
 Then Europe we considered in certayne,
 Whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall:
 These principalls I finde aboue them all,
 Which are Spainyie, Italie and France,
 Whose Sub-regions were meekle to aduance:

Nether Scythia, Thrace and Carmanie,
 Austria, Histria, and Pannonia,
 Denmarke, Gotland, Grundland, and Almanie,
 Pole, Hungarie, Boemie, Norica, Rhetia,
 Heluetia, and many diuers ma:
 Also in foure diuided Italie,
 Tuscanie, Hetruria, Naples, and Campanie,

And subdiuided sundrie other wayes,
 As Lumbardie, Venice, and others ma,
 Calaber, Romanes and Genowayes;
 In Greece, Epyrus, and Dalmacia,
 Theffalia, Atrica, and Illyria,
 Achaia, Boetica, and Macedone,
 Arcadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone.

And France we saw diuided into thre,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitaine:

And subdiuided in Flanders, Picardie,
 Normandie, Galcoigne, Burgundie, and Britaine;
 And others diuers Dutcheries in certaine,
 The which were too long for to declare.
 Wherefore of them, as now, I speake no more.

In Spainie lyes Castile, and Arragone,
 Nauarre, Galice, Portugall, and Granate.
 Then saw two famous Isles many one,
 Which in the Ocean Sea were situate:
 Them to describe my wit was desolate,
 Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,
 For I did neuer studie in that Arte.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,
 As Madagascar, Gades, and Taprobane:
 And others diuers Isles good and faire,
 Situate into the Sea Mediterrane,
 As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sabane,
 Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,
 Taplus, Eolie, and many others ma.

Who would at length heare the description,
 Of enery Isle, as well as the firme Land,
 And propertie of enery Region.
 To studie and to reade must take on hand,
 All the authenticke workes to vnderstand,
 Of Plinius, and worthe Ptolomie,
 Who were expert into Cosmographie.

There shall they finde the names & properties,
 Of enery Isle, and of each Region.
 Then I inquired of earthly Paradise,
 Of the which Adam lost possession:

Then

Then shewde she me the situation,
Of that precelling place full of delite,
Whose properties were long for to endite.

Of Paradise.

This Paradise of all pleasure perfite,
Situate I saw into the Dreint, (fleece
That glorious garth of enery floure doth
The lustie Lillies, the Roses redolent,
Fresh, wholsome fruits indeficent,
Both Herbe and Tree there groweth ever greene
Through vertue of the tempered Aire set aene.

The swæte wholsome aromaticke odours,
Proceeding from the Herbes medicinall,
The heavenly betwes of those fragrant flowres,
It was a sight wonder Celestiall:
The perfection to shew in speciall,
And joyes of the Region divine,
Of mankinde it excædeth the ingine.

And eke so high in situation,
Surmounting the mid Region of the Aire,
Where no manner of perturbation
Of weather may ascend so high as there,
For floods flowing from a Fountaine faire,
As Tygris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nile,
Which in the East transcurreth many a mile.

The Countrey closed is about full right,
With walls high of hote and burning fire:
And straitly kept by an Angell bright,
Since the departing of Adam our Grandpre,

Which through his crime incurred GODS pze,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himselfe and his succession.

When this lonesome Ladie Remembrance,
All this foresaid had causoe mee vnderstand,
I prayed her of her benenolence,
To shew to mee the Countrey of Scotland,
Well sonne (said she) that shall I take on hand:
So suddenly she brought mee in certaine,
Euen iust aboue the broad Ple of Britaine,

Which stands North-west in the Ocean Sea,
And diuided in famous Regions two:
The South part England, a full rich Countrey:
Scotland the North, with many Ples mo:
By West England, Ireland doth stand also:
Whole properties I will not take in hand,
To shew at length, but only of Scotland,

Of the Realme of Scotland.

Which after my simple intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I shall declare the sooth and verement,
As I best can, and into tearmes short:
Wherefore effectuously I you exhort,
Albeit my writing be not to aduance,
Yet where I faile, excuse mine ignorance.

When that I had ouersene this Region,
The which of nature is both good and faire,
I did propone a little question,
Beseeching her the same soz to declare,
What is the cause our bounds haene so bare?

(Said

(Said I) or what doth moue our miserie?
Or whereof doth procede our pouertie?

For though the support of your high prudence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the properties,
Also consider by experience,
Of this Countrey the great commodities,
First, the aboundance of fishes in our Seas,
And fruitefull Mountaines for our Bestall,
And for our Cornes full many lustie baile.

The rich Riuers pleasant and profitable.
The lustie Loghes with fish of sundrie kindes,
Hunting, Hauking, for Nobles conuenable,
Forrests full of Doe, Roe, Harts, and Hindes:
The fresh fountains, whose wholsom chrystal strāds
Refresheth so the flourished grēne Pēdes,
So lacke we nothing that to Nature nēdes.

Of euery Mettall wee haue the rich Mynes,
Both gold, siluer, and stoness precions:
Albeit we lacke the Spices and the Wines,
Or other strange frutes delicious,
We haue as good, and more needfull for vs,
meat, drink, fire, cloths might there be cauld about
Which else is not into the Happemound.

More fairer men, nor of greater ingine,
Nor of more strength great dēdes to endure:
Wherefore I pray you, that yee would define,
The principall cause wherefore we are so pōre:
For I maruell greatly, I you assure,
Considering the people and the ground,
That Riches should not in this Realme abound.

My sonne (said she) by my discretion,
 I shall make answer, as I vnderstand,
 I say to thee vnder confession,
 The fault is not, I dare well take on hand,
 Neither into the people nor the Land:
 As for the Land it lackes none other thing,
 But labour, and the peoples gouerning.

Then wherein lyes our inprosperitie?
 (Said I) I pray you heartfully, Madame,
 You would declare to me the veritie:
 Of who shall beare of our Barrat the blame?
 For by my trueth to see I thinke great shame,
 So pleasant people, and so faire a Land,
 And so few vertuous daedes taken on hand.

(Said she) I shall after my small iudgement,
 Declare some causes into generall,
 And into tearmes short shew mine intent,
 And then transcend vnto more speciall:
 So this is my conclusion small,
 Lacking of Justice, Policie and Peace,
 Are cause of this unhappinesse, alace.

It is difficult Riches to increase,
 Where Policie makes no residence,
 And Policie may neuer haue entresse,
 But where that Justice doth diligence,
 To punish where there may be sound offence:
 Justice may not haue domination,
 But where Peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause then would I vnderstand,
 That wee should lacke Justice and Policie,
 More

More than doth France, Italie or England?
 Madame (said I) shew me the veritie:
 Since we haue many Lawes in this Countrie,
 Why lacke we Lawes exercition,
 Who shuld put Justice to execution?

Wherein doth stand our principall remead?
 Or who may make amends of this mischiefe?
 (Said shee) I finde the fault into the Head:
 For they in whom doth lye our whole reliefe,
 I finde them roote and ground of all our grieve:
 For when the Heads they are not diligent,
 The members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclude the causes principall,
 Of all the troubles of this Nation,
 Are into Princes into speciall,
 The which haue the gubernation,
 And of the people domination:
 Whose continuall exercition,
 Should be in Justice execution.

For when the slouthfull Herd doth sing & sleepe,
 Taking no care in keeping of his flocke:
 Who will goe search among such Herds sheepe,
 May able finde many poore scabbed crocke:
 And going wilde at large withoutten locke,
 Then Lupus comes, and Lawrence in a ling,
 And without rueth the sille sheepe downe thying.

But the good Herde wakerise and diligent,
 Doth so, that all the flockes are ruled right:
 To whose whiffell all are obedient:
 And if the Wolves come by day or night,

Them

Them to denour, then are they put to flight;
Wounded & slaine by their well daunted Dogges,
So are they sure both Cwes, Lambes, & Hogges,

So I concludē, that through the negligence,
Of our insatuate Heads insolent,
Is cause of all this Realmes indigence,
Which in Justice haue not bene diligent:
But to good counsell disobedient,
Hauing small eye vnto the Common-weale,
But to their singulare profite every deale.

For when those Molnes by oppression,
The poore people but pittie doe oppresse:
Then should the Princes make puniton,
And cause those Rebels for to make redresse,
That Riches might be, and Politie increase:
But right difficill it were to make remead,
When that the fault is so into the Head.

The complaint of the Common-
weale of *Scotland*.

No thus as we were walking to and fro
we saw a busseous beern com ouer þæt bēt
But hoyle, on soote, as fast as he might go
Whose rayment was all ragged, torne &
With visage leane, as he had fasted Lent: (rent,
And forwarð fast his wayes he did aduance,
With a right melancholious countenance:

With scrip on hip, and pyke-staffe in his hand;
As hee had purposed to passe from hame:
(Said I) Good man, I would saue vnderstand,

If that you please to shew what were your name?
 Said he) my sonne, of y^e I thinke great shame:
 But since thou wouldst of my name haue a seale,
 Forsooth they call me, Iohn the Common-weale.

Sir Common-weale, who hath you so disguised?
 (Said I) or what makes you so miserable?
 I haue maruell to see you so surprisid,
 The which that I haue seene so honourable:
 To all the world you haue bene profitable,
 And well honoured in every Nation,
 How happens now your tribulation?

Alas, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
 With mee, and how I am disherisid
 Of all my grace, and must passe from Scotland,
 And goe besore where I was cherisid:
 Remaine I heere, I am but perisid,
 For there are few to me that take thent,
 Which makes me goe thus ragged, riuen & rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
 For Policie is fled againe in France:
 My sister Justice almost hath lost her sight,
 That she cannot holde rightly the Ballance:
 Plaine Wrong is Captaine of the Ordinance,
 The which debarreth Lawtie and Reason,
 And small remead is found for open treason.

Into the South, alas, I was nere flaine,
 ouer all the Land I could finde no reliefe:
 Almost betweene the Mers and Lochinabane,
 I could not know a leale man by a thiefe,
 To shew their Kaele, Thest, Murther & Mischiefe,
 And

And vicious works, it would infect the Aire,
Also too longsome for me to declare,

Into the Highland I could finde no remeade,
But suddenly I was put to exile:
Those swere swingecours they took of me no hād,
Nor among them let mee remaine a while:
Also in the out-yles, and in Argyle,
Unthrif, Swerresle, Fallet, Bonertie & Strife,
Put Politie in danger of her life.

In the Lowland I came to seeke refuge,
And purposde there to make my residence:
But singulare profite causde mee soone deludge,
And did mee great injuries and offence,
And said to mee, Soone harlot by thee hence:
And in this Countrey see thou take no cures,
So long as mine authoritie endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
Nor I know not to whom I should me meane:
For I haue sought all the spirituall State,
Which took no count for to heare me complaine:
Their Officers they held mee at disdain,
For Simonte hee rules by all that rout,
And Conetice that Charle causde barre mee out.

Wilde hath chased from them Humilltie,
Deuotion is fled in to the Friers,
Sensuall pleasure hath banisht Chastitie:
Lords of Religion they goe like peculiers,
Taking moze count in telling their Deniers,
Than they doe of their Constitution,
Thus are we blinded by ambitton.

Our Gentlemen are all degenerate,
 Liberalitie and Lawtie both are lost:
 And Couetise with Lords is laureate:
 Knightly courage turned to Brag and Boast:
 The civile warre misguideth every boast:
 There is nought els but each man for himselfe,
 That makes mee goe thus banished like an Else.

Therefore adew, I may no longer tarrye.
 Farewell (said I) and with S. Iohn to borrow:
 But wote ye well, mine heart was wonder sore,
 When Common-weale so sorowed was in sorrow:
 Yet after the night comes the glad morrow:
 Therefore I pray you shew me in certaine,
 When that you purpose for to come againe:

That question it shall be soone decided,
 (Said hee) there shall no Scot haue comfort
 Of mee, vntill I see the Countrey guided
 By wisdom of a good and prudent King,
 Which shall deliue him most aboue all thing,
 To put Justice to execution,
 And on strong Traytors make punition,

And yet to thee I say another thing,
 I see right well that Proverbe is full true:
 Woe to the Realme that hath too young a King.
 With that he turnde his backe and said, Adew,
 Ouer Firth, and fell right fast from mee hee flew:
 Whose departing to mee was displeasand:
 With that Remembrance toke me by the hand,

And soone I thought he brought me to the Roch,
 And to the Caue where I began to sleepe:

With

With that a ship did speedily approach,
 Full pleasantly sailing vpon the Deepe,
 And then did slacke her sailes, and gan to creepe
 Toward the Land anent where that I lay:
 But wote you well I got a felloe fray.

All her great Cannons she let cracke at once,
 Downe shooke the streames from the top-castell:
 They spared not the powder nor the stones:
 They shot their Boats, & down their anchores fell:
 The Mariners they did so pout and yell,
 That hastily I start out of my Dreame,
 Walle in a fray, and speedily past hame.

And lightly dined with list and appetite:
 Then after past into an Orator,
 I toke my pen, and there began to write,
 All the vision that I haue showane before.
 Sir, of my Dreame as now thou getst no more:
 But I beseech GOD so: to sende thee grace,
 To rule thy Realme in bittie and peace.

The exhortation to the Kings Grace.

Sir, since that GOD of his preordinance,
 Hath granted thee to haue þy gouernance
 Of his people, and created thee a King,
 Faile not to print in thy remembrance,
 That he will not excuse thine ignorance,
 If thou be carelesse in thy governing:
 Wherefore addresse thee aboue all other thing,
 Of his Lawes to keepe the obseruance,
 If thou thinke long in Royaltie to reigne.

Thanke

Thank him that hath commanded Dame Nature
 To paint thee of so pleasant portrature,
 Her gifts they may be clearly on thee knowne:
 To Dame Fortune thou needst no Procature,
 For she hath largely shewne on thee her cure,
 Her gratitude she hath vnto thee shewne:
 And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
 Haue all thine hope in GOD thy Creator,
 And aske him grace, that thou mayst be his owne,

And then consider thy vocation,
 That for to haue the gubernation
 Of this Kingdome, thou art predestinate:
 Thou mayst well know by true narration,
 What sorrow and what tribulation
 Hath bene in this poore Realme infortunate:
 Now comfort them that haue bene desolate,
 And of thy people haue compassion,
 Since thou by GOD art so preordinate.

Take manly courage, and leaue insolence,
 And vse counsell of noble Dame Prudence:
 Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude
 Draw to thy Court Justice and Temperance,
 And to the Common-weale haue attendance.
 And also I beseech thy Celstitude,
 Hate vicious men, and loue them that are good:
 And each flatterer thou shew from thy presence,
 And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Doe equall Justice both to great and small,
 And be example to the people all:
 Exercising vertuous deedes honourable.
 Bee not a wretch soz ought that may befall:

To that unhappie vice if thou be th' all,
 To all men thou shalt bee abominable:
 Kings nor knights are neuer conuenable;
 To rule the people be they not liberall:
 Was neuer yet no wretch too honourable.

And take example of the wretched ending,
 Which made Midas of Thrace the mightie King,
 That to his Gods made inuocation,
 Through greedinesse, that all substantiall thing,
 That euer hee toucht, should turne but carrying,
 Into fine golde: hee got his supplication,
 All that hee toucht without dilation,
 Turned in gold, both meat, drinke and cloathing,
 And died for hunger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Majestie serene,
 From Lecherie thou keepe thy body cleane:
 Take neuer that intoricate popson,
 From that unhappie sensuall sinne abstaine:
 Till that thou get a lustie pleasant Quene,
 Then take thy pleasure with my bannison.
 Take heede how pridesfull Tarquine lost his crown
 For the defozcing of Lucrece the sheene,
 And was depzined, and banisht Romes towne:

And in despite of his lecherous lining,
 The Romanes would be subject to no King,
 Many long yere, as Storles doe record:
 Till Iulius by vertuous governing,
 And Princely courage gan on them to reigne,
 And chosen of Romanes Emperour and Lord.
 Wherefore my Soueraigne, into thy mind remord;
 That

THE EXHORTATION.

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That vitious life makes oft an euill ending;
Except it be by speciall grace restord.

And if thou wouldest thy same and honour grow,
He counsell of thy prudent Lords true:
And see thou not presumptuously pretend,
Thine owne particulare will for to ensue:
Woe he with counsell, so shalt thou neuer reioyce:
Remember of thy friends the satall end,
Which to good counsell would not condescend,
Till bitter Death, alas, did them pursue:
From such unhay I pray GOD thee defend.

And finally, remember thou must die,
And suddenly passe from this mortall Sea;
And art not sicker of thy life two houres,
Since there is none from that sentence may flee:
King, Queene nor Knight, of low estate nor hie,
But all must thole of Death the bitter shoures:
Where are they gone those Popes & Emperours?
Be they not dead? so shall it late on thee,
As no remeade, strength, riches, and honours.

And so for conclusion,
Make our prouision,
To get the infusion,
Of his high grace,
Which bled with effusion,
With scozne and derision,
And died with confusion,
Confirming our peace.



THE COMPLAINT OF
SIR DAVID LINDESAY of the
MOUNT, *Knight: directed to*
the Kings Grace.

Sir, I beseech thine Excellence,
Heare my complaint with patience:
My dolent heart both mee constraines,
Of mine infortune to complaine:

Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
Whome I shall blame of my mischance:
Whether Saturnus cruelty,
Reigning in my Battell,
By bad aspects, which worke vengeance,
Or other heauenly influence:
Or if I be predestinate,
In Court to be infortunate:
Which haue so long in service beene,
Continually with King and Queene:
And entred to thy Majestie,
The day of thy Battell:
Wherethrough my friends beene ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed:
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my brethren of Court rewarded:

Blaming

Blaming my slouthfull negligence,
 That seekes not for some recompence:
 When diuers men doe mee demand,
 Why gets thou not some piece of Land,
 As well as other men haue gotten?
 Then wish I to be dead and rotten:
 With such extreame discomforting,
 That I can make none answering.
 I would some wise man did me teach,
 Whether that I should flatter or sleach:
 I will not flyte, that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy Celcitude:
 And to flatter I am defamed,
 Lacke I reward then am I shamed:
 But I hope thou shalt doe as well,
 As did the father of Famel:
 Of whome CHRIST makes mention,
 Who for a certaine pension,
 Hired men to worke in his Vineyard,
 But who came last, got first reward:
 Wherethrough the first men were displeased,
 But he them prudently ameased:
 For though the lastmen first were serued,
 Yet got the first that they deserued:
 So am I sure thy Majestie,
 Shall once reward mee ere I die,
 And rub the rust off mine ingine,
 Which is for langour like to time:
 Although I beere not like a bard,
 Long seruice yearneth aye reward.
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 That I so long lacke recompence:
 Had I solisted like the lane,
 My reward had not bene so crane:

But now I may well vnderstand,
 A combe man yet wanne neuer Land:
 And in the Court men gets nothing,
 Withouthe importune asking:
 Alas, my flouth and shamefastnesse,
 Debarde mee from all grædinesse:
 Grædie men that are diligent,
 Right oft doe obtaine their intent:
 And faile not for to conqueſſe Lands,
 And namely at young Princes hands:
 But I toke neuer none other cure,
 In ſpeciall, but for thy pleaſure:
 But now I am no more deſparde,
 But I ſhall get Princely reward:
 The which ſhall be to mee more gloze,
 Than them thou didſt reward beſore.
 When men doe aſke ought at a king,
 Should aſke his Grace a noble thing:
 To his Excellence honourable,
 And to the aſker profitable.
 Though I be in mine aſking lidded,
 I pray thy Grace for to conſider,
 Thou haſt both made Lords and Lards,
 And haſt giuen many rich rewards,
 To them which were full farre to ſeek,
 When I lay nightly by thy cheek:
 I take the Queenes Grace thy Mother,
 My Lord Chancellor and many other,
 Thy Purſe, and thine olde Miſtreſſe:
 I take them all to beare witneſſe:
 Olde Willie Dillie were he on line,
 My life full well hee could deſcrine:
 How as a Chapman beares his packe,
 I bare thy Grace vpon my backe:

And

And sometimes stridelings on my necke,
 Dancing with many bend and becke.
 The first syllabes that thou didst mate,
 Was Da-da-lyne vpon the Late:
 Then playde I twentie springs perqueare,
 Which was great pleasure for to heare:
 From play thou letst mee neuer rest,
 But Ginkerton thou louedst aye best:
 And aye when thou cam'st from the schoule,
 Then I bebon'd to play the sole:
 As I at length into my Dreame,
 My sandrie seruice did expreame.
 Though it be better (as saith the wise)
 Vay to the Court than good seruice:
 I know thou louedst mee better than.
 Than now some Wile doth her God-man:
 Then men to other did record,
 Said Lindesay would be made a Lord,
 Thou hast made Lords, Sir, by saint Geill,
 Of some that haue not seru'd so well.
 To you my Lords that doe stand by,
 I shall you shew the causes why:
 If yee list carrie, I shall tell,
 How my mis-fortune thus the besell:
 I prayed daylie on my knee,
 My young Master that I might see,
 Of age in his estate Royall,
 Having power imperfall:
 Then trusted I without demand,
 To be promoued to some Land:
 But mine asking I got too soone,
 Because an Eclipse fell in the Moone:
 The which all Scotland made on scere:
 Then did my purpose ronne acere:

The which were long some to declare,
And eke mine heart is wonder sore,
When I haue in rememberance,
The sudden change of my mischance:
The King was but twelue yeres of age,
When new Rulers came in their rage,
For Common-weale taking no care,
But for their profite singulare:
Imprudently like wittlesse soles,
They took the young Prince from the scholes,
Where hee vnder obedience,
Was learning Vertue and Science:
And hastily put in his hand,
The gouernance of all Scotland:
As who would in a stormie blast,
When Mariners beene all agast,
Through danger of the Seas rage,
Would take a childe of tender age,
Which neuer had bene on the Sey,
And to his bidding all obey:
Gising him the whole gouernall,
Of ship, Merchant and Marinall,
For dread of Rockes, and Foreland,
To put the Ruther in his hand:
Without GODS grace is no refuge,
If there be danger ye may iudge.
I giue them to the Deuill of Hell,
That first deuilled that Counsell:
I will not say it was treason,
But I dare sweare it was no reason.
I pray GOD let me neuer see reigne,
Into this Realme so young a King.
I may not tarrie to decide it,
How then the Court a while was guided,

By them that peartly tooke on hand,
 To guide the King and all Scotland:
 And eke longsome soz to declare,
 Their facond flattering words satire.
 Sir (Some would say) your Majestie,
 Shalt now goe to your libertie:
 You shall to no man be coerced,
 Nor to the schoole no more subjected:
 We thinke them very naturall soles,
 That learne ouer meekle at the scholes:
 Sir, you must learne to runne a speare,
 And guide you like a man of weete:
 For we shall put such men about you,
 That all the World, and moe shall doubt you.
 Then to his Grace they put a guard,
 Which basily got their reward:
 Each man after their qualitte,
 They did solist his Majestie:
 Some causde him renell at the Racket:
 Some harled him to the hurlie bucket:
 And some to shew their Courtly Cozles,
 Would ride to Leeth and runne their Hozles:
 And wightly gallope ouer the Sands,
 They neither spared spurres nor wands:
 Casting gamonds with bends and becks:
 For wantonnesse some brake their neckes.
 There was no play but Cards and Wyce,
 And aye sir Flatterie bare the price:
 Rounding and roloking one to another:
 Take thou my part (said he) my brother,
 And make betwene vs sicker bands,
 When ought shall baik amongst our hands,
 That each man stand to helpe his fellow,
 I holde thereto man by Alhallow,

So thou fith not wttthin my bounde,
 That shall I not by GODS wounde;
 (Said hee) But rather take thy part,
 So shall I doe by GODS heart.
 And if the Treasurer be our friend,
 Then shall wee both get Tacke and Tlend:
 Take hee our part, then who dare wrong vs:
 But we shall part the pells among vs.
 But hast vs while the King is young,
 And let each man keepe well a tongue:
 And in each quarter haue a spy,
 As to aduertise hastily,
 When any Casualties,
 Shall happen into our Countries:
 Let vs make sure prouision,
 Ere vs come to discretion:
 No more he knowes than doth a Saint,
 What thing it is to haue or want:
 So ere hee come to perfect age,
 Wee shall be sicker of our wage,
 And then let each Carle craue another.
 That mouth speake more, said hee, my brother:
 For GOD no: I rare in a Kope,
 Thou mightst giue counsell to the Pope.
 Thus laboured they wttthin few yeres,
 That they became no Pages yeres.
 So hastily they made a hand,
 Some gathered golde, some conquest Land:
 Str, some would say, by saint Denice,
 Giue to me some fat Benefice,
 And all the profite you shall haue,
 Giue mee the name, take you the lane.
 But by his Bulles were well come hame,
 To make seruice hee would thinke shame:

Then

Then slip away withoutten more,
When he had gotten that he sought for,
Wee thought it was a pitetous thing,
To see that faire young tender King,
Of whom those Gallants stood none aw,
To play with him plucke at the Crow.
They became rich, I you assure,
But aye the Prince remained poore,
There was few of that garison,
That learned him a good lesson:
But some to cracke, and some to clatter:
Some playde the scule, and some did flatter:
Said one Devill sticke me with a knife,
But Sir, I know a Maide in Fife,
One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,
Whereto, Sir, by GODS blod she passes,
Hold thy tongue, brother, said the other,
I know a fairer by fiftene sother:
Sir, when you please to Lichgow passe,
There shall you see a lustie Lasse,
Now trittle trattle tro to low,
Said the thirde man, thou dost but motw.
When his Grace comes to faire sterling,
There shall he see a dayes darling.
Sir (said the fourth) take my counsell,
And goe all to the high Boddell,
There may we loue at libertie,
Withoutten any grauntie:
Thus every man said for himselfe,
And did amongst them part the pelfe,
But I, alas, ere ever I wust,
Was troden downe into the dust:
With heauie charge withoutten more,
But I knew neuer yet wheresore:

And

And hastily before my face,
 Another slipped in my place:
 Which full lighty got his reſward,
 And ſlided was the ancient Laird.
 That time I might make no defence,
 But tooke perſorce in patience:
 Praying to ſend them a miſchance,
 That had the Court in gouernance:
 The which againſt me did maligne,
 Contrare the pleaſure of the King:
 For well I knew his Graces minde,
 Was euer to mee true and kinde:
 And contrare their intention,
 Cauſed pay me well my penſion.
 Though I a while lacked preſence,
 Hee let mee haue none indigence:
 When I durſt neither peepe noz loke,
 Yet would I hide me in a nooke,
 To ſee thoſe vnconth vanities,
 How they like any buſie Wæs,
 Did occupte their golden honres,
 With helpe of their new Gouernours.
 But my complaint ſo: ſo compleete,
 I got the ſolwe, and they the ſwæte:
 And Iohn Macreerie the Kings ſoule,
 Got double garment againſt ſoule:
 Yet in his moſt triumphant gloze,
 For his reſward got the grandgoze.
 Now in the Court ſeldome he goes,
 In dread men trod vpon his toes:
 As I that time durſt not bee leene,
 In open Court ſo: both mine æne.
 Alas, I haue not time to tarrle,
 To ſhew you all the ſerie ſarie:

How those that had the gouernance,
Amongst themselues raisoe variance:
And who most to my skaith consented,
Within few yeares full soze repented:
When they could make me no remead,
For they were harlde out by the head:
And others toke the gouerning,
Well worse than they in all kind thing.
Those Lords toke no more regard,
But who might purchase best reward:
Some to their friends got Benefices,
And other some got Bishopries:
For euery Lord as he thought best,
Brought in a bird to fill the nest,
To be a Watchman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the Catharrow.
The Proudest Prelates of the Kirke,
Were faine to hide them in the mirke:
That time so failed was their sight,
Sensyne they might not thole the light
Of CHRISTS true Gospell to be seene,
So blinded are their corporall eene,
With worldly lustes sensuall,
Taking in Realmes the gouernall:
Both guiding Court and Session,
Contrare to their profession:
Whereof I thinke they should haue shame,
Of spirituall Preests to take the name:
For Esaias into his Marke,
Calles them like Dogges that cannot bark,
That called are Priests, and cannot preach,
For CHRISTS Law to the people teach:
If for to preach beane their profession,
Why should they mell with Court or Session?

Except

Except it were in spirituall things,
 Referring vnto Lords and Kings
 Tempozall Causes to be decided:
 If they their spirituall Office guided,
 Each man might say they did their parts,
 But if they can play at the Cards,
 And mollet moylie on a Hoole,
 Though they had neuer seene the Schoole:
 Yet at this day as well as than,
 Will be made such a spirituall man.
 Princes that such Prelates promoues,
 Account thereof to giue behoues,
 Which shall not passe without punishment,
 Except that they mend and repent:
 And with due ministration,
 Wozke after their Vocation.

¶ I wish the thing that will not be,
 Those peruerse Prelates are so bie:
 When once that they be called Lords,
 They are occasion of discords
 And largely will propines height,
 To cause each Lord with other fight,
 If soz their part it may auaille:
 So to the purpose of my tale,
 That time in Court rose great debate,
 And enery Lord did strine soz state:
 That all the Realmes might make no redding,
 Till on each side there was blood shedding:
 And fielded other in Land and Burgh,
 At Lichgow, Melros, Edinburgh,
 But to deploze I thinke great paine,
 Of noble men that there were slaine:
 And als longsome to be reported,
 Of them which to the Court resozted:

Tyrants, Traytors, and transgressours,
 And common publicke plaine Oppressours.
 Men-murderers, and common Thieues,
 Into that Court got their reliques.
 There was few Lords in all those Lands,
 But to new Regents made their bands.
 Then rose a ræke ere ener I wist,
 The which could all their bands brist,
 Then they alone which had the guiding,
 They could not keepe their sæte from sliding:
 But of their lines they had such dread,
 That they were faine to trot ouer Tweed.
 Now potent Prince I say to thee,
 I thanke the holy Trinitie,
 That I haue liue to see the day,
 That all the World is went away:
 And thou to no man art subjected,
 Nor to such Counsellers coacted:
 The foure great Vertuous Cardinalls;
 I see them with thee Principalls:
 For Justice holds her sword on hie,
 With her Ballance of equitie:
 And in this Realme hath made such order,
 Both throught the Highland and the Border:
 That Oppression and all his fellows,
 Are hanged high vpon the gallows:
 Dame Prudence hath thee by the head,
 And Temperance both thy bridle leade:
 I see Dame Force make assistance;
 Bearing thy Targe of assurance,
 And lustie Ladie Chastitie,
 Hath banisht Sensualitie:
 Dame Riches takes on thee such cure:
 I pray GOD, that she long endure:

That

That Powerfull dare not bee seene,
 Into thine house for both her eene:
 But from thy Grace fled many myles,
 Amongst the Hunters in the Ples:
 Dissimulance dare not shew her face,
 Which went for to beguile thy Grace:
 Follie is fled out of the Towne,
 Which eye was contrary to Reason:
 Policie and peace begins to plante,
 That vertuous men can neuer want:
 And as for sloathfull idle Rownes,
 Shall settred be in the Galepounes:
 Iohn Vponland beens full glad I trow,
 Because the Rush-bush keepes his how:
 So is there nought I vnderstand,
 Without god order in this Land:
 Except the Spiritualitie,
 Praying thy Grace thereto haue eye:
 Cause them make ministracion,
 Conforme to their Vocacion,
 To preach with vnfained intents,
 And truely vse the Sacraments,
 After CHRISTs Institutions,
 Leaving their vaine Traditions,
 Which doe the sillie shepe illude,
 For whom CHRIST IESVS shed his blode:
 As superstitious Pilgrimages,
 Praying to graven Images,
 Expresse against the LORDS Command:
 I doe thy Grace to vnderstand,
 If thou to mens lawes assent,
 Against the LORDS Commandement,
 As Ieroboam and many moe,
 Princes of Israel also,

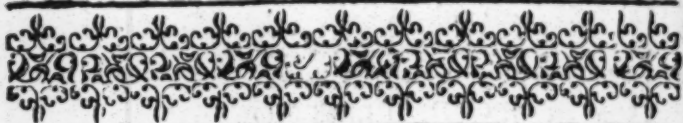
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And them aliterly destroy,
 As pleaseth GOD that noble Roy:
 For thou art but an instrument,
 To that great GOD Omnipotent.
 So when it pleaseth thine Excellence,
 Thy Grace shall make mee recompence:
 O: hee shall cause me stand content,
 Of quiet life and sober Kent:
 And take mee in my latter age,
 Unto my simple Hermitage:
 And spend that mine Elders haue won,
 As olde Diogenes in his Tun.
 Of this Complaint with minde full make,
 Thy Graces answer, Sir, I beseeke.

Quod Lindesay to the King.





THE TRAGEDIE OF
the vnmwhile most reuerend Father, *Dauid*
by the mercie of God, *Cardinall*, and *Arch-*
bishop of *S. Androes*, &c. Compiled
by Sir *Dauid Lindesay* of the
Mount, Knight, aliàs
Lyon King of
Armes.

Mortales cū nati sitis, ne supra Deum vos erexeritis.

The Prologue.

WH long agoe after the houre of Prime
Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
I tooke a booke to exercise the time,
Where I found many Tragedie & Story,
Which Iohn Boccas had put in memorie,
How many Princes, Conquerours and Kings,
Were dolesfully deposed of their Reignes.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour,
In Babylon was poysoned piteously:
And Iulius the mighty Emperour,
Murthred at Rome, causelesse and cruelly:
Brudent Pompey in Egypt shamefully,
He murthred was, what needes procelle more:
Whose Tragedies were pite to deplore.

I sitting so vpon my booke reading,
 Right suddenly before mee did appeare,
 A wounded man, aboudantly bleeding,
 With visage pale, and with a deadly cheare,
 Seeming a man of two and fiftie yere,
 In Rayment red cloathed full curtonlie,
 Of Heluet, and of Satine Cramosie;

With feeble voyce, as man oppress with paine;
 Shortly he made mee supplication,
 Saying, My friend, goe reade, and reade againe,
 If thou canst finde by true narration,
 Of any paine like to my passion:
 Right sure I am, were Iohn Boccas on line,
 My Tragedie at length he would describe:

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
 Of mine infortune some remembrance:
 Or at the least my Tragedie to write,
 As I to thee shall shew the Circumstance,
 In tearmes short of mine vnhappie chance:
 Since my beginning to my satall ende,
 Which I would to all Creatures were kende.

I not (said I) make such memorizall,
 But of thy name I had intelligence:
 I am Dauid that carefull Cardinall,
 Which doe appeare (said he) to thy presence,
 That sometime had so great prebeminence:
 Then he began his deedes to endite,
 As yee shall heare, and I began to write.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall,

M Dauid Beron, sometimes Cardinall,
 Of noble blood by line I did descend:
 During my time I had no Perigall,
 But now, alas, is come my satall end:
 Aye græ by græ bpward I did ascend,
 So that into this Realme did neuer reigne,
 So great a man as I vnder a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentleman,
 Princes to serue I set my whole intent:
 First to ascend at Arbroth I began,
 An Abbacie of great Riches and Rent:
 Of that estate yet was I not content,
 To get more Riches, Dignittie and Gloze,
 Mine heart was set, alas, alas theresoze.

I made such seruice to our Soueraigne King,
 Hee did promoue mee to more high estate:
 A Prince aboue all Prelles to reigne,
 Arch-bishop of S. Androes consecrate:
 To that honour when I was elevant,
 My pridesfull heart was not content at all,
 Till that I create was a Cardinall.

Yet preast I to haue more authoritie,
 And finally was chosen Chancellor:
 And soz bpholding of my Dignittie,
 Was made Legate: then had I no compare,
 I purchast soz my profite singulare,
 My Bores and my Treasure to aduance,
 The Bishopricke of Meropole in France.

Of all Scotland I had the gouernall,
 But mine aduise concluded was nothing:
 Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop, and Cardinall.
 Into this Realme no higher could I reigne,
 But I had bene Pope, Emperour or King;
 For shortnesse of the time I am not able,
 At length to shew mine actes honourable.

For through my Princely prodigallitie,
 Amongst Prelates in France I bare the price:
 I shewde my Lordly liberalitie:
 In banquetting, playing at Cards and Dyce,
 Into such wisdomme I was bolden wise,
 And spared not to play with King nor Knight,
 Thre thousand Crownes of gold vpon a night.

In France I made foure honest voyages,
 Where I did actes digne of remembrance:
 Through me were made triumphant Marrriages,
 To our Soueraigne both profite and pleasance.
 Quene Magdalene the first Daughter of France,
 With great Riches was into Scotland brought,
 That Marrriage throggh my wisdomme was wrought.

After whose death in France I past againe,
 The second Quene homeward I did conuoy:
 That lustie Princesse Marie de Lorane,
 Which was recei'd with great triumph and ioy,
 So serued I our right redoubted Roy.
 Soone after that Henrie of England King,
 Of our Soueraigne desirede a communing.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
 So that in Yorke was set both time and place.

But our Prelates and I would neuer consent,
 That he should see King Henrie in the face:
 But wee were well content albeit his Grace,
 Had sayde the Sea to speake with any other,
 Except the King, who was his mothers brother.

Wherby there rose great warre & mortall strife.
 Great her ships, hunger, dearth, and desolation,
 On either side did many losse their life:
 If I would make a true narration,
 I caused all that tribulation:
 For to take peace I neuer would consent,
 Except the King of France had bene content.

During this warre were taken prisoners,
 Of noble men fighting full furiously,
 Many a Lord, Baron and Batchelers:
 Wherethrough our King took such Melancholy,
 Which dzane him to the death right dolefully:
 Extreame dolour did so ouerset his heart,
 That from this life, alas, hee did depart.

But after that both strength & speech is leased,
 A paper blanke I made his Grace subscribe:
 Into the which I wrote all that I pleased.
 After his death, which long were to describe,
 Through that Writing I purposed belyue,
 With support of some Lords beneuolence,
 In this Region to haue preheminnence.

As for my Lord our righteous Gouvernour,
 If I would shortly shew the veritie,
 To him I had no manner of sanour:
 During that time I purposed that hee,

Should

Should neuer come to none authoritie:
 For his support therfore hee brought among vs,
 Fourth of England the noble Earle of Angus.

Then was I put abacke from my purpose,
 And suddenly cast in Captiuitie:
 My pridesull heart to daunt, as I suppose,
 Deuised by the high Diuinitie:
 Yet in mine heart sprang no humilitie.
 But now the word of GOD full well I know,
 Who doth exalt himselfe, GOD will him low.

In the meane time when I was so subiected,
 Ambassadors were sent into England:
 Where they both peace, and Marriage contracted.
 And more surely for to obserue that Band,
 Were promise diuerse pledges of Scotland.
 Of that Contract I was no wise content,
 For neuer would thereto giue my consent.

To Captaines that kept me in Ward,
 Gifts of gold I gane them great plentie:
 Rulers of Court richly I did reward,
 Wherethrough I scaped from Captiuitie.
 But when I was free at my libertie,
 Then like a Lyon loosed from his Cage,
 Out through the Realme I gan to raile & rage.

Contrare the Governour and his companie;
 Oftentimes made I insurrection:
 Purposing for to haue him hastily,
 Subdued vnto my correction,
 Did put him to extreme subjection:

During

During this time if it were well decided,
This Realme by mee was bitterly diuided.

The Governour purposing to subdew,
I raisde an hoste of many a bold Baron:
And made a rade that Lithgow yet may retn,
For we destroyde a myle about the Towne,
For that I got many blacke malison:
Yet contrary the Governours intent,
With our young Prince we vnto Scirling went.

For high contemptiō of the Gouerour,
I brought the Earle of Lennox out of France:
That lustie Lord liuing in great pleasure,
Did lose that Land and honest Ordinance:
But hee and I fell sone at variance,
And through my counsell was with in short space;
For default and flæmde, hee got none other grace.

Then through my prudence, practicke & ingine,
Our Gouerour I caused to consent,
Full quietly to my counsell incline,
Whereof his Nobles were not well content:
For why? I caused dissolue in Parliament,
The band of peace contracted with England,
Wherethrough came harme & her ship to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new mortall wæres,
By Sea and Land such Reale without reliefe,
Which to report my frayed heart effeares:
The veritie to shew in tearmes bylese,
I was the roote of all this great mischese.
The South Countrie may say it had beene good,
That my Purse had smozed mee in my cōd.

I was the cause of méeke more mischance,
 For vphold of my gloze and dignitie,
 And pleasure of the potent King of France,
 With England would I haue none vnitie;
 But who consider would the veritie,
 We might full well haue liu'd in peace and rest.
 Nine or ten yéres, and then playde losse or gass.

Had we with England képed our Contracts,
 Our noble men had liu'd in peace and rest:
 Our Merchands had not lost so many packes,
 Our common people had not béene opprest:
 On either side all wrongs had béene redrest:
 But Edinburgh since then, Lieth and Kinghorne;
 The day and houre may ban that I was borne.

Our Gouvernour to make him to mée sure,
 With swéete and subtle words I did him syle,
 Till I his sonne and heire got in my cure:
 To that effect I found that craftie wyle,
 That he no manner of way might mée beguile;
 Then lenth I when his Lieges did alledge,
 How I his sonne had gotten into pledge.

The Earle of Angous, & his germane brother,
 I purposde then to make them losse their life:
 Right so to haue destroyed many other,
 Some with the fire, some with the sword & knife:
 In speciall many gentle men in life:
 And purposed to put to great torment,
 All sauourers of the olde and new Testament.

Then euery man they toke of mee such feare,
 That time when I had so great gouernance:

Great

Great Lords dreading I should doe them deare;
 They durst not come to Court without assurance,
 Since then there hath not bene such variance,
 Now to our Prince, Barons obediently,
 Without assurance come full courteously.

My hope was most into the King of France,
 Together with the Popes holinesse,
 More than in GOD, my worship to aduance:
 I trusted so into their gentlenesse,
 That no man durst presume mee to oppresse:
 But when the day came of my satall houre,
 Farre was from mee their support and succour.

Then to preserve my Riches and my Life,
 I made a strength of walls high and braide:
 Such a Fortresse was neuer found in Fife,
 Beleeking there no man durst mee invade:
 Now finde I true the Saw which David said,
 Except GOD of an house be Master of warke,
 Hee workes in vaine, though it be neuer so starke.

For I was through the whole power diuine,
 Right dolefully beat downe among the ash,
 Which could not be through mortall mans ingine,
 But as David did kill great Goliath;
 Or Olopherne by Iudith killed was,
 In midst among his triumphing armie,
 So was I slaine into my chiese Citie.

When I had greatest domination,
 As Lucifer had in the Heauens Empyre,
 Came suddenly my depriuation,
 By them which did my dolent death conspyre:
 So

THE CARDINALL.

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So cruell was their furions burning pre:
I got no time, leasure noz libertie,
To say, In manus tuas Domine.

Behold my sataill infelicitie,
I beeing in my strengtb incomparable:
That dreadfull Dungeon made mee no supplie,
My great Riches and Rents profitable:
My siluer woꝝke, Jewels inestimable,
My papall pompe of gold, my rich treasure,
My life and all I lost in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a spectacle,
Of my Death, and deformed Carion:
Some said, it was a manifest miracle:
Some said, it was diuine punition,
So to be slaine into my strong Dungeon:
When enery man had sjudged as him list,
They salted mee, then closde me in a kist.

I lay vnburied fūe Moneths and moze,
Ere I was boꝝne to Closter, Church, oz Quere:
In a Dungbill, great pittie to deploze,
Without suffrage of Channon Monke, oz Frier.
All proude Prelates at mee may lessons keere,
Which reigne so long, and so triumphantly,
Syne in the dust dung doꝝne so dolesully.

To the

THE TRAGEDIE OF To the Prelates.



Pe my Brethren, Princes of þe Priestes
I make you heartly supplication,
Both night and day resolue into your
The processe of my depriuation: (bests
Consider what beene your vocation,
To follow me I pray you not pretend you,
But reade at length this Cedull that I send you.

Pe know how IESVS his Disciples sent,
Ambassadors to euery Nation:
To shew his Law and his Commandement;
To all people by predication:
Therefore to you I make narration,
Since pee to them are very Successours,
Pe ought to doe as did your Predecessours.

How dare you bee so bolde to take on hand,
For to be Varants to so great a King?
To beare his Message both to Burgh and Land,
Pe being dumbe, and can pronounce nothing?
Like Minstrels that can neither play nor sing:
O: why should men giue to such herds an hyre,
That cannot guide their flocke about the myre?

Shame ye not to be CHRISTS seruitors,
And for your hyre haue great temporall Lands,
Since of your Office ye cannot take the cures,
As Canon Law and Scripture you commands:
Pe will not lacke tiend theese, nor offerands,
Tiend wolle, tiend lamb, tiend calfe, tiend gylse,
To mak seruice ye are all out of ble. (and gyle.
My

My deare Brethren, doe not as ye were wont,
 Amend your liues, now while your day endures,
 Trust well you shall bee called to your count,
 Of euerything belonging to your cures:
 Leane basartrie, your harlotrie and hires,
 Rememb'ring on mine vnprovid'd Dead,
 For after Death may no man make remead.

Ye Prelates that haue thousands for to spend,
 Ye send a simple Friar for you to preach:
 It is your craft I make it to you kend,
 Your selues into your Temple for to teach:
 But marvel not though like Friers sleach,
 For if they plainly shew the veritie,
 Then will they want the Bishops charitie.

Wherefore is giuen you such Royall Rent,
 But for to finde the people spirituall food:
 Preaching to them the olde and new Testament,
 The Law of GOD doth plainly so conclude,
 But not your hope into vaine worldly good,
 As I haue done: behold my great treasure,
 Made mee none helpe at mine vnhappie houre.

That day when I was Bishop consecrate,
 The great Bible was bound vpon my backe,
 What was therein, I little knew, GOD wate,
 More than a beast bearing a precious packe.
 But hastily my covenant I brake:
 For I was obligt with mine owne consent,
 The Law of GOD to preach with good intent.

Brethren, right so, when yee were consecrate,
 Ye obligt you vpon the selfe same wise:

We may be called Bishops counterfaite,
 As Gallants busked so; to make a guise.
 Now thinke I Princes are nothing to pisse,
 To giue a famous Office to a foole,
 As who would put a mitre on a Hogle.

Alas, if yee that sorrowfull sight had seene,
 How I lay buskering bathed in my blood:
 To mend your liues it had occasion bene,
 And leaue your olde corrupted consuetude:
 Failing thereof, then shortly I conclude,
 Except ye from your Rebaldrie arlse,
 We shall be serued on the selfesame wise.

To the Princes.

Wisident Princes without discretion,
 Having in Earth power impertall:
 We haue bene cause of this transgression,
 I speake vnto you all in generall:
 Which doe dispoone all Office spirituall,
 Gining the soules which are CHRISTS sheepe,
 To blind Pastors but conscience to keepe.

When the Prince doth lacke an Officer,
 A Baker, Brewer, or a Master-cooke,
 A trim Taylor a cunning Cordoner:
 Ouer all the Land at length he will cause looke,
 Most able men such Offices to brooke:
 A Brewer, that can brew most wholesome Ale:
 A cunning Cooke, that best can season Caille.

A Taylor, who hath fostered beene in Farnce,
 That can make garments of the gayest guise:

The Princes are the cause of this mischance,
 That when there doth vaile any Benefice,
 He ought to doe vpon the selfesame wise:
 Cause search and seeke both in Burgh and Land,
 The Law of GOD who can best vnderstand.

Make him Bishop that prudently can preach;
 As doth pertaine to his Location:
 A Parson who his parochin can teach:
 Cause Vicars make due ministracion:
 Also I make you supplication,
 Make your Abbots right religious men,
 Which to the people CHRISTES Law can ken,

But not to Rebalds new come from the roff,
 Nor of a stuffet stolne out of a Stable,
 The which into the schoule made neuer no cost,
 Nor neuer was to spirituall Science able,
 Except the Cards, the Dice, the Ches and Table:
 Of Rome-rakers, nor of rude Ruffians,
 Of Callay-pakers, nor of Publicanes.

Nor of fantasticke fained Flatterers,
 Most meete to gather Pettles into May:
 Of Cowhobles, nor of Clatterers,
 That in the Church can neither sing nor say:
 Though they be cloaked vp in Clarkes array,
 Like doated Doctors new come out of Athens,
 And mumble ouer a paire of mangled Matins.

Not qualified to keepe a Benefice,
 But through Sir Simons sollicitation,
 I was promoued on the selfesame wise,
 Alas, through Princes supplication.

And made at Rome through false narrattori;
 Bishop, Abbot, but no religious man,
 Who mee promoted I now their bones ban,

Albeit I was Legate and Cardinall,
 Little I knew therein what should be done:
 I vnderstood no Science spirituall,
 No more than did blind Allane of the Moone:
 I dread the King that sitteth high aboue,
 On you Princes shall make sore punishment,
 Right so on vs through righteous iudgement.

On you Princes for vndiscreet glaiuing
 To Ignorants such Offices to vse:
 And we for our importune asking,
 Which should haue done such dignitie refuse.
 Our Ignorance hath done the World abuse,
 Through Couetise of Riches and of Kent,
 That euer I was a Prelate I repent.

O Kings! take y^e no care to glue in cure,
 Virgines proffest into Religion,
 Into the keeping of a common hure:
 To make thinke y^e not great derision,
 A Woman Parson of a Parichon,
 Where there is two thousand soules to gulde,
 That from harlots cannot her hips hide?

What if King Dauid liued in these dayes,
 Out of Heauen what if hee looked downe,
 The which did found so many faire Abbayes:
 Seeing the great abomination,
 In many Abbayes of this Nation:
 Hee would repent that narrowed so his bounds,
 Of y^erely Kent threescore of thousand pounds.

THE CARDINALL.

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Wherefore I counsell every Christian King,
Within this Realme making Reformation:
And suffer no moe Rebels for to reigne,
Aboue CHRISTs true Congregation.
Failing thereof, I make narration,
That the Princes and Prelates all at ones,
Shall buried be in Hell, soule, blood, and bones.

That euer I kepted Benefice, soe I reio,
Or to such hight so prondly did pretend:
I must depart: therefore my friend adieu,
Where euer it please GOD now must I twend:
I pray thee to my friends mee recommend,
And sayle not at length to put in Write,
My Tragedie, as I haue done endite.

The deploation of the death of Queene Magdalene.



Cruell death, too great is thy puissance
Deuourer of all earthly liuing things,
Adā we may blam thee of this mischāce
In thy default this cruel tyrant reigns
And spareth neither Emperour nor Kings,
And now, alas, hath rest sooth of this Land,
The flowre of France, and comfozt of Scotland.

Father Adam, alas that thou abusedst
thy free-will, beeing disobedient:
thou choosedst Death, and lasting life refusedst,
thy succession, Alas, that may repent,
that thou hast made Mankind so impotent.

¶ 2

That

OF THE DEATH

That it may make to Death no resistance,
 Example of our Quene the flowre of France.

O dreadfull Dragon, with thy dolesull dart,
 Which didst not spare of feminine the flowre,
 But cruellie didst pierce her through the heart,
 And wouldest not giue her respite for an houre,
 To remaine with her Prince and Paramour,
 That she at leasure might haue tane licence,
 Scotland on thee may cry a loud vengeance.

Thou let Methusalem live nine hundred yeere,
 Threescore and nine: but in thy furious rage,
 Thou didst denour this yong Princesse but pere,
 Ere she was compleate seventene yeeres of age:
 Greedie gozmand, why didst thou not asswage,
 Thy furious rage contrare that lustie Quene,
 Till we some fruite had of her body seene?

O Dame Nature, thou didst no diligence,
 Contrare this thiele who all the world consounds:
 Hadst thou with naturall Larges made defence,
 That Wypper had not come within her bounds,
 And had bene saved from such mortall sounds,
 This many a pere: but where was thy discreti
 That let her passe till we had seene succession?

O Venus, with thy blind sonne Cupido,
 Fly on you both, that made no resistance:
 Into your Court you neuer had such two,
 So leele Lovers without dissimulance,
 As Iames the sixth, and Magdalene of France,
 Descending both of blood imperiall.
 To whom in loue I finde no perigall.

For as Leander swamme out through the flood
 To his faire Lady Hero many nights:
 So did this Prince through bullering streams wood,
 With Charles, Barons, Squyres & with Knights,
 Contrare Neptune and Eole, and their mights,
 And left this Realme into great desperance,
 To seeke his Lone the first daughter of France.

And she like prudent Quene Penelope,
 Right constantly wold change him for none other:
 And for his pleasure left her owne Countrie,
 Without regard to father and to mother:
 Taking no care of sister nor of brother,
 But shortly took her leaue and left them all,
 For lone of him to whome lone made her thrall.

O Dame Fortune, where was thy great cosort,
 To her to whom thou wert so sauourable?
 Thy sliding gifts made to her no support,
 Her high linage nor riches intellable:
 I see thy puissance is but variable,
 When her father the most deare Christian King,
 To his deare Child might make no supporting.

The potent Prince her lustie lone and Knight,
 With his most hardie Nobles of Scotland,
 Contrare that baillfull Briber had no might,
 Though all the men had bene at his command,
 Of France, Flanders, Italie, and England,
 With fiftie thousand millions of treasure,
 Might not prolong that Ladies life one houre.

O Parise, of all Cities principall,
 Who did receiue our Prince with loude & glory,

Solemnely through Arches triumphall,
 Which day beene digne to put in memorie:
 For as Pompey after his victorie,
 Was into Romereceiued with great soy,
 So thou receiued our right redoubted Roy.

But at his Marriage made vpon the more,
 Such solace and solemnization,
 Was neuer seene befoze since CHRIST was bozne:
 For to Scotland such consolation:
 There sealed was the confirmation,
 Of the well keepeed ancient alliance,
 Made betwixen Scotland and the Realme of France.

I neuer did see a day more glorious,
 So many in so rich habillements,
 Of silke and gold with stones precious:
 Such banquetting, such sound of Instruments,
 With song and dance, and partiall tournaments:
 But like a storme after a pleasant morrow,
 Some was our solace changed into sorrow.

O traitor Death, whom none may cotramand,
 Thou mightst haue seene the preparation,
 Made by the three Estates of Scotland,
 With great comfort and consolation,
 In every Cittle, Castle, Towre and Towne:
 And how each Noble set his whole intent,
 To be excellent in habillement.

These, sawest thou not the great preparatiues
 Of Edinburgh, that famous noble Towne?
 Thou sawest the people labouring for their liues,
 To make triumph with Trumpe and Clarion:
 Such pleasure was neuer seene in this region,

As should haue bene the day of her entresse,
With great Propines giuen vnto her Grace.

Thou sawest making right costly scaffolding,
Depainted well with gold and azure fine,
Ready prepared for the by-setting,
With Fountaines flowing water cleare & wine:
Disguised folke, like Creatures diuine,
On each scaffold to play a sundrie Storie,
But all in weeping turned thou their glozie.

Thou sawest full well many fresh Galland,
Well ordred for receiuing of their Quene:
Each Craftsman with his bent bow in his hand,
Right gallantly in short cloathing of graine:
The honest Burgesse cled thou shouldst haue seene,
Some in scarlet, and some in cloth of grate,
For to haue met their Ladie Soueraigne.

Wouest, Baylies, and Lords of the Towne,
The Senators in order sublequent,
Cled into silke of purple, blacke, and browne.
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With many knightly Barou and Barent,
In silke and gold, in collours comfortable,
But thou, alas, all turned into sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Priests venerable,
Full pleasantly in their procession,
With all cunning Clarkes honourable:
But thesteonly thou Tyrant treasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Thou turnedst into dolesom Diriges,

Then next in order passing through the Town,
 Thou shouldst haue heard the noyse of Instruments
 Of Taberne, Trumpet, Shalme and Clarion,
 With reerd resounding through the Elements:
 The Heraulds with their awfull vestiments,
 With Maces vpon either of their hands,
 To rule the pzeasse with burnisht silver wands,

Then last of all in order triumphall,
 That most illustrious Princesse honourable,
 With her the lustie Ladies of Scotland,
 Which would haue bene a sight most delectable:
 Her rayment to rehearse I am not able,
 Of gold, and pearle, and p:ecious stones bright,
 Twinkling like Starres in a frostie night.

Under a Pale of gold she should haue pass,
 By Burgesse bozne cloathed in silkes fine:
 The great Master of household at the last,
 With him in order all the Kings traine,
 Whose ordinance were longsome to define:
 On this manner she passing through the Towne,
 Should haue receiued many banison,

Of Virgines and of lustie Burgesse Wines,
 Which should haue bene a sight Celestiall:
 Vive la Roynne, crying for their liues,
 With an harmonious sound Angelicall,
 In euery cozniers mirths muscalk:
 But thou Tyrant in whome is found no grace,
 Out Alleluia, hath turned in alace.

Thou shouldst haue heard the ornatè Oratours,
 Making her highnesse salutation,
 Both of the Clergie, Towne and Counsellours,

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